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THIRTEEN YEARS IN MEXICO

FROM LETTERS OF CHARLES W. DREES

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CHARLES W. DREES, D.D., AS HE IS TO-DAY

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THIRTEEN YEARS IN MEXICO

(FROM LETTERS OF CHARLES W. DREES)

EDITED BY
ADA M. C. DREES

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY

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NEW YORK

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PREFACE

AN apology, if one be needed, for offering to the church at large, and to his personal friends in particular, some salient features of the biography of Charles W. Drees, and especially his experiences in Mexico, is found in the following letter written to Dr. J. M. Buckley, Editor of The Christian Advocate.

We quote from the letter: "I certainly hope that your suggestion as to personal biographies of missionaries may be carried out, for in no other way can the whole church ever know what has been borne and done by these brave souls in strange lands, and amid scenes that cannot be imagined here.

"In Mexico, for instance, where I had the honor to spend a few years of hard and dangerous service, there might be written a history surpassing Stevens's wonderful book on American Methodism, in elements of romance, heroic courage, and martyrdom for Christ's sake.

"Among the early workers there whose names deserve to be immortalized in Methodist annals are the Butler family, father and son, inaugurators of the Mexican mission; Craver, the founder of that of Guanajuato; Siberts, the principal of Puebla Seminary; Smith, the evangelist and story-teller; Greenman, the invader of those two fanatical strongholds, Queretaro and Celaya; and Salmans, the medical missionary.

"Besides these there were Monroy, Fernandez, Palacios, Loza, Gamboa, and other Mexican ministers, worthy to stand in the foremost rank.

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"But, among them all, Charles W. Drees stands conspicuous as the heroic leader of that little band who laid there the foundations of our work in the days of persecution unto death. Physically as well as mentally an athlete, he was always ready in every time of peril, on the first indication of danger, to hasten to the threatened point and expose his life freely for the sake of the brethren. He was a broad scholar, a constant traveler, a wise counselor, an able editor, a faultless financier.

"(Signed) DUSTON KEMBLE."

The letters found in this book, written with no thought of their going beyond the limits of the home circle, and whose preservation is due to a mother's interest in them, are given publicity in their original form, believing that in their unaffected and familiar style they will be more attractive and serve better the purpose in view, than a more formal account of the experiences related in them.

A. M. C. D.

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AN APPRECIATION

THE experiences and achievements of Dr. C. W. Drees in Spanish America have been various and monumental, and those relating to Mexico are fairly but not extravagantly set forth in this volume. The writer has been his constant and sympathetic companion and co-worker, and has had no small share in the toils and triumphs here recorded.

He graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University in 1871, and from the School of Theology of Boston University in 1874, when he was appointed a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church to the Republic of Mexico. Here he spent twelve years, acquiring a thorough mastery of the Spanish language and carrying forward important work. In 1887 he was sent to Eastern South American, where he has spent twenty-one years, residing most of that period in Buenos Ayres, the capital of Argentine Republic.

During an interval of four years he was stationed in Porto Rico, superintending the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in that island. At this writing he is in Spain, assisting in the revision of the Spanish Bible for which, by reason of his familarity with the Spanish language and scholarly attainments, he has special fitness.

From 1888 to 1912, as Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society and of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, I was closely related to Dr. Drees, and gladly bear testimony to his fidelity,

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diligence, ability, and success. During a considerable part of the time spent in South America, Dr. Drees was treasurer of the mission and was noted for accuracy and skill in the management of financial affairs in general, and in not a few critical and important instances.

The cause of Protestant Missions in Spanish America will be greatly enhanced by the publication of this volume.

New York City. A. B. LEONARD.

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A PERSONAL WORD

My part in the responsibility for this book is limited almost absolutely and entirely to consent to its preparation and publication; and such consent has been given only in deference to the opinion expressed by many who had come to know of the existence of the letters, of which it is almost entirely made up, that the account they contain of experiences as recorded at the time and without any expectation of their publication, or even of their preservation, would be of interest to many and of service to the cause of missions.

The preservation of the letters, unknown and unsuspected for all the years till long after our removal from Mexico to South America, was due to the tender love of a mother who could not bring herself to destroy any line that had come to her from her children so far from home, and passing through experiences which were often to her the occasion of keen apprehension and anxiety.

It has seemed to me best that, if published at all, they should retain all the characteristics they bear as giving impressions and experiences of current days and events, unchanged by any process of later reflection or attempted completion. Here will not be found biography, nor history, nor continuous travel description. There is no discussion of problems of missionary theory or practice. Mexico as a mission field has found other authors to represent it, notably among them the first superintendent, Dr. William Butler, and his son, the Rev. J. W. Butler, D.D. Missions in Roman Catholic countries have been

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widely discussed and advocated, and are better understood than when I was called into this field. These letters may afford some illustrations of both themes, but they are not an ordered discussion of them.

My call to Mexico came within less than a year after the opening of the mission, and came through two magnificent leaders of the church, Bishops Gilbert Haven and Matthew Simpson. The former had preceded the newly appointed superintendent, Dr. William Butler, in entering and exploring the field; had been joined by the latter, and visited Puebla, which was to be my field, and fixed his mind upon the property which was to be the home of the mission and missionary in that city.

His exploration accomplished, and the general lines of the projected work laid down in consultation with Dr. Butler, Bishop Haven took his journey homeward, overland, full of generous enthusiasm, to look for money and men for the enterprise. It so turned out that on his way he spent a Sunday in Xenia, Ohio, my childhood home. Having preached in the forenoon in the First Church, both churches united in the evening at Trinity, to hear an address by the bishop on Mexico.

At its close, with many of the congregation, my parents were introduced to the bishop with the remark that they had a son in preparation at Boston for the ministry. Turning to my mother, the bishop said: "You have a boy in Boston Theological Seminary? Will you give him to me for Mexico?" The answer was a prompt negative, and not till long afterward did the mother say a word of the pang that shot to her heart with the bishop's demand.

A little more than a year later, her boy was at home for the farewell visit, the unthought-of having come to pass; and in one of those holy confidences between mother and son, she told of the secret struggle and victory that

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had brought her to assure her boy that he would go with her free consent and blessing.

It was from Bishop Simpson that I received my episcopal appointment. He had just returned from his visit to Mexico, and brought back the urgent plea of the superintendent for reinforcements, the first response to which was to be given in the appointment of John W. Butler and myself to that field.

That prince of pulpit orators and great missionary secretaries, Dr. Thomas M. Eddy, gave me my official notification of acceptance by the board for Mexico, and my instructions for the field. He was, if I mistake not, a native of Ohio, and his father had been my mother's pastor in her youth and received her into the church.

But for the limitations of its plan, there would be much to say, in these pages, of the chief under whom I served my apprenticeship, and of my associates during the period of my service in Mexico. What space permits I may as well set down here. Of the former, Dr. William Butler, what need to write? His name and service are an open book, known and read of all men. His experience of Roman Catholicism in youth, his conversion at a Methodist altar of prayer, and his service as secretary of the American and Foreign Christian Union, had peculiarly fitted him to understand the need of missions in Roman Catholic countries, and the methods which would most contribute to their success. The prestige acquired in his service in India, his power as an orator, the intensity of his emotional nature, his utter forgetfulness of all minor sacrifices in enthusiasm for his work, made him an inspiring leader, and fitted him in a peculiar manner for representative action in relation with the authorities of the church and with those of the country in which he labored. His vision was broad and his faith in God triumphant.

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Among my associates I cannot count Dr. Thomas Carter, the first missionary sent out after the opening of the mission. His stay was brief, although his service must have been of importance in the first stages of the work, as he had acquired some knowledge of Spanish in South America, where I was to find in after years abiding fruits of his service in that field. He had returned to the United States before my arrival in Mexico.

Of Dr. Carter's successor, Dr. William H. Cooper, I have only recollections of veneration and gratitude. He was somewhat advanced in years, an Anglican clergyman, who had acquired a fine command of Spanish while in service as resident chaplain in Malaga, Spain. He accepted appointment to the pastorate of our Mexico City church, and held that post for nearly two years, tiding the work over the period to elapse before the regular constitution of our mission staff. To his kindness and unpaid tutorship, supplementing the services of my Spanish teacher, I was much indebted for progress in acquiring the language, and to his encouragement was largely due the fact that I was able, within a little over four months after my arrival in Mexico, to essay my first sermon in Spanish. It was written and read from the pulpit, but was followed almost immediately by extemporaneous address in outlying points, and soon in the central church in Mexico City.

The organization of the regular staff of missionaries began, practically, with the appointment of John W. Butler and myself to the field, to be followed two years later by Samuel P. Craver and Samuel W. Siberts, who came out as married missionaries. We four formed the first quaternion at the orders of our chief. We had been fellow students in the Boston School of Theology, and, of course, had many things in common.

Later came J. M. Barker and G. S. Umpleby, also from

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Boston; A. W. Greenman and Duston Kemble from Garrett Biblical Institute; L. B. Salmans and G. B. Hyde from Drew Theological Seminary; and L. C. Smith, who had passed his missionary apprenticeship in the "Taylor Missions" in Chile, and was full of evangelistic zeal.

We were a congenial band of workers; knew each other well; with little disparity in age between us. We knew each other's faults and foibles, as well as virtues; we could differ in judgment, give and take in discussion, and, above all, rally ever to the standard. The friendships formed were abiding, and it was my good fortune to be associated with some of the band in later years in South America, where the needs of the work called for others as well as myself.

Greenman, Craver, and Siberts of the parent board, and Misses Le Huray, Swaney, and Hewett of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, all were transferred to South America, in response to the call of emergencies in that field.

Of the missionaries of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, my associations were chiefly with Misses Hastings and Warner, who had preceded me in arrival, and with Misses Swaney, Le Huray, Mulliner, and Loyd. These women entered upon the field, faced its difficulties and discouragements, solved its first problems in relation with the womanhood of Mexico, won its first successes in Mexico City, Pachuca, and Puebla, and laid the foundations of the magnificent work whose marvelous development is the pride of their society and of the mission.

Over the names of the Mexican brethren of that period one would delight to linger and preserve here the memorial, were it not already written in the deeds they wrought and the service they rendered to the cause of the reformation of their native land. Felipe N. Cordova, a soldier of his country in the vindication of its liberties

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before he became a soldier in the cause of its moral and spiritual regeneration; Simon Loza, brought to Christ and trained in service for a widely useful ministry under the influence of S. P. Craver; Monroy, the martyr, and Fernandez and Espinoza, the pioneers; Austin Palacios, former priest and distinguished servant of Rome until he became one of the very first converts to the truth of the gospel and, after much and effective service in arousing his countrymen, brought to Methodism the tribute of his ripest ministry—these with others formed the older staff.

Then came the men who formed the first classes in the Theological Seminary, which it fell to me to establish in Puebla. They were my "boys," if I may venture to make use here of the familiar term; Luders, at once student and teacher, Abundio Tovar, Emigdio Coronel, Conrado Gamboa, Justo M. Euroza, Pedro Flores Valderrama, Severo Lopez, Benjamin N. Velasco, and after them Norbert Mercado, Ignacio Chagoyan, and others.

Memories of them, or most of them, in the class room, of their opening work in the field after they had been thrust out to complete their preparation, Methodist fashion, in the itineracy, of their trials and triumphs, of long leagues on horseback with them in the sierras of Puebla and Hidalgo, and over the plains of Guanajuato, mostly unwritten history—but service inwrought with the development of the Mexico mission—of all this only the barest mention may here be made.

Of those named, only Valderrama, now worthily wearing the title of Doctor of Divinity, and President of the Methodist Institute of Puebla; Velasco, also eminent for service in the educational field; Lopez, long a district superintendent; Chagoyan, recently succeeding to that title; and Mercado, are still in the Mexico Conference, forming with the goodly number of their associates the

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aggressive leaders of Mexico Methodism, and a part of the larger force for the working out of the new future of their country.

It was my fortune to know Mexico in and out of revolution, in war and in peace, and however one must interpret the recurrent trials and struggles of that country, he may be permitted to record his unshaken faith that out of all the turmoil, and in spite of reaction and conflict, there will come a future in which that beautiful land and its people will emerge into a larger life of peace and material prosperity, of moral and spiritual excellence whose most vital cause will be the influence of the gospel of the Son of God and Saviour of men.

CHARLES W. DREES.

Puerto de Santa Maria, Spain.

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CHAPTER I

(On the eve of sailing)

NEW YORK, April 24, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I am sitting in the Mission Rooms while I write you this letter. I reached New York Wednesday evening, and had on the whole a pleasant journey, saving a terrible headache, which kept me awake most of Tuesday night. I succeeded, however, in sleeping it off toward morning, and felt quite well when I arrived.

I had many very conflicting thoughts and feelings during that day, which I need not put on paper now. It is enough to say that, being consciously in the path of duty, I trust God and go forward.

I went to the Irving House immediately on my arrival, where I am to stay till the steamer goes. Came up here yesterday morning and saw Brother Butler and Dr. Eddy. Now for the result of my conference with the latter. It is expected that Brother Butler and myself will remain in the City of Mexico for a few months studying the language, and probably preaching frequently in English. Then he is to go to Orizaba or Pachuca, and I to Puebla. This is conditional upon the state of things in the country.

As for furloughs, they will be more frequent than from other foreign countries, how frequent I cannot tell. My address will be 5 Calle de Gante, City of Mexico, Mexico. Much love to all, from CHARLIE.

P. S.—I have just received from Boston a gift of a full

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set of Olshausen's Commentary, covering nearly all the New Testament, seven or eight volumes. I had it on the list of books I wanted to buy. The gift was wholly unexpected, but all the more acceptable. A very kind letter accompanied it from friends in Bromfield Street Church, Brother Sleeper and others. The Lord is very good to me through his children. C. W. D.

(To his mother)

OFF FLORIDA REEFS, April 30.

It was a rainy, disagreeable day when we left New York, so stormy, indeed, that none of our friends were at the pier to see us off, save Brother Terry, who went down with me, but had to leave before we sailed. Between three and four o'clock we moved off amid the farewells of friends who were being separated, the waving of handkerchiefs and with the firing of a salute from the ship's gun. As we went down the Bay it became evident that quite a gale was blowing outside, and when we neared Sandy Hook we saw a number of other steamers and sailing vessels which had anchored there for the night to wait for more propitious weather. The pilot recommended the same course to our captain, and he reluctantly yielded and we soon learned that we were to wait there till Sunday morning. The vessel was already rolling considerably, and most of the passengers seemed to find it advisable to seek their berths.

Early Sunday morning we got under way again and were soon outside of Sandy Hook, bade farewell to our pilot, and were fairly launched on our voyage. My two traveling companions, John and Robert Butler, were too far gone with seasickness to get up. I was able to go to breakfast, but soon had to give up and go to bed also. All day long the sea ran very high, and the ship tossed fearfully. Nearly everybody was sick. Things in our

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stateroom kept up a lively motion, tumbling about with every lurch of the ship. Things within us kept time to the general commotion, as was testified by very unequivocal demonstrations. Robert, who is a natural tease, full of life and spirits, had been brimming over with mischief Saturday night, but was so sick all day Sunday that we heard not a word from his stateroom, which is next to ours.

I have often read of the feelings of wanderers leaving home and country, on losing sight of their native shores, but could not say that I partook of them very fully, and was half inclined to reproach myself for my insensibility. I think, however, I had them in full measure when I left home and during the journey from Xenia to New York.

Monday was a delightful day, and with a smooth sea and fair weather, most of the passengers were well, and out again, and we began to find out who our neighbors were, and to make acquaintances. There are twenty or thirty cabin passengers, some of them Mexicans, Cubans, and Frenchmen. The party sitting opposite us at table are very pleasant people from New York, a lady with her son and daughter. We six with the captain, at whose end of the table we sit, make quite an agreeable company.

We have been coasting along just out of sight of land until early this morning, when we sighted the low and sandy coast of Florida. We are now heading for the island of Cuba, which we shall see in the early morning. The only occurrences that have awakened interest have been the sight of an occasional school of porpoises, keeping along with the ship for a time, and then falling behind; numbers of flying fish and sharks, and this afternoon several turtles. We passed to-day a large steamer aground on one of the reefs, with wreckers around her. We shall stay at Havana two days and then sail for Vera Cruz, stopping at Progreso and Campeachy.

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As to the prospect for my work, I think, on the whole, it is encouraging. A lady on board, the wife of a gentleman living in the northern part of Mexico, assures me there is no real danger to life in the country. The murder of Stevens occurred in a town which is almost wholly Indian, a place of thieves and robbers. She says it was a surprise even to Mexicans generally, and was not approved by them. She has great faith in President Lerdo's government. She tells me also of many things which seem great obstacles to evangelization, but they only prove the great need of gospel light and influence which exists in the country. . . .

The account of the rest of the voyage is given in his first letter written from the City of Mexico, early in May:

We steamed past Morro Castle and through the narrow entrance to the harbor, and came to anchor about two o'clock, Friday afternoon. The health officer, Chief of Police, and Custom House officials soon came on board, and we received special permission to go on shore, the captain of the steamer vouching for our character.

Havana is under martial law, as I understand, and the greatest watchfulness is observed to prevent suspicious characters from going ashore, and to prevent Cubans from fleeing the country to escape conscription. All the new passengers who came on board here were compelled to show written permits to leave the country. One young man and two ladies who had come on board were compelled, almost at the last moment, to take their luggage and go back. They looked miserable indeed.

Our party consisted of a very polite Frenchman who acted as guide, a Mexican, son of the treasurer of the republic, Mrs. T., with her son and daughter, a Scotchman, the two brothers Butler, and myself. We went in the Chief of Police's boat and were soon rowed over to the landing place. From there we walked up to the plaza

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of the Captain General's palace, a beautiful little park filled with trees and flowers, whose freshness and beauty were very grateful to us who had been for a week tossed on the great deep.

Thence we walked a short distance further to the cathedral. It is built of yellowish brown stone, with a façade ornamented with columns and niches. It is broken and scarred with the storms of centuries, and is not very prepossessing in its outward appearance, a fact which well prepares one for the pleasing surprise which awaits him on entering. The lofty pillars and arches support a ceiling richly carved and ornamented, and a dome whose windows of stained glass admit a dim radiance which greatly enhances the general effect of the structure. Just within the chancel rail in a niche of the wall, rest the ashes of Christopher Columbus. The tablet which closes the tomb bears a sculptured portrait of the great discoverer and an appropriate inscription. Our conductor went after the key and, opening their place of deposit, showed to us some of the silver service formerly in use but now laid aside.

Leaving the cathedral we secured four calashes, low, two-seated vehicles, drawn by donkeys or small horses, and in procession, single file, proceeded on our way. We attracted no little attention as we threaded the narrow streets. Many a black negress would stand on the foot path and display her ivory, or the place where the ivory ought to be, as we passed.

The next place we visited was the Church of the Angels, of no great interest. Thence we debouched into the Paseo, or fashionable driveway of the city, a broad thoroughfare with a walk in the center, ornamented with long rows of trees. Turning from this we were soon at the church of Our Merciful Lady. This is a magnificent new church, not yet quite completed. It is very highly finished and

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elaborately decorated. The floor is of tesselated marble. The ceiling of the central nave is supported by lofty pillars and arches. The whole interior of walls, columns, and ceiling is pure white, but the combination of different colored glass in the windows above diffuses over the whole a delicate, subdued tint that is almost pink.

The high altar is beautiful indeed in its gilding and drapery. It is crowned by a colossal figure of the Virgin which has just been completed. Heavy crimson curtains conceal it from observation save at such times as it is desired to display it to the deluded worshipers. The priest who conducted us asked if we were Protestants, and on learning we were, he took us up a flight of stone steps to the elevation on which the image is erected, and gave us opportunity for a close inspection, which would not probably be allowed the multitude of Catholics whose subjection to the church is secured largely by the air of mystery which surrounds the worship of the mother church. Besides this main altar there are in the church not less than six lesser shrines. Everywhere we saw the human mother of Christ exalted, while her divine Son, the Saviour, seemed almost ignored. Will the day ever come when these temples shall be consecrated to a purer worship, and filled with worshipers inspired with the power of a vital Christianity?

When we had completed our survey and freed ourselves from the garrulous priest, we found it was time to return to the steamer, so we bade farewell to our kind Frenchman and, taking a little boat, were soon in our quarters on board ship. That night we saw Havana as it appeared in the illumination of its thousand lights, and later, as the moon rose and cast her soft radiance over bay and city, hiding its defects and bringing out its lines of beauty.

We went ashore again next morning, and drove out to

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the Captain General's gardens, outside the city. As to my general impressions of Havana they are not very favorable. The streets are narrow and dirty, the houses look dilapidated, and the people one meets are dirty, and look as if all the true manhood in them had been perverted and lost.

Havana has a magnificent harbor. Its entrance is very narrow, not more than two hundred yards wide, but within is a large expanse of deep water, secure from storms, where a nation's commerce might find anchorage. There is ample opportunity for miles of wharfage where ships might unload their burdens, but not a single wharf has ever been built. Ships must lie at anchor off shore and discharge cargo into clumsy boats, called lighters, while passengers must be rowed ashore in small boats. All this is just as it was two hundred years ago.

Finally, at sunset on Saturday, we heaved our anchor and steamed out past the old castle and lighthouse, and took our way westward to Progreso. We arrived there without incident, save that a rough sea kept many of the passengers sick all day Sunday. We were so unfortunate as to fall upon a national holiday, the 5th of May, the anniversary of the defeat of the French before Puebla. Not a man could be got to work, so we were delayed twenty-four hours, and lay idly swinging in the waters all the hot day, with no employment save to watch the sharks, which lingered about the ship, but could not be induced to take the baited hooks we threw overboard to them.

At last we weighed anchor and were off to our last port before Vera Cruz. This was Campeachy, where we lay all Tuesday morning. Then, with a feeling of relief, we heard the creaking of the capstan as the anchor came slowly from its ocean bed, for it announced to us that we were entering upon the last stage of our journey.

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All night and all day Friday we plowed the waves, with the speed of steam and breeze, and, just as the sun was sinking behind the far inland summit of snow-crowned Orizaba, we came to anchor in the harbor of Vera Cruz.

Shortly before this, we saw in a small boat at a distance, Dr. Butler and one of his daughters, waving welcome to my two traveling companions. As soon as the health officers and customs officials had come on board and the way was clear, we took our satchels and went ashore, leaving our baggage to be forwarded by our agent in Vera Cruz. We had supper at the hotel and then went to call on the American Consul, Dr. Trowbridge, and at two o'clock in the morning took the train for Mexico City. At half past nine, Saturday evening, we found ourselves at our journey's end. I have been very kindly received by Dr. Butler and his family, and all the members of the mission, and will soon be at work. Indeed, I began by preaching to the English congregation yesterday morning. I did not feel in any condition to do it, but could not well avoid it. I did the best I could under the circumstances, but fear I did not create a very favorable impression.

I have so much to write that I have not time or space for, that I scarce know what to leave out, though I must leave many things till the next mail. Letter writing is expensive in Mexico. I am compelled to pay twenty-five cents for every letter I receive, and for every letter I send, as well as extra postage on all papers and periodicals. I would be glad if you would mail me the Western, after you have read it at home. This until I get settled here, and find out what my expenses are to be, and see how much I can afford for periodicals. I cannot well get along without some papers from the States. I should lose the course of events and get far behind the times.

I think of you all very often. I hope you are not anxious about me. There is no present occasion for fear.

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I shall be prudent and do my duty in the fear of God, and we can surely leave results with him. . . .

(To his parents)

MEXICO CITY, May 27, 1874.

It is now more than five weeks since I left home, and not a word have I heard from you, but if the steamer is not delayed, I may expect to have letters next Saturday, and how eagerly do I await that day! After this I may hope to have letters at least once in three weeks.

I find my present place of abode very pleasant. Brother Butler and myself occupy temporarily a room on the ground floor of the mission premises. Our rooms are being fitted up in the cloisters. The whole establishment is in the chaos and consequent discomfort incident to the necessary preparations to make it habitable. There are carpenters, masons, and painters making noise, dirt, and confusion everywhere. We are now beginning to see the end of the work at present projected. Dr. Butler moved in here three weeks ago, before the place was really comfortable, in order to save another month's rent of the house before occupied.

I have spent the last three weeks in studying, working, and idling, looking forward to the time when things shall be so fixed that it will be possible for me to really settle down. A Spanish teacher has been engaged, and we now have three lessons a week. I am picking up a little of the language, and hope by October to start out into my field of labor. I have surely every motive to prompt me to the most earnest work in the acquirement of the language.

To give you an idea of the expense of living in Mexico, I need only say that I have to pay thirty-three dollars per month for my board. This includes lighting and furnishing my room, but not room rent, which of course is

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nothing. Washing is not included. Most of the ordinary expenses of living here are much higher than in the States.

I find that the field of labor designated for me is Puebla de los Angeles. As soon as I know enough Spanish to know whether anyone accosting me is a friend or foe, I am to go thither. The city of Puebla is the second city in importance in the republic, and is situated about ninety miles southeast of Mexico City. It has sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants. It is the sacred city of Mexico, and is credited with being the most devotedly Romish of all Mexican cities. One attempt to establish Protestant services there several years ago was repulsed by a mob; but the accounts of the affair which appeared in the States were more highly colored than the facts really warranted. The preacher had a quiet and orderly audience, until he began denouncing Catholicism in needlessly intemperate terms, when he was assaulted by the enraged people and forced to flee over the roofs of the adjoining houses in order to escape. This attempt was not followed up.

Ten days ago one of our preachers held a quiet service, at which seventeen persons were present, and there was no disturbance whatever. We are confident that whoever goes there in the spirit of the gospel, to preach the truth will not only be protected, but will find hearers. I think there is no cause for anxiety on your part in my behalf. Our church owns property there, a part of the old Inquisition building. We propose to fit up in these premises, which are quite extensive, a chapel, missionary residence, boys' orphanage, and whatever else we need. I am to have a native preacher with me, and am to have superintendency of the orphanage and school.

My arrangements for living in Puebla are matters of no little concern to me. I shall have to furnish rooms for myself in the property we own, and, as boarding in

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private families is unknown in Mexico, I shall be compelled either to board at a hotel at exorbitant prices, or set up housekeeping—probably the latter. Imagine your boy keeping bachelor's hall in the Romish Inquisition whose walls are hallowed by the sepulture of the bones of martyrs, and haunted (?) by the troubled shades of the myrmidons of torture! I shall have to keep a servant and porter, and all this for one! Herein appears the truth of that Scripture which saith, "It is not good for man to be alone." It is very likely that no more unmarried men will be sent to this field. The state of society and all habits of living are such as to make it much better that the missionaries should be married. Do not think that I am very uneasy about this matter. I doubt not there is a way out of the difficulty, which Providence will in due time open up.

One thing we shall need very much on opening our work in Puebla is a cabinet organ, to aid us in worship and in attracting the people to our services. Music is a wonderful attraction to this people. I have seen thirty or forty persons come into our little vestry at an irregular hour on Sunday, because they caught the sound of singing from the street. Several organs have been provided by special contribution by home churches for other places, and the thought was suggested to me of venturing to mention the necessity to the church at home, to see if Puebla could not be supplied in the same way. It would be a great pleasure to me to have it right from home, and to feel that it was the gift of my own old church. Two hundred dollars would buy it, send it to us, and pay the duty on it. One thing only I must say, that this request, if responded to, must not interfere with the regular annual missionary collection. We might get into trouble at the Mission Rooms. It has been suggested that if you send an organ, you send also some one to play

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it. A wise suggestion, but I doubt not if the Lord provides us the instrument, he will send the player also in due time.

You will gather from this letter, some of the things which are filling my time and thoughts in my new home, but in the midst of all my heart turns often and very fondly to the home and dear ones I have left behind. Did I not believe God has a work for me to do here, from which I dare not turn away, nothing could persuade me to live in this land, so far away from all that I hold dear in this life. But, knowing I am in God's will and way, I am content and happy, and expect so to be wherever my work shall take me. . . .

He writes, the following month, of the illness and death of Robert Butler, one of his traveling companions, and the youngest son of Dr. and Mrs. Butler:

The disease was typhoid fever, which is at this season very prevalent in Mexico City. He had for fifteen months been absent from his mother and family, and they had all been anticipating the joy of an unbroken family circle, when death came in less than four weeks after his arrival, and took him from them.

He was a bright, intelligent young man, nineteen years of age, full of life and spirits, and apparently the most healthy of the family. How little do we know of the sad changes a few short days may bring! He left good assurance of his salvation, a source of unspeakable comfort to his parents. He was buried in the American Cemetery, the funeral being largely attended by both foreign citizens and Mexicans.

Dr. Cooper was to have preached the funeral discourse on the next Sunday, before the English congregation, but on Saturday night, toward morning, he was suddenly seized with a very painful illness, rendering a dangerous

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surgical operation necessary, and it fell to me to take his place. It seemed a difficult thing to do; but the Lord helped me.

Dr. Cooper is in charge of our Spanish congregation here. He is a man sixty years of age or more, was formerly an Episcopalian clergyman, but now belongs to our church. He is of very great importance to our work here, as he is a man of large experience, excellent judgment, fervent spirit, and, withal, speaks Spanish fluently. We feared he was to be taken from us, but God spared him and he is already almost entirely recovered.

At the urgent recommendation of the physician, we have laid aside our studies with our Spanish teacher for the present. He thought it hardly safe for us to apply ourselves so closely to study during the sickly season until we had become somewhat acclimated. Both Brother Butler and myself have, however, been quite well, and shall resume our studies soon. We have no time to lose in acquiring the language.

I have been taking a good deal of exercise, riding horseback every day or two. This is a very general practice in this country. Everybody rides and all are good horsemen. I hope to learn the art of riding so as to be master of the horse, as I shall have to journey much in this way in the prosecution of my work.

Since I last wrote, our new rooms in the cloisters have been fitted up, and we have moved from the damp, uncomfortable, ill-ventilated room on the first floor to more comfortable quarters. We now have a study, lighted from the ceiling, and a bedroom opening from it. The windows of our rooms look out into the church which was once the "patio," or open court of the house.

Last Sunday it was my turn to preach to the English people in Pachuca. I left Mexico at seven o'clock Saturday morning and arrived at Pachuca at four in the after-

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noon. The journey is a long one of about forty miles by rail and thirty by diligence, long not by reason of distance, but from the slowness of the trains and the roughness and tediousness of the diligence ride.

The man we sent to Puebla to prospect for our mission there has returned and made his report. The work there will be beset with many difficulties, but there are persons in that city ready to receive the word of life. The people besought him not to come to their houses, as that would expose them to the hatred of the papists, but they showed a willingness to receive tracts and portions of Scripture, and to come to his house secretly to hear the truth. The light cannot long be thus hidden. It must break forth and shine at any cost of danger and persecution. He found one man who was one of the mob that assaulted a Protestant congregation with stones, four years ago, and he expressed regret at having participated in the affair, and seemed almost ready to join himself to the people he once so hated.

I think very often of my home and friends, and you all seem to me all the dearer, now that such a distance separates us. . . .

MEXICO CITY, July 11, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I suppose you are now in the midst of summer heat, for it is the middle of July. The climate of Mexico is such that, although within the the tropics, I can hardly realize that it is midsummer. The direct rays of the sun are very severe, but on the shady side of the street or in the house, the temperature is never so high as to cause discomfort or lassitude. The nights are invariably cool, so that an overcoat is almost indispensable on going out, and we pass no sleepless nights here on account of the heat. Then, too, we have entered upon the rainy season,

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but you must not infer that we are living in the midst of a continual drench or drizzle from morning till night, and from night till morning. On the contrary the mornings are usually bright and sunny. I never saw them more beautiful. The air is cool and fresh, vegetation, freshly washed, shows to its best advantage, and the sidewalks are usually dry. But in the midst of this brightness and beauty, the mists are forming into clouds and gathering about the hills on the outskirts of the valley, and about four o'clock in the afternoon they sally forth over the plains, it is overcast, and rains. The evenings are often clear and star-lit, only the last remnants of the cloud canopy remaining in view. The streets and walks, heated by the morning sun, cause the water to evaporate very rapidly, and are quickly dry. This order of things is by no means invariable, but by far the most common.

Since I last wrote the glorious Fourth has come and gone! It was observed by the Americans in the valley of Mexico, by a grand banquet at the Tivoli del Ferrocarril. A large number of guests were present, including President Lerdo, his cabinet, the foreigu ministers resident, and other public men. There was the reading of the Declaration of Independence, toasts and speeches, singing and band music. Wine flowed in abundance, but there was little apparent intoxication. The affair lasted about five hours.

The person of most interest to me was the President. He is a man of low stature, quiet face and demeanor, and temperate habits; about forty or forty-five years of age, and unmarried. He seems to be a man of ability, and maintains a good government over this people, so prone to revolutions. The American Minister here is Colonel Foster, of Indiana. He is a cultured gentleman and an accomplished diplomat, in every way an honor to our country. He and his family are members of the Presby-

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terian Church, and attend Sunday service in English very constantly.

I met this week a man from Puebla, an American citizen, but by birth a German Jew. He is very wealthy and is interested in our going to Puebla, not from religious but probably for pecuniary reasons. He promises all assistance and assures me that there will be perfect safety there, if a judicious course is pursued.

Our work here goes forward with many discouragements, some opposition and withal some signs of hope. To give you an idea of the estimation in which we are held by many of the people, I will write to you what propriety would otherwise forbid. It has twice occurred, during the present week, that when we have found rooms in portions of the city where we wish to establish service, and have attempted to secure them, we have been met with two conditions, imposed by the parties owning the property. The restrictions are these: first, that the room shall not be used for a house of prostitution; and second, that it shall not be used as a Protestant place of worship. You see in what company they put Protestants! No doubt the priests are at the bottom of this. They seem to be responsible for most of the bigotry.

We have very promising congregations in four sections of the city. The greatest obstacle we find is to get fit men to take charge of them. Those whom the mission is compelled to employ, do not understand spiritual religion at all, and the people, hungering for the bread of life, are not fed. We are hoping and praying and laboring that our preachers may be converted and endowed with the Holy Ghost.

This work must go forward. I am longing more and more for ability to speak to this people in their own language. They manifest such a longing for something better. . . .

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(To his mother)

September 12, 1874.

Since my last letter I have made another trip to Pachuca, to preach to the English congregation there and at Real del Monte, two leagues further on. I had a pleasant though somewhat wearisome journey, preaching twice, and riding twelve miles on horseback on Sunday. Desiring to take the diligence Monday morning at six o'clock, I told the hotel keeper to have me called at five. He failed to do this, and when I waked and looked at my watch, it only lacked ten minutes of six! You may imagine how I bounded out of bed, hurried on my clothes, and rushed through the streets, half dressed, to catch the stage! I succeeded, however, though I did not complete my toilet till we got to the railroad station, thirty miles away.

The last three weeks I have been redoubling my diligence in the study of Spanish, and begin to feel as though I had made a commencement in the language. You can hardly conceive of the difficulty of learning a foreign tongue, so as to speak it. I began last week to take part in some of the public Spanish services, in reading the Scriptures and in prayer. I have not yet attempted to preach, but Dr. Cooper seems to think that, by using written sermons at first, I can begin in a few weeks. Thus I will be able to conduct service immediately, when I go to Puebla.

To-morrow, which will soon be to-day, for it is nearly midnight, is my birthday, and I am twenty-three—not very old yet. I am happy, and expect to be, in my work, and can leave the future of my life in God's hands. I do not know what is in store for me, but I know that whatever it is, it is best.

I am sorry to say that I have not received any of the magazines you sent, nor a single paper since the six Ad-

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vocates that came at once nine weeks ago. Are you sure they were legibly directed, and that you paid the right postage on them? The paper you now write on answers the purpose very well, and though it does not seem to save you anything, it saves me fifteen cents on every letter, so instead of paying fifty cents on such a one as I received to-day, when written on heavy paper, I now pay only thirty-five, and get just as much. So, be not weary in well doing, I yet carry the heavier end of the stick. . . .

Before the end of this month he preached his first sermon in Spanish, reading from manuscript a short discourse of ten pages which, he writes, cost him many hours of labor. He had already found that there is no royal road to the knowledge of Spanish or any other language, but the old one of hard, patient toil. In a letter, dated October 5, he writes:

Surely there were never higher motives to inspire one in any painful work than those I see before me all the time, in the hope of being able to preach the blessed gospel to this people.

I am very glad to be able to do even the little I now can, poor as it is, for it seems at least a beginning.

Last Sunday I spent again in Pachuca and Real del Monte, preaching in the morning, but taking such a cold that my voice left me in the afternoon, and one of the local preachers had to substitute for me. I had to ride six miles and back in the midst of a heavy rain which aggravated my cold, and I am not yet free from it. It is more annoying though than painful.

I still contemplate going to Puebla the first of November, and Dr. Butler and I are now looking about to secure proper persons for the work there; a colporteur, teacher, and others to take care of the boys in the orphanage. I look forward to the near responsibilities of the work with

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anxiety, and earnest prayers for wisdom and guidance from above.

So far as physical violence is concerned, I do not think we need to anticipate it at all. With prudence and discretion, and above all with God's blessing and protection, I feel sure the gospel will find entrance there without that kind of opposition. With or without it, however, I am certain that Protestantism will ultimately take deep root in that city. . . .

MEXICO CITY, October 24, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

The rainy season has really gone at last, and we are having charming weather. The days are cool, bright, and sunshiny, and the nights equally clear, with an atmosphere which is very invigorating. It is now full moon, and there is a clearness of air and sky that makes the nights surpassingly brilliant. Last night there was a wonderful view of the two snow-clad volcanoes, almost dazzling white in the moonlight.

We had an illustration this week here in Mexico of how the Lord can turn opposition into an occasion for victory. Preparations had been making to open a chapel in a part of the city never before invaded by Protestant worship. A priest, speaking of this, was overheard by one of our helpers to say that on the occasion of our largest congregation, he would do something to make his name famous in Mexico.

The butchers also, in which the neighborhood abounded, averred that we should have to walk over their dead bodies to hold our first service. The authorities were informed of these threats and promised protection. Wednesday night was appointed for the opening, Dr. Cooper to preach. Though he was scarcely able to be out of bed, he went, I accompanying him.

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The congregation was very large, so that not nearly all could get into the room. A priest of a neighboring Romish church who stepped in to see, became wedged in the crowd, could not get out and was compelled, for once, to hear a good earnest gospel sermon. There was not the slightest disturbance.

Next day, messengers sent to the butchers by one interested in the success of our work, found them completely changed. They say that kind of worship is all right, and seem now to be friendly. Last night we were there again. The congregation was large, orderly, and respectful. The door is open and no man can shut it. The gospel must triumph, and that gloriously!

As I close this letter at midnight, the moon is in total eclipse. I am in a sort of total eclipse myself, for the mail has come and no letter from home. We are greatly afflicted in learning of the death of Dr. Eddy. He was a good man and an earnest worker. He was in special charge of the interests of this mission. Personally I feel as though I had lost a friend. May God sanctify this bereavement to the good of the church and raise up another to take up his work where he laid it down! Pray for us in Mexico. . . .

MEXICO CITY, December 8, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I received this evening a letter from Dr. Marlay, saying there would be some delay in getting the organ, but expressing the hope that he will be able to send it. I shall be very glad and very thankful to have it, but my tenure of the work in Puebla will be no more permanent than that of any other Methodist preacher and I shall be liable, at any time, to be sent away from there to open work in some new place. So, if my friends give the organ they must give it to the Lord and his work, and not to me.

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I shall rejoice in it just as much even though I should enjoy it myself only a short time.

I am sending a small package of some things which I thought might interest you, by the hands of a party going to New York by the next steamer. Among them is a photograph of Benito Juarez, who was the last president of the republic and whose public services covered the period when European intervention sought to set up a monarchy on the free soil of the Western continent.

There are also some ribbons, bought at the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. The one with the black line printed in the middle has been touched to the face of the image of the Virgin and so is said and believed to be a charm efficacious in the healing of all diseases. You may try its powers as necessity may arise and your faith is strong! I send also a small photograph of the image of this Virgin. The superstition is one that holds a mighty sway over this nation. This is the history of it.

It was soon after the Conquest by Cortez, and though the Cross and the Virgin had supplanted the horrid Aztec deities in the temples of the land, the people still clung to the old faith of their fathers. One morning in 1531, an Indian was wending his way to Mexico when, as he was passing over a lonely mountain standing in the plain three miles from the city, he saw the figure of a woman descending from the clouds. It proved to be the mother of Christ, who told the astonished man that she had determined to become the patron saint of the Indians, and take them under her special protection.

He was to go to the city and tell the archbishop a church must be built to her at the foot of this mountain. The bishop was unbelieving, and on reporting his rebuff to the Virgin next morning, she told the Indian to meet her there at the same hour on the following day. On going to the appointed place, he was told to go to the

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top of the mountain and fill his blanket with roses, which he would find there. Obediently he went, and taking his burden of flowers miraculously placed there, for none had ever grown there before, he went again to the bishop when, behold! on opening his blanket, there was found painted upon it a picture of the Virgin in gorgeous apparel. Unbelief vanished, the churches were built, one at the foot, the other on the top of the hill; the Indians were converted in multitudes, and riches uncounted flowed into the shrine of "Our Lady." The original miraculous portrait is still to be seen in a rich frame of gold, inlaid with diamonds and pearls. The motto on the picture is, "God has not dealt so with any nation." This shrine is exceedingly popular among the Mexicans.

Another famous shrine, "Our Lady of Remedies," the shrine of the Spanish population, as that of Guadalupe is of the Indians, has this history: When driven from the City of Mexico, with terrible slaughter, on the night of the "Noche triste," Cortez and his tired and wounded followers rested at a high hill, twelve miles distant. During their stay Cortez found, in a soldier's knapsack, a small wooden doll about eight inches high, which the man had brought from Spain. The commander determined to make use of this to inspire his broken spirited followers. He displayed it to them, saying it was an image of the Virgin which she had sent him from heaven, promising to cure their wounds, secure their retreat, and the final conquest of Mexico. After the conquest, he built on this hill a church dedicated to the Virgin Mary of Remedies, and here to this day is the wooden doll dressed in the richest jewels, and receiving the worship of the people!

Such was the age of the conquest, and such are the superstitions from which the most intelligent have long since revolted, and which we are here to supplant by

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the pure and simple faith of the Christ of Bethlehem and Calvary. . . .

A few weeks later occurred an incident which showed what a vast field is opening up to the church: There came to the house two men from Celaya, a place more than two hundred miles northward. They came to ask that a preacher of the gospel might be sent to them. They were Indians of the tribe of Otomies who, while speaking Spanish, still preserve also the language which their ancestors spoke at the time of the Spanish invasion.

Their clothing consisted of a pair of trousers, made of thin white cotton sheeting, and a sort of narrow blanket which they throw about their naked shoulders and bodies. Their shoes are merely a piece of leather fastened to the sole of the foot by straps passing over the instep and between the toes. The head surmounted by a coarse hat of straw with a brim two feet or more in diameter, and their costume is complete, though it must be confessed, it is rather scanty.

They said there were many of their countrymen scattered in towns and villages northward, who are weary and distrustful of their Romish priests who only seek to make gain out of the poverty of the people. These men asked for books and tracts to teach them our doctrine, and a man to come and proclaim to them the new way of which they had now first heard. They belong to a peculiar and very large class of the population of Mexico. The Spanish and mixed population, living chiefly in the towns, is very different from the pure Indian population. The former are characterized by falsity, treachery, and fanaticism and many other vices. The latter are said to be very faithful and trustworthy, though poor and ignorant.

Those who came asking for a preacher, were represen-

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tatives of a very large proportion of the population which is not reached by our work in the cities. Possibly, too, it is the very class which would yield the richest and most abundant fruit to gospel toil. They are stretching out their hands for the gospel of Christ. Who will carry it to them?

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CHAPTER II

PUEBLA, January 16, 1875.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

At last I write you from Puebla, which seems likely to be my home for a long time to come. I left Mexico City last Wednesday morning, arriving here the afternoon of the same day. I was accompanied by and am to have as my helper for some months an English Wesleyan local preacher, whose name is Christopher Ludlow. He has for some time been employed as a local preacher in English, at Real del Monte and Pachuca, where he was engaged in connection with some mining works.

His engagement there having expired, he has come into our mission, and expects to learn the language and continue in the work of evangelization. He is a practical mechanic of a good deal of experience, and has been sent here by Dr. Butler to aid me in the repairing of our church property here in Puebla. On arriving, we found that the rooms we had written to secure had been rented.

We spent the night in the hotel and next day after long search succeeded in securing three rooms which we took for ourselves, hoping soon to find a house in which to place our orphan boys and begin our school. The man who had formerly occupied these rooms was most kind, though he knew we were Protestants, and had come as missionaries. He even left us a part of his own furniture and showed us every courtesy, and within a few days we found several friends who did much to help us in getting settled.

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One of these is an American woman, Pennsylvania Dutch, who has lived many years in this country. Her children have grown up Romanists. The husband of one of them, although a Catholic, has taken great interest in us, spending many hours going about with me hunting houses, and helping by his advice and sympathy. I have found a kind welcome too among foreigners, most of whom are Germans. One of them told me there are a number of children waiting to be baptized by a Protestant minister.

I have already made the acquaintance of several of the local and state officials, and am to be presented to the governor and president of the common council to-morrow. I am assured that we shall have all needful protection on the part of the government.

I have detailed all these things in order to show you that God is already giving us an entering in among the people to whom we are sent. I know you have been anxious, and I wish to put your fears at rest. My great anxiety is that God may make my labors a blessing to the souls of these people. There is very great need of circumspection and wisdom, all the more as I am a foreigner. I trust, however, that a universal gospel of personal salvation, preached and lived, will speedily break down prejudice and bring the people to Jesus.

Next week we begin work on our repairs and shall carry them forward as fast as possible and go as far as our means will allow. We shall be a good deal restricted as to the latter. How I wish that some friend or friends would make up a thousand dollars and send it directly to us as an extraordinary gift to God's cause in Puebla! It would prove a most profitable investment.

I am boarding at a restaurant, in default of a better place. It is not very pleasant and there is not the slightest reminder of home life about me, but I do not feel like

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complaining. I would gladly bear much more of privation could I only see God's work prospering in my hands. . . .

PUEBLA, February 7, 1875.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

Since my last letter we have been going forward rapidly with our work, and have accomplished a good deal. Last week we had over thirty men employed. In other respects too my work is encouraging. I have become acquainted with a number of foreigners here who are Protestants and seem glad we have come. Many of them will send their children to our school, and some will identify themselves with our services. They are chiefly Germans.

My first attempt to call any of the native Protestants together was this morning. I have a colporteur employed to help me who is a native of this place and has many acquaintances here. Through him I extended the invitation to such as he could find to come to my own room. In response three besides ourselves came, so we had a little meeting of six. We talked over the cause of God together, and read and prayed.

Those who came are men who have suffered for conscience' sake, wounds and hunger and nakedness. They told me they knew of others of like convictions to the number of twenty or more. So you see there are, even in Puebla, some who do not bow the knee to Baal.

We have to encounter many difficulties in this work. The people do not find it easy to believe that we can have come hither without some selfish end in view. Some charge us with having political objects as our ultimate aim, and in this way Mexican jealousy of the rising power of the United States sometimes operates against us. Others have started a report that we are emissaries of

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the Masons come to establish that order, against which there is widespread dislike.

But notwithstanding these prejudices and slanders God is giving and will give us a wide door of entrance, and I begin to hope the difficulties will be in some respects less than we have anticipated.

We are compelled to begin very quietly, for to be open Protestants would take the bread out of their mouths, and many are thoroughly intimidated by one or two events of the past history of Protestantism in this place. I think however that we have nothing to fear from violence.

The American Minister in Mexico City, Mr. Foster, has lately taken very strong measures with the Mexican government, holding it to treaty pledges for the protection of American citizens. This has been done in view of the trouble at Acapulco, where there was a recent disturbance in which five were killed and eleven wounded in an attack made on a Protestant place of worship. Acapulco is a long way from Puebla and in a part of the country where the government acknowledges it has less control over the people.

Dr. Butler and I went the other day to call on the governor of the State and the mayor of the city, to advise them of our presence. They gave us every promise of protection, but these promises are of little value, as the government of this State is notoriously bad and must soon fall, whether peaceably or by violence cannot yet be said. In any case when the change comes, it will undoubtedly be favorable to us and our work. After all, our main confidence we must repose in God and his providence. We need wisdom and prudence, as well as zeal and courage, in conducting this work.

Dr. Cooper has had another attack of illness and leaves on Tuesday for the States on account of his health. This

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leaves our work without any American missionary who attempts to preach in Spanish. I of course do it but poorly, being as yet a tyro in the language.

I go on Thursday to Mexico City to spend Sunday and will return to Puebla on Tuesday with the orphan boys. I have secured additional rooms for their temporary accommodation on the same floor of the building where Mr. Ludlow and I have our quarters.

(To his Mother)

PUEBLA, March 2, 1875.

Nearly two weeks ago I returned here from Mexico City, bringing with me the boys' orphanage. We made quite a large company on the train. There were fourteen boys of all ages, from four years to thirteen. Besides these the man who has supervision under my direction of the boys, with his wife and little girl. Then the school teacher, with his wife and three children. Thus there were in all, counting myself, the patriarch of all, twenty-three souls.

We landed from our day's journey at three o'clock in the afternoon, and found our new house all in readiness for us, chiefly through the efforts of our kind friend Mrs. Johnson.

Of course I am very busy with all this charge on my hands. There are fourteen hungry little mouths to be fed, and I must say what is to be given them and provide the means to buy it. There are fourteen little bodies to be kept comfortable, and I must keep an oversight of their clothing, washing, etc. I must also keep the accounts of the house, giving out needed money and calling the servants to account for it, not only for the orphanage, but also for our own housekeeping, as Brother Ludlow and I have a servant and eat at our own table. Then, too, I have to keep up supplies and money for our work

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of repairs, and keep these accounts straight. Even this is not all, but I will not say more lest you think we exaggerate.

I feel very strangely sometimes at being placed over such a family as I have in this house. It is a fearful responsibility, and its cares have harassed and wearied me very greatly. The children have never, up to this time, been under any proper discipline, and so are somewhat unruly. I think I begin already to see some improvement in this respect. I hope they may grow up good and useful men. It is only by training them up from youth in this way that we can hope to secure the most useful preachers and teachers for this land. I must try to be to them, while under my care, both father and mother, for some of them will know in after years no other.

I wonder if the good folks in Xenia would not be glad to make up a box of clothing for these children. It would cost very little comparatively to buy material and make up a little suit for each of these boys. Pants of some light cheap cloth, made to button on calico waists, with little round-front linen jackets for the small boys, and plain cloth ones for the larger boys, of the same material as the pants. Three of the small ones are very fat, so that the waistbands must be made large or they won't meet around them.

The work on our new premises is being pushed forward very rapidly and we hope to move into them, although in a very unfinished state, within five or six weeks. This change is very much to be desired because we have been somewhat annoyed in our present quarters. The department of the house over our heads was occupied by a Romanist school. The family and school have moved out, bag and baggage, on our account. Other occupants of the house have threatened to do likewise, and the owner is greatly disturbed and wants us to get out.

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Opening for a foundation the other day, we suddenly came upon immense numbers of human bones. They had been interred under the brick and mortar floor of the house we are fitting up, and been forgotten for years. Of course it is a perfect bed of corruption and would be a fruitful source of ill health. So we have been compelled to take up the bones of perhaps more than a hundred persons and secure permission to have them reinterred in a cemetery.

We are now holding meetings regularly every Sunday morning and afternoon, and every Thursday night. The attendance, apart from the members and helpers of the mission, is very small. Many more are there who call themselves Protestants, but they are either afraid to come, as some of them acknowledge, or they are full of suspicion and mistrust of us.

We find many difficulties and discouragements that almost make me heartsick, but I have faith in God that he will remove in his own time the stumblingblocks and give free course to the triumphs of his holy Word. . . .

PUEBLA, May 3, 1875.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

The closing out of the first year of my life in Mexico finds me surrounded by many more blessings than I deserve. Not least among them do I reckon that of God's goodness and preserving care to my father and mother and all those I love so much at home. I thought of you, mother, on your birthday, but had forgotten that it was your fiftieth anniversary. I pray God to spare you many, many more years to your children!

Since I last wrote you, there has been quite an accession to our household. The wife and mother-in-law and little child of Brother Ludlow, my companion and helper, have arrived from England. Mrs. Ludlow is a nice little

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woman, who seems to take very kindly to her new surroundings. With her mother the case is different; she misses her home and its privileges keenly, and already talks of returning. So long as Mr. Ludlow and his family are here, they will keep house and I shall board with them.

The bulk of the work on our property here is now approaching its end. Mr. Ludlow has been of good service to me, being by trade a mechanic and engineer. Still, as he speaks very little Spanish, much of the supervision of the work and all the purchasing of material has come upon me. We have spent now a little over two thousand dollars. We are so limited in means that it is impossible for us to finish up the work as we ought for real comfort and convenience, but it will answer for the present. In years to come we shall be obliged to have some other location, but that must wait till the proportions and growth of the work demand it, when I doubt not we shall have the necessary means.

A week ago I was for the first time called upon to celebrate the sacrament of baptism. I then baptized two little children of a German family, conducting the service in Spanish, as few of the company present understood English.

One thing more I must mention. A week or two ago, there appeared a statement in a Mexico paper about Puebla and the open persecution of the Protestants, burning their house, attempting their lives, etc. Fearing it may get into the papers at home and cause you anxiety, I will tell you that the whole thing is a misrepresentation for political purposes. The only shadow of foundation for it was in certain vague rumors whose source could not be traced and whose object probably was to frighten us in our first steps. Bitter enemies we have undoubtedly, but they are powerless to do us violence.

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Several of the Indians of whom Dr. Butler wrote some time ago in the Missionary Advocate, were here last week, having traveled on foot from Mexico City. They said that having returned from their country to Mexico and not finding me there, they had come on to Puebla just to salute me and report what they had done with the tracts and Testaments we had given them. The leader told me that seven villages of their people had united in asking for a school, to be established by us among them. How I wish we could do something for them! "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few! Pray therefore the Lord of the harvest that he send forth laborers into his harvest." . . .

(To his mother)

PUEBLA, June 15, 1875.

My last letter was sent off in great haste on the night of the day in which we moved into this, our newly fitted up home. Everything was in utter confusion, the brick floors were thoroughly wet from having just been scrubbed, while out of doors the rain was pouring down in torrents. Now, however, things are considerably changed for the better. Something like order begins to reign in the house, and the weather is as fine as could be wished, sun shining brilliantly, four snow-capped summits visible from our roof, and the whole landscape smiling in verdure in consequence of the rains.

We have now been in this house three weeks, holding our services as usual, and without any serious trouble. A week ago during the morning service, a great crowd thronged the street and pressed about the door, but this is not to be wondered at, considering the general notoriety of our house and work, and the fact that our premises front the market place, which is a busy place all day Sunday. The greater part of the crowd seemed

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actuated by mere curiosity, longing to catch a glimpse of the interior of the place which has been so much talked about and so bitterly denounced. A few evil disposed persons there were who would have liked to excite a tumult, but the police was present and they dared not do much. Some ugly language was bandied about and one or two stones thrown, and that was all. Some of those in attendance at the service were afraid to go out till a rain came up and scattered the crowd.

In the afternoon, at service time, another crowd gathered, and I sent down and invited them to come in, as I had done in person in the morning. Eight or nine of them accepted the invitation, and I noted two especially, a man and his wife, who at first gave tokens of dissent from what was said, but before the close seemed to be listening carefully and intensely. I gave them a Testament and invited them to come again. They were here yesterday, and bid fair to become followers of the truth.

Two weeks ago I received the box of clothing for the orphanage. The clothes fit admirably, and the material is just the thing. I wish I had a whole piece of the cloth and a piece or two of the material of the waists! When I go home I shall lay in a stock of it to bring back with me. The expense of the box to us was about $25, thanks to the nominal valuation of its contents, but I could not have bought the material here and had the same amount of clothing made for less than $80, and then it would not have been so well made. Then, too, above all is the thought that it is a token of Christian interest and sympathy, which imports an unspeakable value to the gift. The children are delighted with them. . . .

PUEBLA, July 6, 1875.

The first Sunday our new organ was used in the service

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it attracted the rabble, and the house was filled with a very disorderly crowd. In the midst of worship a large stone was sent crashing through the front window, just behind the preacher. The inside shutters were closed so that it only broke the glass and made a great racket. I was away that day, preaching in Pachuca and Real del Monte, but Dr. Butler and his wife were there, he being on his quarterly visit to the Mission. Dr. Skilton, Consul General of the United States in Mexico, was present, and immediately made a donation of $10 to replace the broken window.

The whole matter probably grew out of the fact that there has lately been a change of public officers, and the new incumbent neglected to send the police to keep the peace. I have represented the matter to the authorities, and last Sunday we were duly protected and the day passed off in perfect quiet. Our enemies find their hands are tied. Thus far we have little or no cause of complaint against the authorities. Still, our first confidence is in God. I see so many and such wide opportunities for good, opening up here, that I cannot believe that God will suffer the way to be hedged up. Some of us may have to suffer, but the work will go on.

We are meeting with some apparent prosperity; congregations larger, and more and more persons seeming to be becoming really attached to the truth. Last Sunday we had about seventy quiet, attentive hearers. The attendance is encouraging.

I am especially interested in the indications, from time to time, of the opening of opportunities to evangelize the native Indian populations. Their habits and modes of thought seem very Oriental and patriarchal, so that they move in masses. I feel satisfied that when it becomes practicable to preach to them directly the gospel in its simplicity, they will rapidly be brought to see the

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truth and throw off the oppression of the priests, who seek "every man his own, not the things that are Jesus Christ's."

Next Sunday some representatives from an Indian town fourteen leagues away are coming all that distance to learn more of that truth of whose brightness they have as yet seen but the first faint glimmer.

There lives here in Puebla an Indian of some influence in his village who, for years, has been learning gradually the deception of the priests and their mercenary aims. He conceived the desire that his son should be educated and fitted to be an instrument in elevating and freeing his people. He therefore moved to Puebla where he placed the boy in school. He has come to know something of the Bible and its value, and now desires that his son shall fit himself to be a Protestant preacher to his people. In these feelings the son, about sixteen or seventeen years of age, fully shares. For weeks he has not failed to be present at any one of our services, and wants to put himself under my instruction, to be fitted for the ministry.

As speedily as possible, I intend securing about half a dozen such young men, and forming the nucleus of a biblical school, whose object shall be to prepare them for evangelistic work. Of course its beginnings must be very humble and the training very imperfect, compared with what it ought to be and will be, in after years, by God's blessing.

The magnitude of this work, in its multiplied demands, overwhelms me! O that more men were sent out to help lay the foundations deep and broad for the future of the Methodist Church in Mexico! My plans are so many and my powers to execute so limited, that it can scarcely be otherwise than the results should very scantily fill out the scheme.

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All the newspaper tidings I have received lately from the States represent the condition of things there as well-nigh disastrous and hopeless. I hope this is overdrawn. It saddens me to hear such news, for I never loved my native land as I do now. . . .

In a letter, written the latter part of July, he mentions having performed his first marriage ceremony. He writes also, in detail, of a proposition made to the First Church of Xenia, to support and educate one of the boys in the orphanage, and suggests that they become responsible for $60 a year for his maintenance, he to select one of the brightest and most promising ones, and send his name, age, and photograph, to be made use of to aid in raising money. He was also to keep the Sunday school informed of his progress, and teach the boy himself to whom he was indebted for his education. He expressly states, however, that this contribution is not to interfere with the regular Conference missionary appropriation; the full amount of that to be raised first, and over and above that the support of the boy. This was done and kept up for many years, with never failing interest and enthusiasm.

He adds: The reports of the mightly revivals of religion now being witnessed in Europe, and to some degree in America, seem like Pentecostal times. I am sometimes sorely tempted to long for the privilege of preaching the gospel in my mother tongue. Still, I know that the work in which I am engaged is no less important than that in the homeland. Indeed, it is even more important, because it is laying the foundations of gospel truth where error has so long prevailed; foundations upon which in after years, if not soon, shall be built a spiritual church. So, I ask for patience and strong faith, to toil on here and look for the harvest. . . .

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(To his Mother)

PUEBLA, August 17, 1875.

The last few days have been exceedingly busy ones for me, finishing up work on our chapel, preparatory to the dedication, which occurred last Sunday. I inclose one of the printed notices, and although in Spanish, you will see at all events that we took good care to announce our movements and invite the people. The result was very favorable. The chapel was well filled and the congregation very quiet and attentive for the most part. The majority were of the lower classes, but there were also a goodly number of well-to-do people. It was an interesting company. About two hundred were present in the morning and as many in the evening.

Brother John Butler came down from Mexico and preached at night, and his brother Edward played the organ. All passed off very quietly, although there had been some serious threats. The government furnished us ample protection.

Our chapel is very neat and pretty. The ceiling is a dome, supported on arches; the walls are light blue, with the cornices and trimmings white. The pulpit is a double, circular platform, the desk of a beautiful wood, not unlike cedar, polished and varnished in its natural color. The balustrade is of the same, and the balusters black. The communion table is of Puebla marble, translucent and beautifully polished, set in a black frame. The carpet is red and black.

I am in hopes our congregations will speedily fill the chapel, and call for a larger place of worship. That we have been able, without any disturbance, to open a Protestant church side by side with a Romish one, and that in an ancient convent, in the city of Puebla, is a great triumph; greater than you can well appreciate. Many people express their surprise at what we have been en-

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abled to accomplish. "It is the Lord's doing and marvelous in our eyes!"

Two young men, one twenty-five, the other eighteen years of age, have been sent to me, and they with my native helper, are to form the nucleus of a theological school under my direction. I have to begin with them almost utterly without books or other aids, and try to train them into efficient preachers of the truth. Rather a great undertaking, you will say, for one who knows so little about preaching himself. Well, so it is. But what are we to do? we must have native preachers. Men who have already trained minds and are fit for the work, will not dedicate themselves to it, so we must take such young men as do offer, give them such help as we can, and then thrust them out into the fields that are already white for the harvest. I expect the number of these will be considerably increased by the first of October, so as to form quite a respectable class.

To-morrow Brother Ludlow and family leave here for Pachuca, and I shall then be left without any English-speaking assistance. My duties and distractions will, in consequence, be increased. Meanwhile, under all this pressure, I am struggling forward as best I may in my Spanish, making some progress, as I venture to hope. . . .

PUEBLA, August 30, 1875.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I am now keeping bachelor's hall. I have a servant girl who comes every morning and stays all day. She cooks for me à la Mexicana, and I get along with it very well. My only companion at the table is a cat, which has attached herself to me.

I have made the acquaintance of a German lady, the wife of a physician, who has been very kind. She was brought up among the Moravians, and so understands

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more of spiritual religion than most of her country people. She has been so long without church privileges and spiritual helps that she feels herself in a backslidden state. The first time she came to church the tears rolled down her cheeks in a flood from the old memories that stirred in her heart.

For the last two weeks I have had an intermittent fever which, while not confining me to bed, has made it impossible for me to do more than oversee things about the establishment. The fever seems now to be broken, and I am feeling much better this morning.

Before you receive this, I will have passed my birthday—twenty-four years old. I doubt not you will remember it. Pray for me that if I live another twenty-four years they may bear much fruit for the Master. . . .

(To his Father)

PUEBLA, September 5, 1875.

No doubt you and mother are in Cincinnati to-day enjoying Conference, that annual feast of tabernacles, at least in a sense. Such opportunities are among the things whose loss I feel very keenly, for hearing and associating with God's approved workmen would be a means of education and a stimulus which I very much need. So I read the accounts of camp meetings, conventions, Conferences, etc., sometimes with a half feeling of regret. I am too young to be thrown so utterly upon my own resources. It is not impossible that my intellectual and even my spiritual growth may be stunted or misdirected. Still, when I look at the other side of the matter, and consider the vast opportunities of usefulness here afforded, and see what by God's blessing has already been accomplished, I can only rejoice in the privilege of being engaged in such a work. As for the rest I can trust God and try to work faithfully. If I suffer from the lack of

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the means of grace it is my own fault, for the Bible I have, and the Holy Ghost can work in Mexico as well as in Ohio.

Our congregation, which began seven months ago with five, has grown to eighty, and this in spite of the fact that in the meantime another congregation has been established by another Protestant denomination. The degree of sectarian prejudice manifested by some of the denominations is a shame to our Protestant faith! By God's help we have thus far kept above such petty and unworthy jealousies, and will do so to the end. . . .

ORIZABA, September 24, 1875.

I left Puebla a week ago to-day, on the present trip, partly for my health, partly for work. It was thought a change of air would be beneficial and perhaps break up the fever which has been troubling me lately.

I stopped off in Apizaco to prospect a little and examine a site offered for mission house and church. Apizaco is a railroad town, probably more like some of our Western towns than any other place in Mexico. It has sprung up where there was formerly no town, and owing to the establishment of railway shops and manufacturing establishments, has grown very rapidly and is looked upon as an important point for a mission station. It is only two hours by train from Puebla, and belongs to my district.

The Romanists have already built their church, though it is still in an unfinished condition. A curious story was told me of the strife among the Romish parishioners as to the choice of a saint, for every church must have its patron saint.

One party favored the election of an image of the Virgin, which is said once to have winked, but after a heated controversy, the opposing party triumphed and

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their favorite idol was set up. But in the night, the partisans of the Virgin whose image had performed the prodigy of winking, broke into the church, tore down the opposing image and made general havoc. The blame was sought to be laid on the innocent Protestants, and in the end the winking idol was set up. I will not vouch for the details, but anyone who knows the Mexican populace will admit that such an occurrence is not at all impossible. O how they need the gospel!

I finished the afternoon's work, found a lodging, and got to bed early, as I had to take the train at three o'clock the next morning. I reached here after a seven hours ride, which was very interesting and enjoyable.

Orizaba is a large city, situated on the border of the "tierra caliente," or hot land of the coast. Its climate is very different from that of Mexico City and Puebla, much warmer and moister. Its foliage and fruits are tropical and very beautiful. In the season, December, oranges are more abundant here than apples ever are at home. Imagine a market where twelve dozen beautiful oranges are sold for eighteen cents!

Orizaba presents a very picturesque appearance to the foreigner. The houses are generally low, of one story, roofed with red tiles, with wide eaves projecting far over the sidewalk. Everywhere through the wide entrances to the houses you look in upon a wilderness of foliage.

On Sunday I preached three times—twice in Spanish and once in English—and after the evening service administered the Lord's Supper to a large number of people.

Early Monday morning I climbed the mountain which rises a thousand feet above the city, and on whose summit was fought a battle during the French intervention. The ruins of a fort and the burial place of the slain are still visible. The view from the summit is most beautiful, including the city, the wide and fertile valley, with its

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winding streams, orange and banana trees, and other rich tropical vegetation, all hemmed in by the precipitous slopes of the mountains which, green and wooded to their summits, rise to a greater altitude than that at which the observer stands. While we stood there, the train from Vera Cruz came rushing up the valley, her mighty engine puffing and snorting as if anxious for the long climb that would place her on the elevated central table land of Mexico.

Coming down we met a Mexican matron with her brood of handsome daughters, mirthfully climbing the hill, all well dressed but without hat or bonnet, articles largely discarded by the fair sex in this latitude.

Breakfast over we took a coach and drove out to Ingenio, about five miles distant. There a large volume of water bursts suddenly out of the mountain side, pure and clear. It is the outlet of a lake many leagues distant among the mountains. Its waters come all this distance foaming in the heart of the mountain and, freed from their prison, go rejoicing down the valley only to be assigned the commonplace task of turning the immense turbine wheels of a cotton factory and paper mill. The water was so fresh and clear that I yielded to the impulse and stripping off my clothes plunged in for a bath, and a delightful one it was!

Tuesday morning early, Brother Stephens, who is preacher in charge of Orizaba, and the other half of the "we" in this letter, and myself took the train for Cordoba, about twenty miles away, to establish a congregation in that city. I preached Tuesday and Wednesday night, and though the weather was exceedingly bad, had good congregations, at least fifty the second night, and a very favorable opening for our work.

We were called at half past three and took the omnibus for the railway station, which is some distance from the

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town. They set us down in the mud about a hundred yards from the station and, loaded down with our baggage, we had to flounder about in the darkness till we found our way to terra firma and a cup of hot coffee. We finally reached Orizaba about six o'clock. Preached again last night. I stay here till Monday, preaching at the three services on Sunday and then am off for Puebla. . . .

PUEBLA, October 18, 1875.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

The long successions of church festivals celebrated at this time of the year, commencing with the feast of Santo Domingo, and going through that of San Augustine, San Francisco, Santa Teresa, and closing up with the feast of Our Lady of the Rosary, is just ended. Most of them are honored in a nine days' festival, but the latter saint is deemed worthy of a preeminence which is indicated by fifteen days' festivities. As the image, which was at one time incredibly wealthy, stands in the church of Santo Domingo, adjoining our mission premises, we were right in the midst of the celebration.

From the first day of the prescribed period, the houses of the faithful in all the vicinity of the church are expected to be illuminated by lamps or paper lanterns, hung from the balconies. A printed notice to this effect is circulated by the priests, accompanied often with a poem, panegyric of the saint, ascribing to him or her all honors, not even withholding those due to God alone. A prose translation of one of these effusions, celebrating the glories of Saint Dominic Guzman and Saint Francis of Assisi, founders respectively of the monkish orders of Dominicans and Franciscans, is as follows: "To them the world owes its life, since in proof of their quenchless love they disarmed the sacred right hand of God, and

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have given it (the world) their constant protection. Continually in its behalf they pour their intercessions, and until it return to fathomless nothing, will they fix upon their sons their pitying gaze, and will be their shield in every grief."

Every day during the progress of this feast there is mass at five o'clock in the morning, at eight, and at twelve, with vespers at night, all accompanied with the music of a military band. At some appointed hour an orator, chosen from the clergy, ascends the pulpit and in a strain of hyperecstatic eloquence, pours out and exhausts all the resources of language in ascriptions of purity, merit, chastity, suffering, and boundless influence at the court of heaven; and all this to mere men, some of whom have been the bloodiest persecutors of the faith of Christ that history has ever known.

Every night the streets in the neighborhood of the church where the saint has his shrine, present a most enlivened appearance. The sidewalks are filled with gayly dressed people intermingled with ragamuffins, all pouring along in an unbroken stream. On the curbstone are ranged long lines of venders of fruit, nuts, cakes, and confectionery, each with his smoking, flaring, turpentine torch, and all shouting out their wares in loud and shrill, but often not unmusical notes.

The last night is not only the conclusion but also the culmination of the feast. Then the illumination is brighter, the crowd gayer, the torches more flaring, and the venders more lusty than ever. Bands of music are stationed at various points, fancy fireworks, with the more vulgar torpedoes, firecrackers, and rockets, with the hubbub of the laughing, shouting crowd, keep up a racket which dies not away till a late hour. Then the crowd scatters, the streets grow dark, somber and silent, the great church doors swing shut, and the gaudy image,

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having had its day, is pushed aside into dust and oblivion, to be supplanted by some other, and scarce thought of or mentioned until another year has rolled away. Nothing is to be heard in the dead streets but the shrill whistles of the night watchmen as they chorus out the flying hours, or call for help to put a quietus upon some belated straggler who reels along with the drunken shout upon his lips, "Long live religion! Death to the Protestants!"

With all this, the faithful on every hand lament the decadence of splendor and show and enthusiasm which formerly characterized these feasts. Certain it is that Romanism is losing its hold, though slowly and almost imperceptibly. May God enable us to supplant it with a purer, better, nobler faith, that this misguided people may no longer look to Mary as the deified queen of mercy and only giver of salvation, but to Jesus alone, the compassionate, loving, yearning Saviour! May God turn them back again to the "only name" and saving hope! . . .

October 19. I have just heard that the steamers will soon begin to run directly from New Orleans to Vera Cruz, without stopping at Tuxpam and Tampico, so that the passage will be but three days. Now, cannot you and father take a six weeks vacation and come down to Mexico, bring Jenny and leave her to return with me when I go home?

Colonel Foster, the American Minister, is leaving by the next steamer for a brief vacation and will return early in January with his family. In case you and father cannot come you could send Jenny with them. I will write at once asking if it will be convenient for them to take her under their care, and hope you will take advantage of this opportunity.

Come yourself, if possible; if not, send Jenny.

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(To his Mother)

November 10, 1875.

I seem to have become very well known now, all over the city, and scarcely ever go into the street without receiving some token that my presence here is not very highly esteemed by all parties. Often I hear muttered words of hatred, and no doubt many a curse is imprecated upon my head. I continually meet persons to whom I have been introduced and who have been very friendly in private, but when they encounter me on the street, they take particular pains not to see me; not that they are opposed to our work or lack good will, but it would compromise them, socially and commercially, to be known to be friendly to the Protestant minister. Amid such obstacles and others, which spring from the violent hatred of many, we have to build up our work slowly. A few years will, I trust, make a vast change.

I have just received the Minutes of the Cincinnati Conference, and am utterly surprised and astonished at the language of Dr. Butler's letter! This with all the other flattering things overwhelms me. How unworthy I am of such esteem! May God make me all that these things imply, and all you would hope! . . .

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CHAPTER III

PUEBLA, January 11, 1876.

DEAR FATHER:

I cannot tell you how glad I am to have Jenny with me; it has done me a great deal of good already. When I knew by telegraphic dispatch that she was in Vera Cruz, I was in a perfect fever of excitement till the moment I saw her. I went down the road as far as the place where the trains from Mexico and Vera Cruz meet each other, and then passed over into the up-train altogether unexpectedly to Jenny. You may imagine our mutual delight at the meeting!

She will no doubt write you how well I am looking, and how much better she found things than she expected. She seems contented and happy, has not a word of complaint, and if she is at all homesick bears up under it nobly. She makes the beds, sews on my buttons, is going to darn my stockings, and in odd times practices on our cabinet organ. We have called on several of my friends who are all greatly captivated with her. Last night we took tea and spent the evening at the German Consul's, where we were pleasantly entertained.

I received this morning a note from Mrs. Butler, congratulating me on my sister's arrival, and pressing us very urgently to go to Mexico City very soon to visit them. I do not think there is any danger of Jenny's getting very homesick. She will be too busy, and she has so certain and speedy a prospect of returning home. I do not allow myself to think much of the time when she must leave

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me; that is, if it be impossible for me to go home with her. I tried to explain, in my last letter, the difficulties in the way of my going this year, though I am really anxious to do so if possible.

Brother Craver and wife, new missionaries, arrived by the same steamer on which Jenny came. I am expecting a visit from them at the end of the month. They are to go to Guanajuato (change the u's into w's and the j into h, and you will pronounce it right). It is said to be a very dangerous place, perhaps more so than Puebla was thought to be a year ago, but, as has been the case here, no doubt they will find the way open before them. I doubt if there be any place in all Mexico where a man of ordinary courage and prudence could not make his way and meet with success.

Another missionary, S. W. Siberts, and his wife are expected in a few weeks to go to Queretaro, the scene of the execution of Maximilian. I am now in excellent health and weigh more than when I left home. . . .

January 31.

Jenny and I went to Mexico City a week ago at the cordial invitation of Mrs. Butler. I returned home the following Monday, leaving her for a longer stay. Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Foster are both very fond of Jenny and speak in terms of high admiration of her, so I do not know when they will let her come back to Puebla; soon, I hope, for I miss her very much. She has met a great many nice people and seems to be enjoying herself exceedingly. She is in perfect health, and I think you need feel no anxiety about her. . . .

February 21.

Just now there is quite an extensive revolution going on in Mexico. The State of Oaxaca, two hundred miles

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south of here, is all in arms. Part of the State of Puebla also is in rebellion and the government troops have already suffered one defeat. What the end will be it is impossible now to foresee. The trouble arises from alleged arbitrary procedure of the central government, in violation of the federal constitution, together with the supposed design of President Lerdo to reelect himself, contrary to the popular will, in the approaching presidential election.

The government is evidently in great straits for men and money. Large numbers of men are being pressed into the army, in a most unrepublican style. The government sends out squads of soldiers into the streets, and wherever they see a poor man who looks as though he would make a soldier, they seize him and march him off to the barracks like a criminal. Remonstrance is useless and there is no appeal. It is still hoped that the legitimate authorities will triumph without delay.

Whether Puebla is to be the scene of a siege, as in former years, is as yet doubtful, though it seems improbable from the fact that it is now so nearly connected by the railway with the capital whence large bodies of troops can be sent, on a few hours' notice, for its defense. In case of danger, I shall place Jenny in the German Consulate, where she will be perfectly safe and with very kind friends. I write you all these facts to forestall the sensational items of home newspapers. All this trouble has sprung up in an almost incredibly short time. When I wrote for Jenny and when she arrived here, I had not the slightest suspicion of this.

We hope it may pass over as quickly as it has arisen. War news travels very slowly and is very unreliable in Mexico, and though there are telegraph lines in every direction, we are ignorant for days of what is passing within fifty miles of us. . . .

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Ten days later, the revolution still continuing and spreading to an alarming extent, he sent his sister back to Mexico City.

PUEBLA, March 13, 1876.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

This has been one of the most exciting days I have ever experienced; thank God the night has fallen about us in peace and tranquillity. Yesterday passed as quietly as usual, and also the greater part of the night, but this morning Puebla awoke to the greatest uproar and alarm. Between three and four o'clock, the Eighth Battalion of the federal troops of the line stationed here, "pronounced." This is a Mexican term which means that these troops renounced allegiance to the existing, legal government of President Lerdo and declared in favor of Porfirio Diaz, the rival candidate for the presidency. This kind of a pronouncement always involves a resort to arms. The Eighth Battalion was soon in movement, and those of its officers who would not participate in the rebellion were speedily bound and imprisoned. The troops were immediately put on the march, with the purpose of making the circuit of the other barracks and strong points of the city, and taking possession of them. Driving before them what little resistance they met, in the course of three hours they made the circuit of half the city, taking possession of the quarter called La Luz, of San Francisco and San Jose.

Their next point of attack was the public prison where, after some sharp fighting, they gained possession, and, opening wide the doors, let loose upon society a horde of the most desperate and abandoned characters. All this was, however, but preliminary. Having armed such of their new allies, the prisoners, as they could provide with weapons, the leaders arranged the attack on the Plaza,

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or principal public square of the city. All being ready, they moved in two main bodies, numbering together about four hundred men, along two parallel streets leading to this Plaza. Here the final, and as it proved in the event, somewhat successful resistance awaited them.

The loyal troops had been stationed in the government buildings, the cathedral, and the bishop's palace, all of which command the Plaza and its approaches. In these positions, though much weaker in numbers, they had a decided advantage over the disturbers of the peace. The latter had to attack openly a foe concealed on the house-tops and behind the lofty parapets and towers of the cathedral. Notwithstanding these difficulties, they fought well and, having taken possession of some adjacent buildings, finally succeeded in dislodging the government soldiers from the Governor's Palace, of which they then made themselves owners. They then kept up a continual fusillade against the cathedral, which was answered with spirit by the defenders of that point. Here, however, ended their triumphs!

The cathedral was too easily defensible, and commanded too thoroughly the other points defended by the government troops, to permit the taking by assault either the former or the latter. The only recourse was to wait for hunger to bring the besieged to terms, but this was also impracticable, for a few hours might bring government troops to the spot to relieve the besieged and cut in pieces the besiegers. Under these circumstances, it was determined to march out of the city, take a few hours for rest and reorganization, expecting meanwhile the arrival of considerable bodies of rebel troops marching against Puebla. So the bugle called "the assembly," and in a short time the rebels had retired in good order beyond the limits of the city.

It was eleven o'clock when the firing ceased and the

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city began gradually to become once more tranquil. The number of dead and wounded is variously reported from twelve to thirty. One thing is certain, that the pavements of the principal streets of the city are freely stained with blood. The firing was at times very hot; at others almost ceased. Being on the roof of our house, where I could see and yet be amply protected from random balls, I could hear the continual whistle of rifle balls above my head, often very near.

We have always had a little reason to fear that, on such an occasion as that of to-day, the fanatical people would avail themselves of the opportunity to do us some harm. But in the greatest excitement of this morning no one seemed even to think of the Protestants. We are all safe and well, and persuaded that God will take care of us always, and make all this political and social trouble turn out to the furtherance of his blessed gospel.

I telegraphed Jenny this afternoon of my safety, telling her not to come to Puebla till I sent for her. . . .

VERA CRUZ, April 5, 1876.

DEAR FATHER:

You will no doubt be very much surprised at the unexpected return of Jenny. It is a great trial to me to have her visit cut short, but the unfortunate state of things in Mexico, and especially in that part of it where I am stationed, makes it advisable. Puebla is almost the seat of war, nearly all the state in revolt, and the city threatened with attack and siege.

Notwithstanding all this, Jenny might have remained longer if it had been certain that I should be able to accompany her home in six or eight weeks from now, as I had hoped to do, but the revolution has made all that uncertain. My work has suffered a good deal and needs my presence. I cannot leave Puebla until the present

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troubles are over, or at least till that part of the republic where my work lies has been completely pacified.

A good opportunity for her to go home presented itself in the return of Colonel Foster's family to the States, as nearly every one who can at all leave is getting out of the country. I need not say how great is my disappointment at not being able to accompany Jenny home. I could not say good-by to her in Puebla, so, in spite of the expense, determined at least to see her on board the steamer. I sit here in the hotel as I write, and looking out over the blue waters of the Gulf, think how delightful it would be if I were to go too to-morrow, instead of being left behind. I expect I shall be very lonely when I get back to Puebla again. I feel I ought to thank you and mother for lending her to me so long. She was a real blessing to me. . . .

Two months later the country was still in such an unsettled state that communication with the coast or even with the capital was very uncertain. The attention of the government which had been diverted temporarily from the State of Puebla, by the occupation of Matamoros by General Porfirio Diaz, had again been recalled there by later events; the revolutionary troops had been constantly gaining in numbers and resources until they seriously threatened the city, and the government finally sent one of its best generals with such troops as could be gathered to attack the enemy.

He writes June 5: General ——— entered Puebla yesterday with a mere remnant of his shattered force, without arms or ammunition, having been utterly defeated. It is said that thirteen hundred men were killed out of four thousand engaged on both sides. Within a week another severe defeat has been added to the long list of reverses which the government has met with in this cam-

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paign. Whether it will be able to recuperate its losses and subdue the revolution remains to be seen. Of course we can have no interest in this struggle except to desire and pray for a speedy end to the fearful destruction of human life, and the triumph of law and prevalence of peace.

I have seen in some of the home papers statements which represent the principles of the revolutionists as reactionary in their tendency, and favorable to the Romish Church. I think such representations are altogether untrue. The church has stood aloof altogether in this struggle. It has little to gain or lose in the issue, and takes little interest in it. The revolutionists are just as liberal as is the government of President Lerdo. One of its leaders, a general in the rebel army, told me months ago, that if there should be such a change in the government as he hoped for, our work as missionaries would be more favored by the new than by the old government. So do not let anything in the papers cause you anxiety on this point. We may be besieged here within the next two weeks, and we may not be besieged at all, and the latter is the most probable. In any case there is nothing to fear. I doubt not all these things will turn out to the furtherance of the gospel in Mexico. Let us pray and believe that this will be the result!

You will want to know how my work goes on in the midst of all this confusion. Well, it cannot be doubted that the present unsettled condition of the country is a temporary hindrance. Not a few of our former attendants have been pressed into the army; others do not come for fear of being caught in the streets and put in the army, and new attendants do not come for the same reason. Notwithstanding this, we always have hearers, and our congregation presents a respectable appearance in regard to numbers. I held two extra services last

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week, with the special purpose of praying for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. There was a very gracious influence manifest in both services. O, how I long to see a revival here!

The children are all well and happy. I wish you could have seen some letters written to their friends by two of the larger boys! How seriously they exhorted them to seek the true religion, and how one of them expressed his joy at the prospect of one day being a preacher of the gospel! One asked me for a Bible to send to his uncle. On the whole, as is to be expected, while some phases of my work are very encouraging and hopeful, I am not free from discouragements and severe trials. But my sufficiency is of God.

My occupations are very numerous and take up my time so fully that I can with difficulty keep up my correspondence. I rise at half past five, and retire at ten o'clock, and yet do not get through with my work satisfactorily. I would get up earlier and go to bed later, but in spite of Mr. Wesley's rules for a preacher, my health won't stand it.

(To his Mother)

PUEBLA, June 26, 1876.

Six long weeks have gone by since I have had a line from you. Your last letter was probably intercepted and carried off by the rebels who stopped the train and carried off the mail bags the very day that I ought to have received it.

Since I last wrote, there has been little change in political matters, no decisive movements of either party. Yesterday was primary election day, but very few voted, the vast majority deeming the election a mere farce, since President Lerdo is determined to keep his seat by hook or crook. Many people seem to think this war will last

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a long time, and only end with the destruction of Lerdo. Certain it is that the revolutionary forces show no symptoms of weariness, and are gaining in numbers and resources.

One can but recognize the fact that Lerdo represents the legitimate constitutional government of the country, and the real interests of Mexico would seem to be best conserved by the victory of the party now in power. This is certainly true with regard to Mexico's relations with foreign powers. If the government is defeated and overthrown by armed insurrection, it will undoubtedly beget a lack of confidence in Mexico's power of self-government, and the nations will not so readily enter into commercial relations with her. If on the other hand the government triumphs, Mexico will seem to have taken a long step toward a settled and well established government. I do not pretend to decide upon the merits of the present controversy, much less take sides, but I earnestly pray that these troubles may speedily come to an end.

I have lately taken two journeys, spending one Sunday in Orizaba, where I preached three times, and one in Mexico City, preaching twice.

How I should like to be at home the Fourth of July! I think I shall have to put out the stars and stripes, and get up a jollification that day, on my own account. . . .

(To his Mother)

July 17, 1876.

The war is still going on, with the scale apparently turning in favor of the government. The rebel forces have mostly retired to the mountains, and the national troops are again in possession of many places which the rebels had occupied. The elections are past and Lerdo is probably reelected; whether legally or not is a disputed point, which may possibly cause a revival of the present conflict

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before the close of the year. Things are certainly in a deplorable condition in this country. One would almost despair of its future were it not for the assurance that God reigns, and can bring order out of confusion, prosperity and blessing out of apparently great disaster. The present circumstances seem to be very adverse, but the King will know how to work out his own design in it all.

Next week an ex-priest, a good preacher, is coming down here from Mexico City to help me for a few days. The people are curious to hear him, and I hope he may awaken a new and abiding interest in many who may come to hear him out of curiosity. . . .

We have been fortunate in finding a man who promises to become very useful to us, not only in the management of the orphanage and school work, for which he is specially fitted, but also in preaching. He is a German, about thirty years of age, and while not a university man, has had very thorough gymnasium training, such as is to be had only in Germany. He is also a very fine musician.

He came to Mexico, as did many others, at the time of the French invasion, and at the close of the war took a position as manager of a large plantation near Orizaba. Being attracted to our services in that city, he finally became a member of our church, and later we employed him in our school there. I have now secured his transfer to Puebla, as my assistant in the orphanage and theological school. . . .

October 9, 1876.

Our quarterly communion service was held last Sunday night, with about two hundred persons present. We had a solemn and profitable time. We have had some special tokens of prosperity lately, one of which I must tell you

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about. A young man whom I have noticed for some weeks as a constant and attentive member of the congregation stood up in our meeting Thursday night and proclaimed his faith in the Saviour. He had been a person of very abandoned habits, almost constantly intoxicated, and a great grief to his mother. A fellow workman had talked with him about the Protestants, but he was not at all inclined to accept his invitation to come to our services. Finally his companion loaned him a Bible which he carried home and read a few chapters, becoming so interested that he besought his friend to take him to the Protestant meetings. He began coming and the good Spirit wrought in his soul so that now he declares nothing can separate him from his new found religious home and faith. Best of all there has been a complete transformation in his life. He has ceased drinking altogether and cast off his old associates and habits, and spends his nights at home reading his precious Bible.

His mother, noticing the great change in him, asked what had come over him and he answered: "Why, mother, I have become a Protestant!" The mother, at first horrified that her son should be of a sect everywhere spoken against, could not but be reconciled to that which had wrought such a blessed change in her wayward boy, and does not now oppose him. This is not the only incident of a similar character which has come to my knowledge lately, and I hope and trust that they may be greatly multiplied. . . .

At the end of October he was called to Mexico City to attend the funeral of a German Lutheran minister, pastor of the German congregation there, to whom he pays this tribute: "Brother Goethe had traveled very widely and been a very useful minister in many places. A little over a year ago, being afflicted with asthma, he left his home

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and family in Sacramento, California, and came to Mexico, seeking relief. On his arrival he became very much interested in the mission work, and in the religious welfare of his countrymen. Providentially the way was opened for the establishment of a German congregation. Brother Goethe threw his whole heart into his new work and against many obstacles, not the least of which was the religious indifference of his countrymen. They willingly paid his salary and highly respected him, but they would not attend the preaching services. He performed for them faithfully all the offices of a pastor, visiting them in their homes, baptizing their children, burying their dead, yet often preaching on Sabbath to but two or three persons.

"But though his German work seemed almost utterly fruitless, he did a noble work for our Spanish mission. Having very rapidly acquired a good working use of the language, he immediately began to participate in the Spanish worship, praying, exhorting, and preaching with great fervor and blessed fruits. He endeared himself to all who knew him, and especially to the members of our mission, by the simplicity, sincerity, and purity of his character.

"About two weeks ago he fell sick of a low fever. He had struggled through the worst of the disease and begun to amend, and all were filled with hope; when a sudden aggravation of his old trouble, which in his debilitated condition he could not resist, carried him off very suddenly. The saddest circumstance connected with his death is that his wife had just taken their two youngest children to Evanston, Illinois, to place them in college, intending to go thence to New Orleans, sailing from there for Mexico. They were both eagerly anticipating the reunion after more than a year's separation. Moreover, the family is left destitute, and the boys will be without

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means to pursue the course of education which their father had, with much anxious care and many sacrifices of personal comfort, planned for them."

November 17, 1876.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

The last few weeks have been a time of much anxiety. The revolution has been gaining ground and now seems more threatening than ever. Some days ago a quite well appointed force left here, under command of General Alatorre, and the government party hoped he would make head against the revolutionists. But he was utterly defeated yesterday, and all day to-day the fragments of his troops have been coming in. Fortifications have been begun here. Barricades are put up in the principal streets about the public square, and preparations are made to resist an expected attack of the hostile forces. We are left outside of the projected line of defense, which is all the better for us, as we will enjoy greater liberty, and can more easily be supplied with eatables.

There is nothing to fear from the *pronunciados*. In all the excitement of this day we have been altogether unannoyed, and I think you need not have any anxiety as to what may have passed by the time you receive this note. We are in God's hands and have the pledge of his protection.

For nearly two weeks the railroad between Mexico City and Vera Cruz has been interrupted, and the diligence route is dangerous. A friend of mine was robbed this week on the road from Mexico here. I think that before the middle of December things will be more tranquil. I must close so as to get this through to the post office, before the sentinels are placed in the barricade. . . .

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CHAPTER IV

PUEBLA, January 1, 1877.
One o'clock A. M.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I have been exceedingly busy about Christmas and New Year's matters, so I can only write a little note to wish you all a Happy New Year.

Our Watch Night meeting is just closed. In the earlier part of the evening, we celebrated the Lord's Supper, and I received ten persons into full connection in the church. The congregation numbered about a hundred and seventy-five. The watch meeting began at ten o'clock, and at least eighty persons remained till the close of the service. So we are launched upon a new year. May it be a better, happier, more successful one than the past! I want to begin with the new year and live all through its course a life of deeper consecration and more willing obedience than ever before. I am seeking and have for some time been seeking, a deeper baptism of the Holy Ghost, a more complete surrender of self, and greater power over sin. How much I need all these for my work! Help me by your fervent prayers. . . .

January 19, 1877.

You are no doubt right in the midst of the coldest winter weather. It almost makes me shiver to think of it! Here too we are having what we call cold weather, though it does not prevent the flowers from flourishing and blooming out of doors, nor the fields from being green

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MR. DREES AS A COLLEGE STUDENT

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and fresh. Still, owing to the coldness and dampness of our house, I have felt the cold quite keenly.

The revolution seems finally to have completely triumphed in all parts of the republic, and General Diaz is in the full tide of prosperity. The extraordinary elections for president and state officers are to be held the 28th of this month. There is no doubt of Diaz's election. Every one now hopes for peace and prosperity, at least for a time.

School has opened again, and I am hard at work with my young students. There seems no present prospect of the removal of the orphanage from this place, as funds are very low and such a removal would involve considerable expense. Last Wednesday night we held the first public anniversary of our school, and the premiums, awarded as the result of the recent examinations, were distributed. The children have made quite satisfactory advancement, and under certain new arrangements which I have made for the present year, I shall expect still better results. . . .

February 10.

Since I last wrote, I have had a little diversion in the visit of several American travelers from Philadelphia and New Jersey. They visited the mission house several times, attended the church services, and I went with them to see some of the sights of Puebla. An English gentleman and his wife were also here at the same time, and on saying good-by, the gentleman put ten dollars into my hands for the orphanage.

It is now pretty well settled that I am to go home either in May or June and remain three or four months, unless there should be another revolution, which is never impossible in Mexico, or some sudden and serious derangement of the working plans of the mission. All the

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probabilities, however, seem to favor my going and realizing at last the desires of so many months. . . .

PUEBLA, March 2, 1877.

To-day are to be held the state elections for governor. There is great excitement and a riot has been feared. But yesterday about a thousand soldiers came in and they will probably be sufficient to keep the peace. I suppose I would better mention an event which occurred about the middle of February, lest you should see some exaggerated account of it and be alarmed. The day was a Romish festival and on the same day arrived the tidings of the election of President Diaz. Some men of the lowest class asked permission to ring the bells and parade the streets, to celebrate the latter event. The crowd came down the street near our Mission House, shouting at the top of their voices. They had passed the foot of the street and gone about half a square, when suddenly they turned about and came pouring into the street where our house is situated, shouting, "Death to the Protestants!" and began a regular bombardment of the front entrance. A perfect torrent of stones flew against the door for about three minutes when, as suddenly as they had come they marched off, before the police had time to arrive. Fortunately no one was injured.

The government showed great promptness, sent immediately a strong force of police, and placed a garrison of six men inside the house, who remained for the next thirty-six hours. Ever since that time we have had a guard of two men day and night. I cannot attribute the sudden retreat of the mob to any other cause than the interposition of God's providence for our protection. This is a candid statement of what occurred. You see we met with no accidents, and have reason to thank God and take courage. The Lord will not suffer harm to be-

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fall us. Of this I feel confident. Our congregations have been larger since than before this event. . . .

Toward the end of March he mentions being in the midst of mission work: finishing up the repairs on the exterior of the mission building, the work having been suspended nearly two years for lack of funds. This and some other things he felt he must see finished before taking his vacation, to which he was looking forward with longing and delight. The date of his sailing was finally fixed for June 20.

Regarding political matters he says: I am frequently amused at some of the grave editorial items in the Western Christian Advocate, and am sometimes tempted to write a little article on Mexican politics as I look at them. The editor thinks the present government is revolutionary and unconstitutional. Revolutionary it certainly is, in its origin, but take any one administration which has existed in this country, and you have to go back but a very short time to find its origin in a revolution. The mere fact that a given form of government, or administration of that government, rose to power by way of revolution is not necessarily its condemnation, certainly not when despotism and incurable abuses made that revolution necessary.

Whether this last revolution in Mexico was justifiable on these grounds or not, I leave for other and wiser heads to determine. The majority of the people seem to think it was. Its success against such odds with regard to resources, etc., testifies in its favor. With regard to its present modes of procedure, the new government certainly is not revolutionary. On the contrary, it seems to be wisely conservative and progressive, with regard to all the truest interests of society and the nation. Unconstitutional it can hardly be called with justice, since

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its functionaries have all been elected in accordance with the forms of law and the constitution of 1857, and have been inducted into office by taking the prescribed oaths of loyalty.

The permanency of the present administration is a problem which cannot be prophetically solved. It has many elements of strength and popularity, and may stand firm till its constitutionally prescribed term expires and it is succeeded by another administration constitutionally elected, or the public peace may be most unexpectedly disturbed by the malcontents, with whom, to be out of office, is to be out of bread. Let us hope that peace may be prolonged!

The newly elected Governor of our State was inaugurated last week! he is said to be a very intelligent man and favorable to our cause. I hope to know him personally before long. . . .

(To his Mother)

PUEBLA, May 28, 1877.

How strange it seems, yet how happy I am, to think that the next steamer instead of a letter will carry myself to you! This must be the burden and almost the all of my letter to you this last time. I am looking forward, not only to the great pleasure of a reunion with family and friends, but also to great spiritual blessing for my own soul in the church privileges and Christian fellowship of our favored land. I must add one word more. I feel that we should all try to hold ourselves in such a frame of mind that, if I should be providentially prevented from seeing home this summer, we could bend our will to the will of God, and say, Thy will be done. I do not at all anticipate such a result, but let us be in the will of the Lord, assured that he will do all things well. . . .

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Happily, he was able to carry out his plans, and sailed from Vera Cruz on the date he had fixed, June 20, reaching his old home in Ohio before the end of the month.

The most important event which occurred during his vacation, was his marriage, which took place in the early autumn.

Soon after reaching home, while on a visit to his uncle, Rev. Fletcher Hypes, at that time pastor of a small congregation in New Boston, Clermont County, Ohio, he met Ada M. Combs, eldest daughter of Dr. John S. Combs, a prominent physician and surgeon, well known throughout southern Ohio.

Dr. Combs was a man of lofty principles, of great force of character, and of wide influence; a power for good in the community. He was intensely patriotic, and during the entire Civil War gave freely and generously of his means, aroused enthusiasm in others, and rendered valuable and efficient service as surgeon of the 153d Regiment Ohio Voluntees. From early boyhood, he manifested the most earnest desire for knowledge, and improved every opportunity for study, in spite of obstacles that would have discouraged most young people. He attended college for a time, at the Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, and afterward took a course in the Ohio Medical College of Cincinnati, graduating therefrom in 1850.

Two years later he married Cynthia Frazee, a young woman of fine literary taste and musical ability, and of a most lovable nature. She died within eight years, leaving three young children, the eldest not yet seven. In 1863 he married Rebecca Gatch, daughter of General Thomas Gatch, of Milford, Ohio, and granddaughter of the two pioneers of Ohio Methodism, Philip Gatch and Francis McCormick. She was a devoted wife, a loving mother to his children, and sympathized with him in his desire to give them every possible educational advantage.

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After preparatory studies at home, and special instruction from various tutors and professors, the daughters were sent to Delaware, where they entered the senior class, graduating from the Ohio Wesleyan Female College in June of 1872.

Miss Combs made many friends during her college life, and was much beloved. She was a young woman of charming personality, a brilliant conversationalist, and possessed of a certain inbred dignity and reserve, yet of a nature so deeply sympathetic that those in trouble, even in disgrace, were led to confide in her. In his selection of helpmate, Mr. Drees was very fortunate.

They were married on September 13, 1877, and after a short wedding journey to the principal Eastern cities, they returned for a brief stay with their families and sailed in December for Mexico.

Mr. Drees was greatly cheered and encouraged during this absence from his work, by the following letter from Dr. Butler, giving his impressions of the condition of affairs in Puebla at that time:

PUEBLA, August 5, 1877.

REV. C. W. DREES,

DEAR BROTHER:

I have now been here four days and will remain three more. I find everything in perfect order and moving like clock work. Mr. Luders is simply invaluable. The children are all well in health. On Sunday morning the congregation numbered, including the boys, 127, and in the evening though it rained, there were five or six more. The Sunday school had 61, and to-day the day school 31 in attendance. I mention the numbers, as you will thereby better understand how matters are. You are prayed for constantly in the congregation and will be joyously welcomed home again by them all.

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Brother Luders got up an exhibition for us yesterday evening. We had music and speeches from the boys, all so creditable and showing so much progress. It does seem to me that four or five of those boys may soon join your theological class. Surely they are hopeful material and already know more and have better training than the young men we can obtain from the stations. Three of them spoke yesterday from passages of Scripture, such as, "Come unto me," "This is a faithful saying," and others, with so much good feeling and earnestness that I was quite pleased and encouraged. To us this improvement is more manifest than it can be to you. We see it and are grateful for it.

El Abogado is still going up in its subscription list. It must be now about 1,150, besides our free list. John tells me in his letter of yesterday that the Vice-President and Minister of Justice sent $10 the day before to pay for ten copies. Romero has subscribed before, so that the Cabinet of President Diaz is paying for 11 copies now. Quite a run of postmasters have sent for it of late, and some other officials, including the Chief of Police in the City of Mexico. Four or five of the papers have lately copied from us and give credit. Altogether, what reason we have to be grateful that this instrument of power has been commenced! It is also aiding to increase the attendance on our services. John says he had 140 in the morning and 135 in the evening last Sunday, with some respectable people also among them.

Wednesday.

Last night the chapel was full. We could not have seated six more. What is to be done to give you more room? Here are the people hungry for the bread of life, and if you had a church you could soon fill it I have no doubt. O, if people at home could only see what I saw

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last night, that crowded chapel and that attentive audience, and such singing, they would help you.

Mr. Luders preached so well from "My peace I give unto you." Didn't I want to exhort when he was done! I got three Spanish sentences into shape and was almost on the point of venturing to address the people, but I feared I might fail in my little exhortation, and was deterred. I wanted to tell them how long I had enjoyed this "peace," and what a blessed reality I knew it to be, and then urge them to come to Jesus and have it.

Yours of July 18 is just in. So glad to hear from you. I must close as it is near mail hour and it leaves to-night. Our united remembrances to all your family. I remain, dear brother, Yours,

W. BUTLER.

NOTE

For the data concerning my husband's parents, his childhood, and youth, his college life (see Appendix), and his first years in Mexico, I am indebted to various members of his family, and to a few intimate friends. My responsibility and part in the preparation of this work, selection of letters, and explanatory paragraphs where letters are missing, begin at this point. A. M. C. D.

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My husband's first letter home was written from New Orleans, November 24, 1877.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

Although we left Cincinnati Tuesday evening, we did not reach Montgomery, Alabama, until Thursday morning. In the evening we arrived at Mobile, but had to wait there till 3 A. M. of Friday. Ada and I took a walk through the town, had a good supper at a hotel, and went back to the train for the night. When morning dawned we were speeding along the Gulf shore, for a large part of the way in full view of the water, with here and there a white sail in the distance. The country was very different from the pine barrens of southern Alabama, through which we had passed the preceding day. There were cultivated lands, and villages following each other in quick succession, and we saw orange groves laden with ripe fruit. Even the forests and swamps were full of beauty; the trees hung with gray Spanish moss which, with its somber hue, only made the scarlet-leaved vines and rich green cactuses the more brilliant. This was the pleasantest part of our journey.

About five miles out of New Orleans, our train was brought to a stand by a cattle train wrecked on the track, just in advance of us. We had to leave our car, walk past the wreck and take another train sent out to our relief. We finally reached here at ten o'clock this morning, three nights and two and a half days from Cincinnati! I have purchased our tickets and all is ready for us to go on board early Sunday morning. The steamer is the City of Merida, the one I came home on, but she has been remodeled and is much more comfortable.

We are to dine to-night with Dr. and Mrs. Richardson, whom I met and traveled with two years ago in Mexico. He is president of the American Medical Association, the next session of which is to be held in Buffalo, next June.

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He is an earnest Christian man, and much interested in Mexico and our work there. . . .

A parting message of affection and good cheer from us both, went back by the pilot, and then we fared forth to the unknown future.

ORIZABA, December 2, 1877.

DEAR MOTHER:

I may as well continue the chronicle of our journey where I left off in my last letter. We sailed at eight o'clock, Sunday morning, and with delightful weather and the quiet waters of the Mississippi, we had a most pleasant day until we crossed the bar, about four in the afternoon. Almost immediately after that we began to feel, in an uncomfortable degree, the swell of the ocean, and entered into profoundest sympathy with the heavings of the restless deep as it was lashed to fury by the winds. Over our experiences of the next few hours, we will draw a veil! Suffice it to say there were some moments of mirth as well as dejection. The gale in which we started, died away at last, and we got on very comfortably until Wednesday morning, a few hours before we should have reached our first port, when a "Norther" blew up, so that when we did get to the usual anchorage ground the sea was running so high that no boat could come off to us. So, as the storm increased, the ship was put before it and we ran about sixty miles southward. The sea then began to break over the stern so violently that nothing could be done but put the ship about and steam to the northward, in the teeth of the wind. All day and night we were tossed about, hardly knowing whether we were in danger or not.

Thursday dawned with a quieter sea, but it was still impossible to communicate with the shore at Tampico, so we steamed southward and anchored off Tuxpan. Here we waited till the next night, but as it was still im-

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possible to communicate with that port, we went on to Vera Cruz, arriving early Saturday morning. After several hours of conflicting hopes and fears, we at last came to anchor in the harbor and were soon on shore. Got our boxes and trunks through the Custom House without any trouble, and started them off to Puebla. As we could not reach there without traveling on Sunday, and as it did not seem prudent to stay in Vera Cruz, we took the night train to this city, where we shall stay till Monday morning. . . .

On our arrival in Puebla that Monday afternoon, we were met at the station by a kind old Mexican gentleman, who had known my husband in his bachelor days. He had a fine carriage and beautiful horses, and escorted us with great ceremony to the Mission House, welcoming me with much cordiality to his native land, and making many polite remarks, which had to be interpreted into English for my benefit. He was very dark, and foreign in his appearance as well as his manners; and the throng of children who met us at the entrance, were so unlike any I had ever seen before, that I felt as though we were in another world. The enormous old chocolate-colored housekeeper, with antique hoop earrings and trailing gown, was equally foreign in appearance, but, to my surprise, spoke English, as did also the German professor who had been in charge of my husband's work during his absence.

The building in which were our apartments, was a large, handsome stone edifice of two stories; the chapel, the professor's rooms, and ours on the second floor, and the schoolrooms, dormitories, and servants quarters on the ground floor. All these rooms were large and spacious, with very thick walls and very high ceilings. A long, wide corridor, with massive stone pillars elabo-

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rately carved, was inclosed by iron railings, and extended the entire length of the building, all the rooms opening on to it. In the courtyard below was a large stone basin, with a fountain in the center, and there were beautiful flowering vines growing luxuriantly, and reaching to the top of the house. A peculiar old spiral stone stairway led to the flat roof, from which there was a magnificent view of the valley and mountain beyond.

As I recall that first day, this is what stands out most clearly in my memory, along with our first dinner, in company with the imposing housekeeper and the German professor. Between the strangeness of it all, the unfamiliar food, and the homesickness that I was struggling against, it was not really a very happy affair, but I recall with some degree of satisfaction that we kept up a semblance of gayety befitting the occasion, and afterward spent a pleasant hour in the chapel, hearing the boys sing. There was first a very pretty song of welcome, composed especially in honor of our arrival, and then various other selections, all arranged by the German professor, who was a fine musician and a very versatile man.

We spent the first few days arranging our house, which was a very unique one, the parlor having once been a chapel with a domed ceiling, forty feet high, octagonal in shape with a window in each side. In one end of the room there was a wide, deep niche or recess where in the time of the Inquisition a famous statue of the Virgin stood. This place, now divested of all ornaments, we filled with plants, and draped above them our American flag and made it look as much as possible like a little piece of home. With a large rug we had brought with us, a few etchings, engravings, and photographs, some curious old inlaid Mexican book cases, and the necessary tables and chairs, we soon began to feel quite settled and comfortable.

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CHAPTER V

(To his Mother)

PUEBLA, January 14, 1878.

Well, we have been here nearly six weeks. On our arrival I found my work in as favorable a condition as I could have desired. The congregations were well attended, and the interest of the people had been well sustained. The first Sunday evening of the new year we celebrated the Lord's Supper. The chapel was crowded to its utmost capacity, and there were over a hundred communicants. It was a very precious season, marked by great solemnity and reverence even on the part of some who came out of mere curiosity or to make light of holy things. On the same occasion I received into full connection in our church twenty-three persons. All of these have fulfilled their six months' probation, and seem every way worthy of church membership. I also baptized a little Indian baby the same evening.

New Year's eve we held Watch Night meeting. It was very interesting and largely attended, at least a hundred and fifty persons remaining till after midnight. We have also observed the Week of Prayer, holding public service every night of the past week. All the meetings have been well attended. Other interests of our work are in equally good condition. The subscription list for our Mexican Christian Advocate is over a hundred and sixty for this station only. Our society here is now taking its first steps toward self-support. I have organized a Board

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of Stewards, and we are henceforth to make up a monthly collection for running expenses. The first collection realized $7.67. It seems little, but the willingness with which the great majority have entered into the project, promises well for the future.

We are informed of the arrival of Bishop Merrill and Dr. Dashiell, and two other gentlemen in company with them, in Vera Cruz. They spent yesterday and to-day in Orizaba, and will probably arrive here to-morrow afternoon. If Dr. Butler is well enough, he will accompany the bishop to Guanajuato. If not I am to go as the representative of the superintendent.

Our annual meeting will be held from the 8th to the 12th of February, according to present arrangement. All the missionaries will attend, and also all my theological class, who are to be examined for admission on trial. I am very desirous they should appear well, and I believe they will.

Things are very quiet here. Rumors of new troubles, if such there be, are nothing but mere whispers from persons so infected with the belief in Mexico's chronic passion for revolution, that they cannot conceive of her remaining long at peace, even under the most favorable circumstances. . . .

The first event of importance after our arrival in Puebla, was the visit of Bishop Merrill, Dr. Dashiell, and his son and Mr. Price, of Philadelphia. The bishop was our first guest, and how much it meant to us to have him with us, even those few brief days, to be convinced of his interest in our work, and of his fatherly sympathy for us personally, cannot be expressed here. It was the beginning of a friendship and affectionate regard that never varied through all the years that he was spared to us, and to the church he served so well.

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ORIZABA, February 26, 1878.

DEAR FATHER:

The last six weeks have been among the very busiest I have ever passed! On Wednesday, the 6th, we went to Mexico for the Annual Meeting. I was made secretary, and so was busy night and day till the meeting adjourned on Friday, the 15th. The following Monday we returned to Puebla, and on Friday came to Orizaba; I on business connected with the mission, Ada accompanying me to say good-by to the bishop and his party. They left yesterday for Vera Cruz, but I am still detained here with Dr. Butler, at Bishop Merrill's suggestion, to attend to the renting of a new mission house, and fitting it up for occupancy.

You will be glad to know that the Annual Meeting brought out the fact of the great success of our mission in almost every place. Its only serious embarrassments are of a financial character. You will also be interested to hear that my theological class was ready to be examined, and was sent out into active work. It was decided, however, not to reopen the theological department again until next January, owing to the heavy debt resting on the Mission, and the absolute necessity of reducing expenditures and avoiding new outlay.

We greatly enjoyed the visit of Bishop Merrill and Dr. Dashiell, and Brother Price to Puebla, as well as in Mexico City, and this place, and felt very lonely yesterday when they were gone. . . .

PUEBLA, April 6, 1878.

DEAR MOTHER:

Since I wrote you last we have two new boarding pupils in our orphanage. They are from San Pablo del Monte, and their father is Alcalde or Mayor in that town, which is a large Indian village about six miles from here. This

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man heard something about Protestantism, and on conversing with acquaintances about it, became so interested that only a fuller knowledge would satisfy him. He then came to see me and begged so earnestly that I receive his two boys, that I at last agreed to do so, on condition that he would pay their board. So here they have been for three weeks. One is a little fellow four years old, who could not speak a word of Spanish when he came, knowing only his native Indian tongue. Already, however, he begins to speak and is learning rapidly. His brother is about sixteen years old, and both are interesting boys. Meantime their father has been making a great commotion in his town, and thinks they will soon be ready for the establishment of a congregation.

Politically all is quiet here at present, though there are some rumors of new revolts in various places. The Governor of this State is now sending three of his boys to our day school. . . .

(To his Parents)

PUEBLA, May 1, 1878.

Our work goes onward nicely. During Holy Week we had very large congregations. Also held some extra services. On Easter Sunday in the evening we celebrated the communion. Over two hundred people were present, and more than a hundred partook of the sacrament. One feature of interest was the presence of forty Indians from Los Reyes, over thirty miles distant, who came on foot Saturday to spend the Lord's Day in our services. One of their families presented an infant child for baptism.

Three weeks ago I went to Apizaco, the junction of the railroad from here with the main line from Vera Cruz to Mexico City. I had received repeated solicitations from Protestants there to establish a congregation among them. I reached there Wednesday afternoon, and the

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same evening met with about thirty persons. I explained to them how they could take the initiative, and they at once named a committee to circulate a subscription. A place of meeting was secured, and it was settled that as soon as the necessary amount of subscriptions were pledged, and the proper authorization obtained from the civil authorities, services should be opened. I returned here next day, leaving it to the committee to do its work. A few days after I was informed that the amount of about $20 a month had been subscribed by the people there. I hope that within two or three weeks we may hold our first service in that place.

I must give you here a little account of my last and most interesting trip. I have known for some time of the existence of a Protestant society in the village of Atzala, about seventy miles from here. I knew that they were without a preacher, the only one who had ever visited them having been stoned and driven out of the region less than a year ago. A representative from among them came repeatedly to see me, brought me finally a list of the congregation amounting to over a hundred persons, with so urgent a petition for a visit from me that I finally determined to go. So last Saturday I started, having first armed myself with a letter from the Governor of the State to the local authorities. I took the diligence at 6 A. M., and after an all day ride down the mountains through the most picturesque scenery, reached Matamoras Izucar at 6 P. M. The roads were terribly rough, the day sultry, and my bones ached from the jolting. It was impossible to get farther that night, so I put up at the excuse for an hotel which the place affords. That night horses and a guide were secured for the next day.

At six o'clock Sunday morning we were on our way. I was mounted on a not very easygoing horse, and the

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guide, well mounted and armed, led the way. Going at a moderate pace we reached Atzala, nine miles distant, before nine o'clock. News was at once sent to the members of the little congregation and meeting was appointed for three o'clock. After resting for a short time we rode on three miles farther to the town of Chietla, where the local authorities reside. This was necessary in order to inform these authorities of our presence, and ask protection for our service. The mayor is a fanatical old Romanist, but professed his readiness to keep the peace, and said if any disturbance occurred to let him know immediately. Of course if anything had occurred, his assistance would have arrived too late. Back to Atzala we rode, through the broiling midday sun. I was regaled with a real Indian dinner, eaten without knife or fork.

Three o'clock came, and we went to the place of meeting, a thatched hut of sun-dried bricks, about ten by twenty feet in size. A good many people were already there and, by the time service actually began, more than seventy persons were crowded into the room and about the door. As there was no window and no ventilation save by this door, which was low and crowded with people, you may imagine the boiling heat which we suffered. But after all the interest of the occasion was more than a recompense for all its discomforts. There were the swarthy Indian men, seated on rude benches, crowded up close around me and the rough table that served as desk. Farther away were the women and children, sitting on the earthen floor on straw mats. All were in their peculiar costumes, and all paid the deepest attention. As a new comer would enter, all would salute him and he them, in their own Indian language, perfectly unintelligible to me.

In the beginning of the service I baptized three infants, after which I preached as simply and as earnestly

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as I could from John 3. 16. The perspiration poured from me in streams, but I had a good time and as attentive an auditory as I have ever seen in my life. After the preaching one of the men addressed me most affectionately and gratefully, and throwing his arms about me gave me a hearty embrace. Then all around I went, embracing the men and shaking hands with the women. When the last farewell had been spoken I mounted and with my guide started on my return ride to Matamoros, as it did not seem prudent to remain longer. I did not know but an ambush awaited me at the outskirts of the village, and the same fear seemed to be in the mind of the brethren, for four of them armed, mounted their mustangs and came with me three miles on the homeward journey.

I reached Matamoros at seven o'clock in the evening, having ridden twenty-four miles in the saddle, under a tropical sun. As I am almost utterly unused to riding, it is hardly to be wondered at that I crawled from the saddle to my room like a confirmed cripple. I was up next morning, however, before four o'clock, at which time I took the stage for Puebla. Every jolt was almost agony, but at last at half past five in the afternoon I reached home and rest. I had traveled a hundred and twenty miles by stage and twenty-four on horseback, baptized three children, and preached in these three days. I am not over the effects of it yet, but it paid, and I would start again next Saturday to repeat it if the work demanded it. . . .

May 23.

Since recovering from a slight attack of intermittent fever, which I seem to have contracted during my visit to Atzala, I have been in usual health. Last Monday I went to Apizaco and made definite arrangements for commencing services there next Sunday. Tuesday I was in Tlax-

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cala to secure the necessary authorization from the State government. Here in Puebla our work is going forward well, though it seemed likely, for a time, that it would be somewhat seriously interfered with. This was owing to the arrival of an emissary from a sister church, who began visiting among my people, circulating a petition and endeavoring to draw them away from us. When I had reliable information of the course he was pursuing, I gave a short address to our congregation, which opened the eyes of those who had signed the petition, and showed them the impossibility, which they had but dimly understood before, of belonging at the same time to two churches. I told them if they wished to leave us, I would gladly give them letters of dismissal, but when they saw they must choose, there was a strong reaction, and I have now little fear that any noticeable impression will be made on our congregation when their services are formally opened.

The same person went to Los Reyes, to try to draw away the Indian villages from us. Whether he has been successful or not remains to be seen. He has returned to Mexico City with the announced intention of beginning work here next month.

There is room enough in this field without one church interfering with another, so let him come, if willing to work in the right spirit. Meantime, to-night, a number of Indians from the very village this person visited last Sunday, are to be here for the celebration of a marriage and the baptism of a child.

We have had the windows of our church stoned a little of late, but nothing serious has happened. The heat is very extreme here just now, and we are longing for the rainy season to set in. . . .

Dr. Butler has resigned the superintendency of this

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mission, on the ground of continued ill health. From the tone of his last letter to me it seems to be his intention to return to the United States in January at the latest, if his health does not require it sooner. I have no hint as to what will be done to supply his place. That is a matter for future adjustment.

Brother John Butler has been appointed treasurer of the mission. . . .

PUEBLA, July 8, 1878.

Since I last wrote you I have made another trip to Apizaco and found the interest and enthusiasm of the people there unabated. We have removed the services to a larger place, provided by one of the members of the congregation and at less than half the rent we were paying.

The work there is very interesting and prosperous in

We have made a trip to Los Reyes, Ada and I, and as she is writing about it I need not duplicate the story. most regards. One of our congregations numbered over a hundred and forty. The interest is spreading to other villages, and there will one day be a large circuit in that valley.

(From my letter home)

I must have written you that some time ago about forty people, including several women, came from an Indian village and spent Sunday here. They brought their own food, and most of the time when services were not going on, went wandering about the streets, looking at everything with great interest and curiosity. They were very anxious for some one to be sent to hold some special services and organize a church there, and C. finally decided to go himself. The women of the party urged me with great insistence to go with him, and I was very

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anxious to do so. I must admit that C. did not urge me to go—on the contrary—but I was so enthusiastic about it, and so pleased at the thought of a visit to a real Indian village, that he did not oppose it, and I went! It proved a real experience to me.

I did not know of the disastrous effects of starting on a journey after a fast of ten or twelve hours and, having no appetite at five o'clock in the morning, I dispensed with breakfast. We had to go by diligence, an old style Concord stage-coach, swung on wide leather bands, which gave it a double motion, so to speak, lateral as well as longitudinal.

All went well for a short time, but after a few miles my troubles began and continued. C. was engaged in an animated conversation in Spanish with a fellow traveler, but did turn to me every few minutes and ask how I was getting on. As he had not favored my coming, I was loth to make any complaints, and for some time answered as cheerfully as possible, but at last my anguish became such that when he next inquired as to my welfare, I said I was so wretched that if he would only stop the diligence and let me out, I would lie down at the side of the road and wait till he came back Monday morning! As this suggestion did not meet with approval, I finally consented to try and endure my ills until we should reach the end of the first stage of our journey, a small village not much farther on. Here we found some fresh fruit, and rested for a few moments, which quite restored me, and I had no further trouble. When we reached Los Reyes, about noon, we were met by a number of the leading men of the village, and escorted with much ceremony to the principal house of the town, where we were entertained.

This house consisted of one large room, which had no window and but one door. The floor was of earth, and

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the only furniture was a table, a few chairs, and some logs of wood which served the purpose of chairs. The table appointments were in keeping with the rest of the house, and were unique. In the evening a service was held in the same room and it was crowded to suffocation. When that came to a close and the last of the audience had departed, the lady of the house and her daughter brought in some doubtful looking bed linen and blankets, a straw mat, and two articles intended for pillows, but resembling more in weight and appearance a pair of sand bags. These they arranged with great care in one corner of the room, and then gravely announced to us that our bed was ready, and we could retire whenever we desired to do so. After delaying a little for the family to retire, and finding they made no move in that direction, we finally said good night and withdrew to our corner, where we made such preparations as were possible under the circumstances.

I had my long loose traveling coat, and it occurred to me to use that instead of my usual night costume, so putting it around my shoulders, I unfastened my dress and skirt and let them fall to the floor, slipping out of them as best I could. The family sat in open-mouthed wonder and admiration during this process, and no doubt thought this was the white woman's usual method of disrobing.

C. divested himself of his coat and shoes, and then we retired. Once we were disposed of the family blew out their candles and also retired, at the other end of the room, but without the trouble of disrobing. Incredible as it may seem, we slept, at least part of the night. The next day we had a series of services occupying most of the time, and remained another night. I assure you that when we reached home again our house seemed almost palatial and our belongings luxurious. . . .

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(To his mother)

PUEBLA, August 17, 1878.

Ada and I have been for two weeks in Mexico City. I had to go to do some work in connection with the publication of two books for our Mission Press, and was kept busy day and night, besides preaching ten times. Still, we had a plesant visit and met a great many English and American friends.

We made the acquaintance of Miss Swaney, who has lately arrived under appointment by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. We both liked her exceedingly. She is not very old, is cultivated and devotedly pious, and at the same time sociable and pleasant. I think she is very well fitted for the position she holds at the head of the school in Mexico City.

She was in Chile several years, where her father was a missionary of the American and Foreign Christian Union, and lately has taught Latin and mathematics in Mrs. Somer's school for young ladies in Washington. . . .

(To Dr. Combs)

PUEBLA, September 28, 1878.

DEAR FATHER:

Your last letter came nearly three months ago, so I have suffered an unusual length of time to pass without answering. This is not due to any lack of remembrance nor of good intention on my part, but to the number and pressing nature of my occupations. I preach three or four times a week, teach several classes, have the care of the different branches of our work here and enough literary drudgery, in the way of correcting manuscript translations, to fill up all the spare hours. So my correspondence suffers.

Lately our work has been meeting with renewed and fierce opposition. This has taken the form of attacks

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through the Romish press of this city, coming chiefly from a miserable little sheet called El Amigo de la Verdad—The Friend of Truth. Its articles are full of the most scurrilous abuse of the Protestant ministers and people. Our members are charged with being the lowest class of disreputable people; are said to have been bought with Yankee gold. Good Catholics are exhorted to have nothing to do with Protestants, to turn them out of employment, to avoid patronizing them in any way, in trade or commerce, in a word to treat them as excommunicated and condemned heretics. In a paper that came out this morning, I am honored with the title of Obispo (Bishop) and my wife with that of Obispa (Bishop-ess)—quite a distinguished pair of missionaries.

We, that is preachers and people, are made the objects of continual threats. In order to point out to a mob the objects of their hatred, the same paper has begun to publish the names of Protestants. In the midst of all this and more, our people stand firm, almost without exception. We take all possible precautions and trust in God. The government is friendly and disposed to do all that is necessary for our protection.

There has been much talk here lately of a war with the United States, and it is amusing to hear some of the people talk of it. One gentleman said to me the other day: "Of course we will as Mexican patriots all have to go to the war, but with no other prospect than that of certain death, for we are sure to be beaten in a war with the United States."

People in general in this country have a very wholesome respect for our national resources and prowess. I am glad for my own part to believe there is no real probability of war between the two countries.

The year is hurrying on to its close and our Annual Meeting will soon be here. We have, as yet, no informa-

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tion as to who is to be our superintendent next year, though it seems likely some one will be sent out from the United States.

This is Ada's birthday, but we are passing it very quietly. We have passed the first anniversary of our marriage, and I may surely be excused for saying to you, her father, that my brightest and best hopes are realized in my wife. We remember all the birthdays of our dear ones at home, and scarcely a day passes but we are at home again in spirit. . . .

(To his Father)

PUEBLA, October 21, 1878.

There has lately been more than usual excitement against the Protestants in this city and State. There seems to be a general organized effort on the part of the priests to rekindle the flames of fanaticism. The result is that every week brings fresh tirades of abuse and insult from the published attacks of our enemies, and the preaching of the priests. We hear a great many threats, and the danger sometimes seems imminent. But the government is disposed to protect us, and above all, our trust is in God who is able to make the wrath of man to praise him, and to restrain the remainder of wrath. Our congregations keep up well, and on the whole our work is such as to cause devout thanksgiving to God. . . .

November 3.

The latest event of interest in our Mission is the return of Brother John Butler, accompanied by his wife, Brother and Sister Barker, who are appointed to Pachuca, and Miss Clara Mulliner, of Camden, New Jersey, sent out by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society to the Girls' Orphanage in Mexico City.

Since I last wrote another has been added to the list

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of crimes like that of Atzala. Two weeks ago the judge of a small Indian town six miles from here was brutally murdered. He was the father of the two Indian boys whom we had in our school, whom we have mentioned before. We are not fully informed of the circumstances, but it is probable the man was killed on account of his Protestantism. Two days after his death the mother came and took the boys away. We were greatly distressed, both for the sake of his family and for the cause of Protestantism, and were very sorry to lose the boys, who were getting along well in their studies.

For two or three weeks there have been constant rumors that an attack was to be attempted upon us on the first of November or one of the following days. I finally informed the authorities of what we had heard, and on Friday morning they sent a guard of three soldiers to remain in the house day and night. These three days, when it seemed most likely we might have trouble have passed very quietly, without the least annoyance to us. I think we have no occasion to fear anything further for the present. But Mexico is Mexico; and true to the history of the past, there is now very considerable dissatisfaction with the present government, even on the part of some of those who assisted in bringing about its triumph two years ago.

Some think we shall be in the midst of another revolution before many months. The old church party is evidently making every effort to regain its former ascendency. The extreme liberals are dissatisfied with the present government, because of its temporizing policy with reference to reform measures and its almost utter failure to fulfill its promises. It may be that Diaz will throw himself neck and heels into the arms of the reactionary party, and thus provoke a new civil war, which would probably have for its central motive the religious

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question. However, we hope for the best, and trust God will order all for the good of his sacred cause.

The Catholic papers here are still bitter and incendiary to the last degree, in their attacks on us, but we have firm friends in the present State and National government, who, so long as they are in power will no doubt take good care of us.

Our congregations have fallen off a little in consequence of the persistence of the attacks of our enemies, but doubtless they will pick up again when the present excitement is over. We have been cheered to find that many love not their own lives, when it comes to the point of fidelity in the midst of persecution. . . .

Not long before this our mission house was attacked about midnight by a mob of fifty or more, who succeeded in breaking most of the glass in the front windows before the police arrived, but did no further damage. My husband was in Apizaco at the time and I was so sound asleep that I knew nothing of it till the next morning.

PUEBLA, December 30, 1878.

DEAR FATHER:

At last we have tidings about the long talked of superintendency. I received by the New Orleans mail my appointment by Bishop Merrill to succeed Dr. Butler when his resignation shall take effect. He is to retain the office until the close of the Annual Meeting, at which he is to preside, and as his closing act induct me into the office.

We are to continue our residence in Puebla, at least for a year, and I am, according to the arrangement made by Bishop Merrill, to be preacher-in-charge of this work and that in Apizaco, teach the theological class, and perform the duties of superintendent, receiving reports from

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all the stations, carrying on the correspondence with the bishop and with the office in New York, and visiting the work in all the stations as emergencies may arise, or the interests of the work require. So you see my work this year is not to be any lighter than hitherto. Still, I am not required to visit all the stations, quarterly, and arrangement has been made to relieve me of the care of the orphanage.

Bishop Merrill's letters are very kind and pleasant, full of consideration and of friendly interest. I look forward with interest and anxiety to the approaching Annual Meeting, which is to be held in Mexico City, beginning January 16. Do not forget to pray for me and for our whole Mission.

Christmas has come and gone. We had a very pleasant and successful school exhibition, at which the Governor of the State and several of his personal friends were present. Two of his sons took part in the program, and his three oldest children, two young ladies and a gentleman, were also here. After the exhibition, we took all the school children, and as many of their friends as could get in, to the parlor, where we had prepared the Christmas tree, and distributed about fifty cornucopias of candy. We did not give out the presents until the next day. Christmas morning we had service, and I preached to about ninety people.

We are to have Watch Night service to-morrow night, and will observe the Week of Prayer from the 5th to the 12th of January. Our new fireplace is finished and is very satisfactory. We take a great deal of comfort out of it. I have moved my study into the parlor, so as to have the full benefit of it. . . .

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CHAPTER VI

PUEBLA, February 7, 1879.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

Our Annual Meeting has closed, leaving me under the responsibility of superintendent of this Mission. I am glad to know and to tell you, that all the missionaries received my appointment to the superintendency most cordially, and seem willing to cooperate with me in every way.

We reached home Sunday morning, and Monday night I left for Orizaba, to inspect the work there and introduce the native preacher to his new charge. From there I went to Cordova to visit the work in that place, and came back to Puebla on Friday. This was my first experience as presiding elder!

My work will be very heavy this year, and a little inconvenient to manage with my residence in Puebla, but the financial stringency which is upon the Missionary Society renders it necessary, for the present year at least, to lay the burden of the general supervision of the work on some one who, at the same time, should be preacher in charge of a station. . . .

PUEBLA, March 6.

I left here Wednesday, February 19, and went as far as Apizaco, where I had to attend to the purchase of a lot, on which we hope to build a schoolhouse and chapel. Spent the afternoon and night there, preaching in the evening. Next morning rode three miles on horseback to

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see a land agent, returned, and at two o'clock took the train for Ometusco, where I arrived about five.

I had a miserable supper in not very attractive company; talked a while with the station master and another young fellow about the religious question between Romanism and Protestantism, and then read an hour or two.

My room, or rather the public bed room, had six beds, in a space considerably less than our parlor. I was alone till midnight and was just falling asleep, when a new arrival from the twelve o'clock train was ushered in, and ushered himself rather noisily to bed. Twice more the room was entered, with and without a light, and in an adjoining room such a loud conversation was kept up as for a long time effectually banished sleep. Soon the braying of numerous donkeys, and other indications of country life indicated the approach of dawn. "Up rose the lark (donkeys), and up rose Janet," and went forth to view the beauties of Ometuscan nature.

At six o'clock I took the diligence for Pachuca, where we arrived about three that afternoon. Here is where Brother Barker is stationed. Mrs. Barker is just recovering from a long and dangerous illness. The day I arrived she was completely dressed for the first time in fifty-four days.

On Sunday I preached three times and attended class meeting, though I was most uncomfortable, my body aching all over, partly in consequence of the knocking about in the stage, and partly on account of a cold I had taken on the way. Tuesday night I held Quarterly Conference in Pachuca, and on Wednesday Brother Barker and I rode twenty miles on horseback to Omitlan and Real del Monte, preaching in both places, and got back to Pachuca after ten o'clock at night, having ridden a good part of the way through a dense fog and misty rain.

Next morning at six o'clock I set out for Mexico City.

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Reached there about five and preached that evening. Friday and Saturday were passed in helping prepare the next number of our paper, and in some business matters. I was detained there over Sunday and Monday, in order to meet Dr. Gilman, Secretary of the American Bible Society. Preached Sunday night and started for home Monday night, arriving at five o'clock in the morning. You can imagine how glad I was to get there!

The general work of our Mission is going forward prosperously, and all the machinery is working as smoothly as could be expected. All the missionaries have been cordial toward me in my new relation, and the only trouble is that I have so much to do, that I am embarrassed by the consciousness that I cannot do all the work as it ought to be done. Then it is hard to have to leave Ada alone so frequently in a place where she has no companionship, and may at times be exposed to danger. However, I am determined to go forward, doing the best I can under the circumstances. Pray that I may be guided aright. . . .

ORIZABA, March 15, 1879.

Yesterday a norther came up, and it rained hard both here and in Cordova. I was up at six o'clock, had breakfast at the railroad restaurant and went at nine to our mission house to open the school, and at eleven took the train for Cordova. In the afternoon went to see Dr. Merker, who lives alone in two rooms with a servant boy, three dogs, a rooster with his harem of hens and nursery of young fledglings, and last of all a tall, raw-boned white horse. The horse is a back yard tenant, but the small fry spend at least part of the time in the parlor. The doctor has almost no furniture, but is as jolly and noisy as a school boy, and offers his house for our accommodation whenever we come to Cordova. I dined with

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him at his boarding house. His hostess is a widow, of German birth, who emigrated to the United States and was married the day after her arrival in New York, to a cook, a man she had never seen nor heard of before she landed. How she comes to be in Mexico I do not know. Her husband having died, she keeps boarders for a living, and is a splendid cook.

In the evening we held services in Cordova, but the rain poured and very few people came out. The meeting closed before ten o'clock, but I talked with the native preacher till after one, had to get up at three, to take the train, and reached Orizaba at daylight, nearly dead for sleep. I found that room in the mission house as damp as it was the other time I was here, so determined to be more prudent, and came to this hotel near the bridge. It is kept by a German acquaintance, and I have a good upstairs room with a board floor, and am quite comfortable. The noise of the river is in my ears as I write. I am to preach to-night and three times to-morrow. A good many English people seem inclined to come out to the English service I have announced for the afternoon. . . .

On April 22 he left Mexico City on his first official visit to Guanajuato, and wrote from El Destello: We reached this place, about thirty-two leagues from Mexico, an hour ago. I got a little of the dust brushed off, had some supper and then found that the telegraph office was closed and I cannot send a telegram till to-morrow. There is no post office here, so I am trusting this letter to the best messenger I can secure, fearful that after all it may not reach you.

My traveling companions are pleasant enough in their way, but I have not felt very talkative and none of them seemed inclined to talk to me, so I have been, as pleased me best, very much to myself. I have heard a wonderful

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number of marvelous stories of encounters with robbers, in this part of the country. Most of them were related by one very talkative passenger, who would seem to have borne a principal and very heroic part in all of them. He also took occasion, two or three times, to denounce the Americans in no very elegant terms.

As he evidently did not know me to be one of that people, I took no notice of it, though I felt a little "riled." Some other parts of the conversation held gave me food for reflection as to the moral and social condition of the Mexican people. Perhaps my thoughts about these were no more complimentary than his words about my countrymen.

The greater part of the day has been very sultry and the dust terrible! The road in several places exceedingly rough. We breakfasted after one o'clock at Tula. This is the largest town we passed, and is charmingly situated down in a deep narrow valley, with a considerable stream of water flowing by the place. The view of it, as we climbed the mountain side after leaving it, was beautiful. From four to half past six the scenery and the temperature were very delightful. . . .

GUANAJUATO, April 27.

We left El Destello at five o'clock Thursday morning, breakfasted in San Juan del Rio at ten o'clock, and reached Queretaro late in the afternoon, after a long ride of more than twelve hours. I got cleaned up, went to call on Mr. Plagemann, a German to whom I had been recommended; thence to the telegraph office to send a message to you. After supper went back to see the German, whom I had not been able to find at my first call, and there met an Americo-German pedlar, whose acquaintance I made on my last trip from Pachuca to Ometusco;

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was by him introduced to a Jewish American-German sewing-machine agent.

After a few minutes chat went back to the hotel and to bed. Was called at two A. M., had coffee, and at three o'clock the stage rattled out of Queretaro. We had eleven passengers and were well squeezed. Part of the early morning I rode on the outside of the stage. We passed through Celaya, Salamanca, where we breakfasted, and Iraquato. Arrived at Guanajuato about seven o'clock, after a ride of a hundred and twenty-six miles in sixteen hours. Brother Craver was at the diligence house waiting to receive me, and I was soon introduced to the Guanajuato Mission home. Most of Saturday was passed in talking over mission affairs and walking about the city. In the afternoon we went up to the reservoirs.

Sunday's program was service at 8 A. M. in the new chapel, Sunday school at ten, preaching at four, and the sacramental service at night. I went to bed at eleven o'clock a very tired boy. I like Guanajuato very much, and am greatly pleased with Brother Craver's congregation. Yesterday there were about a hundred and seventy-five present both morning and evening. Brother Craver has no orphanage to help his congregation. There are very many nice-looking people in his church, and the spirit shown by many of them is very gratifying.

Thursday morning at three o'clock I shall start on my return trip, reaching Queretaro in the evening of the same day. I was very much pleased with the appearance of Queretaro as I came up, and trust the Lord's blessing will accompany our endeavors to establish a mission there. It is no doubt a very fanatical city, but I believe our work will meet with success. . . .

QUERETARO, May 3.

All day yesterday, from three o'clock in the morning

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till five in the afternoon, I spent in the diligence. Our company consisted of two Frenchmen, three Mexican women, and myself. I reached here safe and sound, and less tired than was to have been anticipated after only two hours' sleep the night before. I felt very lonely here last night, alone in this city, without a friend near me, and with the feeling that it was but a forlorn hope that of expecting to establish a mission here. Prayer, the Bible, and the felt sympathy of my dear wife comforted me and strengthened my faith not a little.

This morning as a good preparation for beginning work, I read Paul's experience in Athens. Later I went out to look up some persons to whom I have letters, walked over a considerable part of the town, and examined three or four houses that are for rent. A little after noon, started for the Hercules cotton factory, where I found two Americans, brothers, and their wives, all very pleasant people. I went through the factory, spoke to two workmen who are Protestants, and they told me there were several more employed in the factory. So here is a beginning.

I got back to the hotel about five, and in a few minutes the diligence arrived, bringing the native preacher, Vallejo, who is to have charge of the work here. He is in the same room with me, but we have two beds.

I forgot to mention in the proper place, that while in Guanajuato, Brother Craver and I went to call on the Governor, who received us very kindly, and gave me a note of introduction to the commander of the federal troops here in Queretaro. . . .

May 5.

We have met with as many encouragements to-day as we did disappointments on Saturday. We have found some very good and apparently reliable friends, secured

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a suitable house, and shall leave Vallejo comfortably settled. I think I am none too sanguine in my hopes, but I am persuaded that if Brother Vallejo lives right, and works with prudence, courage, and faith, he will find a safe and fruitful field of labor here in Queretaro. . . .

He reached Mexico City the following Friday night, preached twice on Sunday, and again Tuesday night. Wednesday he called on President Diaz and secured letters of recommendation for Vallejo, to the protection of State and federal officials in Queretaro, and at night took the train for Puebla, reaching there at daylight Thursday morning.

(To his Father)

CORDOVA, June 2, 1879.

I left Puebla last Friday night and reached Orizaba the next morning at nine o'clock; spent Sunday there, preaching twice and administering the Lord's Supper. This morning I came on to this place, where I shall have to remain for several days. Our work here has suffered very seriously, partly from lack of funds, but more from lack of proper care and attention on the part of those hitherto in charge of it.

The native preacher, who has been here for about a year, has to be relieved on account of his unacceptability to the people. He is really not suited for a preacher, and realizes it himself; so he is to be employed henceforth as a colporteur in another part of the field. In consequence of this, I am obliged to make some arrangement for supplying our congregation here. As we have no man available to send here, it will probably be necessary to sustain the services by sending some one from Puebla, once every two weeks, a burdensome arrangement, but

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the only alternative except that of the temporary suspension of the congregation. I am going to try to bring the people together and find out what spirit they are of, and then act accordingly.

I am sorry for it, but I find too frequent proofs of the fact to allow of my being oblivious to it, that those in charge of the work have been often deceived, and our cause, in many places, is suffering in consequence of the conduct of those who were pushed forward as teachers of Protestant Christianity. The history of all the missions of the different churches has been the same in this respect. The evil has been fostered by the spirit of rivalry which has existed between the denominations.

Perhaps the emulation was right enough; but it engendered in each of the churches such undue haste to extend its work, as led to an undue effort to occupy new places, each in advance of the other. So the work has grown faster than the right kind of agents to carry it forward. In consequence, the churches have been calling young men who were never called of God, were never converted, and were ignorant of the first principles of Christian doctrine and practice. Of course there have always been enough young men in want of a means of living, who were ready to profess anything in order to gain money. In order to supply its work, each of the churches has been unwise enough to take up men of this class.

Now nearly all the churches have fully seen this evil and its consequences, and the sifting process has been pretty thoroughly carried on, the leading churches having, at this time, a tried and faithful body of preachers. Our preachers, however, now have to meet and struggle against the prejudice created by the ill conduct of their predecessors; besides the difficulties incident to the endeavor to evangelize a Roman Catholic country. I am persuaded that this explains, in great part, why the

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spiritual growth of the missions in Mexico has not kept pace with their outward extension.

I feel very deeply that for the future we must extend our work as God gives the right kind of men with which to do it, and not multiply our agents simply in order to open new work. If we pray and work aright, surely God will keep up the right proportion between the work and the workers. We need not pray the Lord to prepare the fields, for lo! they are already white unto the harvest; but we do need to pray him to send forth laborers into his harvest. Our church needs to give more money to the work of training its ministry in Mexico.

The climate of Cordova is thoroughly tropical. The rain pours heavily to-night, indicating that the rainy season has fully set in. Two weeks ago, this place and Orizaba were shaken by a severe earthquake. Houses were rendered uninhabitable, church towers and domes were thrown down or cracked. The wall of the room I am now in has a wide seam from ceiling to floor. . . .

PUEBLA, June 16.

I remained in Cordoba till the following Thursday, and succeeded in arranging matters satisfactorily, at least for the present. I then returned to Orizaba and held a service that night, coming on to Puebla the following day. I have been exceedingly busy ever since, writing official letters to the bishop and office in New York, an article for the Western Christian Advocate, and a sketch of the history and present status of our Mission for the Appendix of a new edition of Miss Rankin's book on Mexico. I have still on hand, unanswered, a letter from some minister in a country town of New York, asking for information about Mexico and the Mission work. He lays down for my direction an outline embracing nine different

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headings, beginning with climate, soil, etc., and including the last details of the work of the Mission. I don't know when I shall be able to comply with this request. . . .

MIRAFLORES, June 25, 1879.

I reached Mexico City Saturday evening, on time, and had a good night's rest and preparation for Sunday's duties. Preached morning and evening. On Tuesday morning, quite a party of us went to San Vicente to dedicate the new chapel. I enjoyed the day very much. Early in the afternoon I left there on horseback, in company with Brother Cordoba and three other Mexican brethren, for Miraflores, arriving here at nightfall.

When I got off the horse my limbs almost refused to support me, but I was able to be up early the next morning, and went for a ride before breakfast, to try and cure my lameness before starting on to Amecameca. To-day has been beautiful; no rain and a delightful temperature. Brother and Sister Siberts and I have had long talks about the affairs of the Mission, and we agree very well as to the situation and its probable remedy.

To-morrow we go to Amecameca, where we shall spend the day and night, returning to Miraflores on Friday. I shall stay here until the following Monday, then back to Mexico City, and home Tuesday morning!

(From one of my home letters, dated August 25)

We had our little chapel down stairs dedicated last Thursday night, and will convert the one we have had upstairs into a dormitory. Thursday morning at five o'clock, Miss Swaney, Carlota, one of the girls from the orphanage in Mexico City, Señora Rodriguez, the mother of one of the boys here, and Maxima, Miss Swaney's cook, who also has a little boy in our school, arrived, to be

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present at the dedication and incidentally to make a visit. In the afternoon Mr. Butler and his wife, who had been spending a few days in Cordoba, came up and they were all here for that night. As we have but one spare room I was rather at a loss how to arrange to make them all comfortable, but with a little ingenuity, a couple of extra cots and a wide lounge, we finally succeeded very well and had a pleasant time.

The services passed off most satisfactorily, without any disturbance whatever, though I had greatly feared there might be some trouble. The room was full and many went away, not being able to find seats. C. preached. The boys were all well dressed, several of them in new suits, and I felt very proud of them. They sang beautifully, too. These boys make me a lot of extra work, but I am so fond of them that I don't mind it, and would willingly do even more for them if it were possible. I am alone so much that they are with me a great deal, and I don't know what I should do without them.

I suppose you will be going to Conference about this time. How we should love to be with you! Our visit home is a bright spot in the future to which we look forward with the greatest of pleasure, but when it will be we cannot tell. Have you seen the new hymn books, and have you noticed a hymn beginning "For thee, O dear, dear country, mine eyes their vigils keep"? The sentiment of that appeals to me very strongly. . . .

(To his Mother)

PUEBLA, September 8, 1879.

As the time passes it does not bring any cessation nor diminution of work either for Ada or myself, every week bringing some new special demand upon us. Immediately after the dedication of our new place of worship here in

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Puebla, I had to go to Pachuca, where I spent Sunday, preaching three times and holding class meeting. On Monday night, with the assistance of Brother Barker, I gave a magic lantern entertainment to the people of the Mexican congregation. I do not like the show business.

When I reached Mexico City on my way home, I found it necessary to go to Orizaba the very next night, and did not get home till the end of August. Last week and to-day have been very busy arranging for the opening of a girls' school here in Puebla. Now within the next two weeks I must prepare the estimates for the whole Mission for next year, and write out my annual report and statistics. Ada keeps as busy as I, and I believe is naturally more industrious. We are both well and strong, and cannot be too grateful for all the mercies we enjoy.

Our work has its annoyances, difficulties, and perplexities, sufficient at times to make the future look dark and uncertain; but after all, we are happy in our work and can trust the future to our heavenly Father. . . .

In October we went to Vera Cruz, Miss Mulliner accompanying us, to meet the new missionaries who were coming to take charge of the work in Orizaba, and help them get settled. We went on board the steamer, but they were not among the passengers. We met several Presbyterian missionaries, however, whom Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, the superintendent of that Mission, had come to receive, among them Mr. Kyle, a graduate of Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Polhemus, delightful young people from New York.

As we had word by this steamer that those we were expecting would be here by the following one, we decided to wait for them, spending the intervening time in Cordoba. We had rooms in the Mission House, an old-fashioned building with low ceilings and queer doors and

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windows; and on the second floor a long, low corridor running the entire length of the house. There it was always cool and pleasant, and besides having magnificent views of the mountains and hills and woods in the distance, it overlooked the public square, which was full of orange trees, whose blossoms filled the air with their fragrance, and where the birds sang from morning till night.

We took our meals at a small hotel near by, where they had delicious Cordoba coffee, and better food than is often to be found in more pretentious places. We met and spent several afternoons with the only American resident there, a physician and a Southerner, who had lived in Cordoba since the close of the Civil War. Dr. Russell owned a coffee plantation and several farms near the city, and frequently visited them; but the state of the country was such that he never went alone, nor returned by the same road. Even with all these precautions he had his horse shot from under him only a few days before we were there, and the week after we left he was attacked in his own house by three men who had some grudge against him and was badly wounded.

The next steamer brought the missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Umpleby, and also Miss Warner, returning from her first visit home after several years' hard work in the Girls' Orphanage in Mexico City. She is now going to Pachuca to take Miss Hastings's place during her vacation. Mr. Umpleby is about thirty years of age, a graduate of Boston Theological Seminary, and they were married in August.

This is their first experience away from their own country, and we did what we could to get them comfortably installed in their new home.

Examinations and the preparations for Christmas filled up the remaining weeks of the year, and in the

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midst of them came the news of the death of my youngest sister, the first sorrow I had ever known, and doubly hard to bear so far from home.

(To his Father)

December 27.

Christmas time was very much saddened for both of us, but we had the tree for the children as we had planned, and such presents as we had been able to get together for them. Christmas night we had a little school exhibition and the presentation of premiums. Two or three members of the State Legislature and a number of other prominent persons were present, and seemed well pleased.

Our work in general goes on well. We are now building a little place of worship in Apizaco, and hope to have it finished before the bishop arrives. The church in Mexico City has been reroofed, and is to be reopened next Wednesday, with Watch Night services.

This is the last time I shall write you under date of 1879. Pray for us that in the new year God may grant us all comfort and grace that we need for the work, and for the sorrows of life.

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CHAPTER VII

On January 28, 1880, Mr. Drees left for Vera Cruz, to meet Bishop Harris, who was coming to visit the Mission, and preside at the Annual Meeting.

CORDOBA, January 30, 1880.

You will see from the above heading that I have safely accomplished the first stage of my pilgrimage. I slept some between Puebla and Apizaco, but the second class car was so crowded and uncomfortable that at the latter place I transferred myself to a first class compartment, where my only companion was a tall and somewhat talkative Spaniard. We placed two satchels on the floor, piled two cushions on them, filling up the space between the two seats which faced each other, and so formed a double bed on which we stretched out for sleep. The chief drawback to my rest was the restlessness of my companion.

We got up rather early, and the jolly son of Iberia began to relate, with all due pantomimic action, the hairbreadth escape of one of Albion's children who, being on a railroad track, between a frightful precipice on the one hand and a perpendicular wall on the other, saw a handcar come rushing down upon him with all the velocity due to a steep grade. At the opportune instant the Englishman leaped with all his gathered strength into the air, and before he alighted the danger had passed beneath him.

At the critical point the Spaniard became excited with the story and, suiting the action to the word, leaped from

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the car floor with all his might. O woe! woe! he had forgotten that he had not, like the hero of his story, all out of doors above his head, and his noggin came into such violent contact with the car lamp as nearly to send that luminary out upon the roof. After a brief lull in the tragic scene, he began to examine his head, while the brakeman on the roof pulled up the lamp to see if it had suffered injury. The latter was all right, but the poor Gachupin's scalp proved to have suffered a rather severe abrasion from which the blood was oozing. In spite of the poor man's pain I could not help successive quakes and rolls of laughter.

Arnica for my companion's head at the next station; and I reduce myself once more to the second class car. Cost of night's rest and morning's joke—40 cents. . . .

VERA CRUZ, January 31.

I have just reached here, and find the New Orleans steamer is not expected before Monday. I am greatly troubled over this delay in the bishop's arrival, with all the consequences it brings. If he decides to take the trip to Guanajuato before Annual Meeting, I shall have to go straight from here to Mexico City. . . .

This he evidently did, as they were in El Destello, the end of the first stage of their journey north, at ten o'clock the following Wednesday night. The next day they went on to Queretaro and spent the night, or part of it, taking the diligence from there at 2 A. M. for Guanajuato.

GUANAJUATO, February 9, 1880.

We arrived here late Friday afternoon after a stage ride of more than sixteen hours. Brother Craver met us at the diligence house and we soon reached the Mission premises. We had supper and talked till quite late. On

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Saturday we began to work up the matter of the purchase of property. The bishop fully approves our preference. Before noon to-day the matters were all settled, documents drawn and signed, and the money, $9,000 silver, paid. Brother and Sister Craver are highly elated over this. To-day is the fourth anniversary of their arrival here.

The services on Sunday were well attended; I preached three times, held love feast, and administered the Lord's Supper. To-morrow we are to visit the new house to make plans for its adaptation to the wants of our Mission here. . . .

QUERETARO, February 15.

On Wednesday Bishop Harris and I went to Leon, leaving Guanajuato at five o'clock in the morning. We returned to Guanajuato on Friday afternoon and came on to this place Saturday. I have walked so much on these rough streets, talked so much, preached so much, and been up so late every night and so early every morning, that I am footsore, throatsore, and generally worn out, so that it seems hard work even to write. In one place the bishop and I were obliged to be not only roommates but bedfellows as well, in spite of the preference of both for separate rooms and bed. . . .

(To his Mother)

March 20, 1880.

I left Puebla the 28th of January to meet Bishop Harris in Vera Cruz, and from that time for six weeks I was only at home three days. I accompanied the bishop in all his visitation of our Mission, before and after the Annual Meeting. The most distant point we reached was Leon, 350 miles northwest of Mexico City. We visited Guanajuato and Queretaro; Miraflores, Amecameca, Ayapango and San Vicente; Tezontepec, Pachuca, Real del

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Monte, Omitlan and Regla; Puebla and Cholula; Orizava and Cordoba. During his stay the bishop traveled about 1,500 miles by railroad, on horseback, and in stages.

We were both very tired, and very glad when it was all over. I think the bishop enjoyed his visit, though he said that some of the traveling was rougher than anything he experienced during his trip around the world.

The Annual Meeting passed off as pleasantly as could be expected. Everybody was very much pressed with work, and there was little time for social intercourse. A friendly spirit seemed to prevail for the most part, and I think all were pleased with the visit of Bishop Harris.

I suppose Ada has told you we are to move to Mexico City. I am to have charge of the editorial work in addition to the superintendency of the Mission. We feel sorry to leave Puebla. Ada especially dislikes the house we shall have to live in. Still there is not at present any help for it, so we are agreed to make the best of it.

I send you by this mail a little book written by Bishop Merrill, translated by Ada, corrected by myself, and just issued from our press.

I cannot tell you how warmly our hearts respond to your expressed desire for our going home for a visit this spring, but however much we may desire it, it is utterly impossible this year. . . .

Early in April we moved to Mexico City, and although it was in many respects a more pleasant place of residence, it was with the greatest regret that I left Puebla, my first home, and the children to whom I had become so much attached. For some time the melancholy little letters from the boys and the no less dismal ones from Mr. Luders, my husband's colleague, left in charge of them, who wrote that "the house seemed very wide" without us, made me extremely homesick.

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At the end of the month, Mr. Drees went to Queretaro, to install the new pastor, Cordova, who was to have charge of the work there for the coming year.

QUERETARO, April 30.

I reached here an hour ago and found Brother Cordova awaiting me at the diligence house. He insisted on my coming to stay with them, so here I am, installed for a few days of my visit. The journey was without incident worthy of mention, except an amusing story told by a priest who was one of the passengers.

He is just home from a two years' residence in Europe, has been in Spain, in Paris, and, above all, has seen the Pope! At the table in San Juan del Rio, the conversation of the passengers turned upon the riches of the Pope and the splendor of his court, when the priest said that when he went to Europe he thought he would carry a present to the Holy Father. So he bought a beautiful gold cigarette holder. (I think the head of Christendom must receive some rare gifts!) He went to the Vatican, and walking through some of its courts, saw standing open the door of the Pope's coach house. He asked permission to go in, and was shown the carriage of state. The priest grew eloquent in his description of the vehicle, all covered over with fine gold and with the richest hangings and upholstery, and finished his story by saying that after seeing this coach, he concluded that the Pope was not so needy as he himself was; so he sold the cigarette holder for 200 francs and kept the money for his own expenses. What do you think of that as an example of devotion to the Pope? . . . .

May 1.

This morning Brother Cordova and I called on the District Judge, Romero, and the Circuit Judge, Calero.

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We were received very kindly. We then went to see the Chief of Police, but did not find him in his office. After lunch we went to see General and ex-Governor Gayon. I presented Altamirano's letter and we were very politely received. We had quite an extended conversation, and received profuse assurances that nothing will be allowed to happen to Cordova.

We have taken another house, not so well situated as this, being in a retired street. However, it will be much more favorable to those of the tribe of Nicodemus, who would like to visit Cordova, but are very much afraid of publicity. Another very important advantage is that it is just across the street from Uribe's, his most intimate and most influential friend. Uribe seems to become more earnest every day, and more resolved to stand by Cordova at any cost.

This afternoon we drove out to Hercules. We found our American friends and one or two others, who were pleasant and promised to be kind to Cordova. Just as we got out of our coach, a diligence drawn by six beautiful white mules, drove furiously up. The driver threw the reins to the boys who were waiting, and then came up to the entrance to the factory. It proved to be Don Cayetano Rubio, the Czar of these regions. He came up to us with a profuse show of politeness, took us into his house, offered us beer, wine, brandy, and what not, and was very affable. Then he sent for Hopkins, the manager, and we gave him our thanks and our good-by. It seems that Rubio's father and Cordova's were intimate friends, and as we came away he said that as their fathers had been friends, he and Cordova would be the same to each other. I hope he will continue as friendly when he learns Cordova's profession and the object of his coming to Queretaro.

I think the immediate effect of my visit here has been

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very good. The greatest obstacle to our permanence here has been overcome; Brother Cordova is very greatly encouraged, and there seems to be a fair prospect of success. . . .

Soon after the Annual Meeting, word came of the appointment of Mr. and Mrs. Greenman to Puebla, and they arrived about the middle of May. My husband went to Vera Cruz to meet them, while I went to Puebla to put things in order for their coming, and make the beginning as easy as possible. They were just out of college, he twenty-five, and she three years younger, and both very bright and cheerful and inclined to make the best of things.

In June we went for a week to Pachuca, where, in addition to the usual extra services, we had a most pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. Barker. Pachuca is the center of a large mining district, and many Cornish people had settled here. The day of our arrival there was a tea meeting, always a very important event here. It was held in the church, the benches being removed and long tables arranged, with two ladies presiding at each, to pour the tea. There was a plentiful supply of bread and butter, cakes of various kinds, especially saffron cake, and gallons of strong tea.

Later the tables were cleared and removed, and there was singing, hymns with ten or twelve verses sung with great vigor and enthusiasm, brief addresses, and select readings. The exercises opened and closed with prayer.

While here we visited Tezontepec, an Indian town about twenty-two miles from Pachuca, where there was a congregation of Protestants that had acquired without help from the Mission, a little chapel holding perhaps a hundred people. Mr. Barker, Mr. Drees, Gamboa, and Miss Warner went on horseback; Mrs. Barker and I in a small

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phaeton. The road for about fifteen miles was over a broad level plain, like our Western prairies, and not a house or building of any kind in sight in all that distance.

We were entertained at the house of a Mexican, the most influential man of the village, and he and his family the chief members of the congregation. They had everything very comfortable and clean, and were most kind and hospitable. We held services in the evening, Mr. Drees preaching. After this we had supper, and got to bed very late.

A bed was made up for one member of the party, on the floor in the parlor, and the rest of us were shown to our room! It was a very large one, and divided by an immense muslin curtain, stretched from one side to the other. There we found two double beds and one single one, prepared for the accommodation of Mr. and Mrs. B., Miss W., and ourselves. By moving the single one outside of the curtain, and making some changes in the arrangement of the other two, we finally adjusted ourselves to the unusual conditions, with enough amusement to repay us for any inconvenience suffered.

QUERETARO, July 8, 1880.

My long journey came to a safe termination yesterday afternoon at three o'clock. The trip from Mexico City to Huehuetoca was about as usual, but on arriving there I found that every seat was taken in the coach. We were nine inside and three outside passengers, five of the number women. One of them went only to Nopala, and one of the men left at Tula, but all the way to Queretaro the inside of the coach was full. Before we were out of sight of Huehuetoca we found that the roads were in a detestable condition, and soon all the men were obliged to

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get down and walk quite a distance while the coach, very much overloaded with the mails and baggage, labored through the almost bottomless mud holes.

We left Huehuetoca at ten o'clock, and did not reach Tula till five in the afternoon. Seven hours to advance eight leagues! As I ate nothing at H. and only tried to prop failing nature with a few bananas, a tortilla, and a small piece of very bad cheese on the way, you can imagine in what a state I was by this time! Here, however, we had dinner, and at six o'clock were off for San Antonio, where we arrived three hours later. Just before we reached there we stuck in the mud, and all the men were obliged to alight for the third time. It was pitch dark, the mud partly stiffened in the first stage of drying, with frequent soft places in which some of my companions sank up to their knees. I fortunately escaped that.

The coachman concluded to stop at San Antonio for the night, and after vibrating between the cheerless house belonging to the hacienda and the more desolate meson across the road, the churlish gachupin in the store concluded to give us rooms in the former. I passed a rather uncomfortable night. We were up at five in the morning and, after chocolate, continued on our way, arriving at El Destello at three in the afternoon. Had a fair dinner and hurried on, reaching San Juan del Rio at half past nine that night. At the unanimous request of the passengers we were allowed a little rest, had supper, went to bed for three hours, were called at three A. M., and started for Queretaro. During the day we had to get down twice and walk for considerable distances, but finally arrived at our destination about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Brother Cordova met me and took me to the Mission house, and after a little conversation and some refreshments, I laid me down and slept, with slight intervals of half consciousness till midnight. Then I undressed and

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slept again till seven o'clock this morning, which rested me all at once and very thoroughly!

To-day various people have called, and Brother C. and I have called on several others, and had considerable conversation with them on the situation here. Looking over the whole ground as far as possible, I am persuaded that it is not best to open public services here just now. The state of the country is too unsettled, and the friends here are not quite ready for it. To-night we are to have a little meeting in Cordova's dining room, and baptize his infant daughter, Sara Publia. . . .

PUEBLA, July 27, 1880.

I reached here safely Saturday morning, but did not sleep much on the train, and did not lie down at all after getting here. At eleven o'clock we started to Apizaco, Mr. and Mrs. Greenman, Mr. Luders, and myself, and half a dozen boys from the orphanage to assist in the singing. Mr. and Mrs. Greenman had a room at Coronel's, Mr. Luders and I had beds at Mr. Cochegrus's house, and the boys slept in the chapel, having brought with them their blankets and pillows. Brother Palacios and his son arrived early Sunday morning, and I took a room for them in the hotel. The boys' food was carried to them from the Fonda, and the rest of us went there for our meals.

Our chapel looks very neat and I am quite pleased with it. Sunday morning by half past ten, we had a good congregation, and before Brother Palacios began to preach, every seat was full and many were standing. He preached well and the people were exceedingly attentive. About a hundred and twenty were present, and we dedicated the place formally to public worship. In the afternoon we had a short social meeting, with twenty-five or thirty people.

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At night long before service commenced, we had the house full. We had borrowed two dozen more chairs, and every seat was occupied and many standing. There were at least a hundred and fifty persons present. I baptized a child before the sermon, we celebrated the Lord's Supper, with about eighty communicants, and Brother Palacios preached again. We took a collection of $5.20. The day was very favorable and all seemed to enjoy it greatly. I think a very good impression was made in favor of our cause.

We all came back to Puebla Monday morning, but I must return to Apizaco on my way home, and stay a day or two, to try and get some help for our debt there. . . .

Two weeks later he was called to Puebla, by the sudden and alarming illness of Mr. Luders, who had fallen unconscious and remained so for several hours. Some temporary arrangement was made for his work, and as soon as he rallied sufficiently, my husband took him to Orizava and left him, hoping that the change and a few weeks' rest would restore him to his usual health.

(To his Father)

Mexico City, September 21, 1880.

Our home letters came this morning, the first we have had for six weeks! You have doubtless heard of the loss at sea, August 29, off the Florida coast, of the steamer City of Vera Cruz, bound for Vera Cruz. The loss was terrible, only eleven persons being saved. A very curious thing happened in connection with the wreck. Of course the mail bags went down with the ship, but some of them washed up on the beach at Saint Augustine, their contents were dried and forwarded to their destination. Three or four of these letters were received here to-day.

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It seems the more remarkable when it is remembered that the wreck occurred thirty miles from land. About the time of this disaster the New Orleans steamer suffered such injury in a storm that she was compelled to turn back from Matamoros to New Orleans, and her mails were dispatched over land and have not yet arrived.

Ada has been in Puebla for the last two weeks, attending to the children's clothes and various other things which urgently required her attention, on account of Mr. Luders's illness. I have been exceedingly busy here, preparing the estimates for our Mission for next year. They are all finished at last and I hope will be approved as they stand. They have cost me no little work and anxiety. I was at them last night till midnight, and again this morning at six o'clock. If the authorities could only see matters as I do, we would have more money for our work.

Several things have occurred here recently which have awakened a great deal of interest. Congress assembled September 16 and it seems likely we shall have a peaceful change in the administration. Two grand railway concessions have been granted; providing for the construction of two lines to the Pacific Coast and two lines through to the northern frontier. . . .

A month later, in company with Mr. Greenman, he made a trip north to Queretaro, Irapuato, Celaya, and Guanajuato. We quote the following details from a letter dated Queretaro, October 21: Our first day's journey was without special incident, and we arrived at El Destello at nine o'clock at night. At Tula we ate our home lunch, which proved very satisfactory and saved us two dollars. We were both very tired when we reached the end of the day's journey, but slept well and were off again the next morning at half past five.

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We should have reached Queretaro at six o'clock in the evening, but did not get there till nearly two in the morning. The roads were in a terrible condition, as you may imagine from our delay. Brother Cordova came to meet us, having heard the stage pass the house. We came here and found comfortable beds awaiting us. We had intended to go on to Guanajuato, to be present at the dedication next Sunday, but the coach did not go, a dam having broken away some leagues from here, and the water flooding the road, completely upsetting all the arrangements of the stages.

We then thought of trying to go to Celaya on horseback, in the hope of getting through from there to Guanajuato; but we were strongly advised to desist, on account of the danger of robbery and the probability of not being able to get through in time for Sunday. This failure to be on time is very annoying to me, but it is due to circumstances beyond my control, and I must make the best of it. . . .

October 24.

Yesterday morning we took a coach and went out to the Serro de las Campanas, where Maximilian was shot. In the afternoon we went to call on Manuel Franco, the man who saved the life of Mr. Phillip, the Presbyterian missionary, who was attacked here some time ago. We met there the editor of La Sombra de Arteaga. On Sunday we held a service, with six persons present besides the preacher and his family. I preached about the conversion of the Philippian jailer. . . .

CELAYA, October 26.

We left Queretaro Monday morning at six o'clock, by a private stage, paying two dollars for our passage to this place. Our journey was without other notable in-

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cident than that about two leagues out of Celaya we came upon the stage which had just been upset, and had to take in part of the wrecked passengers, two ladies, two maids, and four children. They were nearly all badly scratched, and worse frightened. We had breakfast by the way for twenty cents each. Our room here will cost us sixty-two cents each, and our supper thirty-seven cents. So you see we are learning to travel cheaply. The two railways to the frontier are to intersect at this place. . . .

GUANAJUATO, October 28.

Tuesday morning we were up and off before five o'clock on the next stage of our journey, to Irapuato, fourteen leagues distant. The cars were such as are used on our street railroads at home in summer, open on all sides, so as to give a fine view of the country and plenty of ventilation. The cars are drawn by horses and mules, changed at short distances. We reached Irapuato about ten o'clock, and two hours later took the diligence for this place, arriving at six o'clock.

I find the new chapel exceedingly neat and tasteful and capable of accommodating as many as three hundred people. It was dedicated last Sunday, as Brother Craver did not get word of the impossibility of my being here till it was too late to change the arrangements. The attendance was very large, and though a few stones were thrown, there was no serious disturbance.

The dwelling house affords five good rooms, besides those of the servants, and when it is all put in repair the accommodations will be even more ample. . . .

QUERETARO, November 4.

We had quite a good love feast Sunday afternoon in Guanajuato. A number spoke and very well. I preached

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at night and afterward we administered the sacrament to a large number of communicants. The attendance was very large; the church and classroom adjoining were full, and a great many were out in the front yard listening through the open window.

The hour of our retiring Sunday night was made very late by callers after church. On Monday we talked over official matters, went to see a lawyer, and in the late afternoon rode out to the Parkman gardens. In the evening we had a call from two of the Parkmans. After their departure we held the Quarterly Conference, organizing it for the first time. We had an interesting session and the brethren seemed pleased with the result.

During our stay in Guanajuato I preached five times and the attendance on all the preaching services was very large and attentive. We left there Tuesday morning and reached Irapuato just too late for the train, so had to remain there till the next day. We arrived in Celaya the following afternoon at three o'clock. Here we met two Americans on their way to the interior and had some talk with them about the recent elections in the States.

We left Celaya this morning at six o'clock and reached here at noon. Brother Cordova has suffered some annoyance since we went away, but it has not been of a very serious nature. Brother Greenman will remain here for the next few weeks, preparatory for his final establishment here after Annual Meeting. I am sorry for the loneliness he must necessarily experience, but I think the result will be favorable to our cause and his success. I am sure he is equal to the test. . . . Then too he will be relieved of all anxiety about Mrs. Greenman, since she will remain with us until his return. . . .

Two weeks later Mr. Drees went to Orizaba on his quarterly visit, expecting to go on to Vera Cruz to meet

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Miss Hastings on her return from her vacation. Miss Hastings was the first appointee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in Mexico, and had been in charge of their schools in Pachuca for several years.

PUEBLA, December 14, 1880.

On reaching Orizaba, I heard such alarming reports of the prevalence of yellow fever in Vera Cruz, and the brethren protested so strongly against my exposing myself to the danger of the disease, which seems to be peculiarly fatal this season, that I gave up the idea of going to meet Miss Hastings and decided to wait for her in Orizaba.

I wrote to our agents in Vera Cruz to do everything for her which the circumstances may require, and also to Mrs. Trowbridge, the wife of the American Consul, asking her kind offices, so no doubt she will be well taken care of.

We held Quarterly Conference in Orizaba the night after I reached there, and I preached in both English and Spanish the next day. Miss Hastings arrived on Friday, and I went with her to Ometusco, where we found our *guayin* and Brother Barker's porter waiting for us. This man had never seen the cars before, and was greatly astonished at them.

We reached Pachuca about half past three, half an hour ahead of the regular diligence, though we went the whole twelve leagues with one set of mules. Miss Hastings received a warm welcome and seemed very happy to return to her work again. Several of us took tea with her and Miss Warner that afternoon.

The next day I conducted class meeting from eight to nine, preached in Spanish at eleven, and in the afternoon in English. After this service I convened the Quarterly Conference, which lasted till half past six, had supper

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and went to church again at half past seven. Gamboa preached and I baptized a child.

After church I had a long talk with Brother Barker about some very perplexing matters, which conversation lasted till after midnight. Monday morning we went to Tezontepec, where I preached a short sermon on baptism, and baptized a child. After dinner I went to visit the school, and at three o'clock we set out on horseback for Ometusco; Gamboa, Euroza, and two of Mr. Orozco's people. We reached our destination, five leagues distant, at six o'clock, had supper, and then my companions started back.

I read for a couple of hours, slept half an hour, and then was called to take the train. Found Brother and Sister Greenman on their way to Puebla and got into the same compartment with them. On arriving at Puebla we found Brother Luders and several of the boys waiting for us at the station, and when we reached the house a fire was blazing in the parlor and everything looked cheerful, and as neat and clean as a new pin.

To-day I must attend the examinations, and to-night hold Quarterly Conference. I hope to be home Friday. Four of the boys will go to spend their Christmas holidays with us. . . .

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CHAPTER VIII

The first event of importance in the new year 1881 was the Annual Meeting, held in Mexico City, in January. Mr. Drees was authorized to preside, in the absence of the bishop, and everything passed off very pleasantly and harmoniously. We gave a reception to the members of the Mission, inviting the representatives of all the other Protestant churches in the city, and more than fifty were present.

We entertained several of the missionaries during the Annual Meeting, and some of them arrived a week in advance and remained a week after the session closed. Finally they all got off to their various appointments, the last eight, with their children and servants, having breakfast with us one morning at five o'clock, and starting away in a private diligence to their distant fields of labor in the interior.

The middle of February we went to Puebla, and I remained there while Mr. Drees made his first quarterly visit of this year to Orizaba and Cordova.

ORIZAVA, February 24, 1881.

I had quite a comfortable journey last night from Puebla here, arriving about ten o'clock this morning. Brother Umpleby met me at the station and brought me to their house, which is quite pleasant and homelike. Mrs. Umpleby is well, and all absorbed in George II.

Both the brethren have unbosomed their sorrows to

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me and the situation here is very perplexing. I am trying to have patience and wisdom enough to do just what the circumstances seem to require, and they certainly require something.

We had service this evening and I preached and held communion service. The attendance was large, completely filling the chapel. To-morrow night we are to hold a short service, followed by Quarterly Conference. Saturday morning we will go to Cordoba, where we will remain over Sunday, to receive a number of people into the church, preach, and hold communion service. . . .

CORDOBA, February 26.

I was up at half past five yesterday morning, and went to the railroad station to send off some letters I had written the night before. Brother Baillet came up from Cordoba and we walked up to Brother Umpleby's for breakfast. I spent most of the morning and afternoon as well, getting off one long and difficult letter and several brief ones.

At seven o'clock we had service; Baillet preached and I baptized a poor little baby. His mother thought it would be a breach of most sacred proprieties to bring forward the child with its bottle, so she left the latter behind in the seat and brought the baby whose squalling protest might have been heard at an incredible distance. "A prudent man foreseeth the evil," so I sent them back for the bottle. So the service began with an undercurrent of sound from the rapid gurgling of the lacteal blessing down that infant's gullet.

Occasionally the parents would slip the bottle away and the father would furtively tuck it under his arm, but the baby's protest always brought it forth again. When I came to take the child in my arms, I could hardly manage baptism and baby and bottle, so the latter was

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left behind. But the illustrious namesake and probable descendant of Ishmael seemed to appreciate the exigencies of the case and the peculiar delicacy of my situation, and did not cry at all till I was well through with the performance of my duty. Imagine my triumph!

After church we held Quarterly Conference, and after that I had a long talk with Brother Umpleby, and did not get to bed till midnight. This morning I wrote a little more, got my things in order and we came to Cordoba, arriving here at noon. After dinner I went with the two brethren to call at Judge Sariol's and Dr. Russell's, and later we went house hunting. Cordoba is as beautiful as when we were here; the weather to-day has been delightful.

To-morrow we will have three services, and I may have to remain here over Monday, but at latest will go to Orizava Tuesday morning, and hope to reach home Thursday afternoon. . . .

As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Greenman were settled in Queretaro, after the Annual Meeting, he and Mr. Cordova, who had already been there several months, began or rather continued to hold meetings in a quiet way, and the time seemed to have come when they might be opened to the public. We went up there to be present on that occasion, and Mr. Drees had planned to help in a series of special services the following week.

On our arrival we found that a few days previous, the bishop of that diocese had published a circular letter, threatening excommunication to every one who, in any way, should help the Protestants, either by selling them provisions or supplies of any other kind, attending their services or having any communication whatever with them. Mention was made in the circular of the names of the missionaries, describing their houses and giving the

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street and number, as well as the name and address of another missionary, living in a town near Queretaro.

This letter was ordered to be read in all the churches of the diocese in every mass or other service for a few weeks. It had been read for the first time the Sunday before we reached there, and as a natural consequence, the Protestants had been subjected to all manner of insults and annoyances ever since. A crowd had gathered in front of the Mission house the previous Sunday, and an attack was feared, but nothing violent was done.

After much deliberation, and in view of the threatening aspect of the situation, Mr. Drees sent a communication to the Governor, stating the grounds of our apprehension and asking protection; but he received no answer. To avoid any appearance of fear or consciousness of ill feeling on the part of the people, we went out to the public square in the evening and walked about among them, listening to the music and talking together as if we were in the midst of friends, though we felt the hostility there was in the very atmosphere.

The next morning before eight o'clock, the people began gathering in the street in front of the house, and in a short time the small square facing the Mission building was filled with a threatening crowd of men and boys, and a few women. Soon a stone crashed against the street door and then a volley against doors and windows, and within an hour nearly every pane of glass in the front windows was broken. Still the mob continued stoning the house, calling on us to come out, screaming insulting epithets, and acting like demons.

By this time, the situation became so alarming, that the Governor appeared on the scene, accompanied by the Mayor and two or three other officials, and passing through the crowd said a few words to them in a friendly way, and urged them to disperse. The crowd cheered,

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and many followed him, but soon came back with renewed violence. Mr. Cordova then suggested and insisted upon going into the balcony and speaking to the people, urging that a few words from him, one of their own countrymen, would disabuse their minds and induce them to go away.

This did not prove to be the case, and after listening to him for only a moment, they began shouting derisive and offensive epithets at him, and before any one of better judgment and more calmness could interfere, he drew a revolver and fired into the air; hoping, as he afterward said, that this would intimidate them. The crowd scattered instantly, but returned almost at once with even greater fury to the attack, and we would have fared badly had not the rural guards arrived at that opportune moment. There was only a small squad of them, but they dashed in from both sides of the square and rode through the crowd, striking right and left with their broad flat swords, and scattered the mob in all directions.

By this time the whole city was in commotion, and the Governor ordered out a mounted guard of the Federal troops to be scattered in front of the Mission building, and another to patrol the city the rest of the day and the following night.

About two o'clock a judge with his secretary and another official came to arrest the one who had fired the revolver, saying that he had wounded a boy who had since died. They took my husband's testimony of the events of the morning, and at his urgent request, allowed Mr. Cordova to remain a prisoner in the house, as it was well guarded, and we feared the consequences of delivering him into their hands. Soon after dark, however, the Chief of Police came with an order to take him to prison and he had to go.

Early the next morning two special police were sent to remain in the house and go on errands for us and accom-

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pany any one who had to go out in the street. About nine o'clock Mr. Drees sent for a coach to go and see Cordova and to engage a lawyer to defend him, and to the telegraph office to send word to Mexico City. As soon as he got into the coach, although the two policemen were on the box with the driver, the people came rushing down the street, from every direction, following and crowding so close to the coach that he could have touched them on either side. He was out till early noon, calling at the Palace, the lawyer's office, and other places, and that crowd of three hundred or more followed him all the way, and only dispersed when he reached the house because the guard drove them away.

In spite of this discouraging episode we still intended to remain and hold the services as planned, only postponing them until "a more convenient season," but two days later the Federal judge came to say that the government troops in the city were under marching orders, and the police force was not sufficient to afford the necessary protection in case of another attack, which was already threatened, and urged us to return to Mexico City for the present. The Governor also sent a message to the same effect, advising and urging us by all means to leave at once. To facilitate matters, he offered to send a special conveyance and escort to take us as far on the way as might be necessary to insure our safety.

There seemed to be no alternative, so most reluctantly, we began our preparations for the journey, which had to be made with the greatest secrecy. All the books, pictures, bed and table linen of the two families were hurriedly packed, and the china and bric-a-brac carried to the roof in baskets and let down over the back wall to the next door neighbor. This was Manuel Franco, a very liberal Mexican gentleman, who sympathized with us and our cause and who a few years before had rescued, almost at

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the risk of his own life, the Presbyterian minister who had attempted to hold services in Queretaro. An inventory was made of all the heavy furniture left in the house, and these were delivered into the custody of the Chief of Police.

At two o'clock in the morning, the diligence arrived and rattled noisily into the large paved courtyard, preceded by a mounted guard of twenty-five or thirty men. The baggage was piled on the rear of the stage and the passengers, fourteen in all, including the children and two servants, were soon in their places and ready to start. Our friend and neighbor, a picturesque figure in his wide Mexican sombrero, and shrouded to his eyes in his serape, came in at the last moment, saw us comfortably settled in the stage, and gave the signal to start. It was a strange scene and not easily forgotten!

The moon had gone down, but the stars were still shining, and the whole city was quiet as the grave. A boy on horseback rode ahead, carrying a torch, then followed the diligence, drawn by eight mules, and after that the guard of cavalry, a unique procession!

We were all very tired, but the excitement of the previous days prevented our sleeping, and the few remaining hours of the night seemed very long. Soon after daylight, the officer in command of the guard gave orders to halt and announcing that we were now beyond the limits of the State line and in no further danger, and that his instructions were to leave us at this point, gave us a friendly salute, wishing us a safe and pleasant journey, and with his men galloped off.

About ten o'clock we reached a town where there was a fairly good hotel, and decided to spend the rest of the day and night there, but in a few minutes the Chief of Police arrived and suggested that we go on, as he feared trouble if we remained, as he had not sufficient force to

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protect us. We then arranged to leave at four o'clock, but before that time a regiment of artillery, on the way to Mexico City, came into town to remain over night. Mr. Drees went to the officer in command and told him our situation, and he promised help in case of necessity, so we concluded to stay and rest a few more hours, and did not leave till four o'clock the next morning.

One of our local preachers came to see us in the evening, and told us some of his experiences, during the last few weeks. The first Sunday the Bishop's letter was read, he was passing the principal church, just as the people were coming out, and a man whom he had once taken to his own house and nursed through a dangerous illness, came up and spat in his face, in the presence of all the people. Fernandez, the preacher, only wiped his face and passed on, without a word. Several, twenty, or more, followed him to his house and stood about the door, insulting, annoying and threatening him and his family for some time. At last he went out and talked quietly to them for a few moments, urging them to go away, which they finally did.

He said he intended to stay and do his duty as long as it were possible, and that he was trying to recommend his religion by his life. He seemed most patient, and hopeful and full of faith for the future, discouraging as the present outlook was.

We started on the second stage of our journey the next morning, long before daylight, and except for an hour at a wayside inn where we stopped for lunch at noon, we were on the road the whole day and until seven o'clock in the evening. It was excessively hot and dusty, and we were very tired by night and did not get any supper till ten o'clock.

The next morning at five we were up and off on our last day's journey, and at four in the afternoon reached

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the end of the diligence route. Here we took the train for Mexico City, where we arrived at eight o'clock, and two hours later Mrs. Greenman gave birth to a little daughter.

While we were having this trouble in Queretaro, our Mexican preacher in Apizaco, Monroy, and two members of his congregation were attacked, not far from the town, by fourteen men, and murdered in a most brutal and cowardly manner.

The following month, we were cheered by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Kemble, under appointment to Leon. They were bright, ambitious young people from Ohio, and Mr. Kemble had recently graduated from the Northwestern University. They spent a few days in Mexico City, and then went on to Guanajuato to take charge of the work there during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Craver, who had been granted a six months' furlough.

In the meantime, all sorts of reports of the state of affairs in Queretaro had reached Mexico City; the people declaring that they would never allow a Protestant service to be held in that city, sending their emissaries every evening to meet the diligence some distance from town, to see whether any foreigner or suspicious looking person was among the passengers, and in case there should be such, put an end to his journey then and there, and many other such threats.

However, as soon as Mr. Drees was able to travel, for he was quite ill for several weeks, he started north again to make his quarterly visit to Guanajuato, and see if it were possible to return to Queretaro. He wrote from

El Destello, June 15, 1881.

I arrived here safely at nine o'clock. There were only Gamboa, myself, and one other person in the stage, so we had plenty of room and plenty of bouncing as well.

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I have just had a chat with Saturnino, the coachman, who takes us on to Queretaro to-morrow. He says that there has not at any time been anyone seen to watch the arrival of the stage or try to see who was in it, much less make any attempt to stop it. Every day the mounted escort receives the stage far this side of Queretaro. I have known Saturnino for two years or more, and have perfect confidence that he tells me the truth and would never consent to be an accomplice with anyone who might try to do such a thing as Mrs. Franco said had been reported. So, let us thank God and take courage.

We came almost all the way from Huehuetoca in a drizzling rain which kept down the dust and did not hinder our journey. It has rained harder toward Queretaro and the coach from there was delayed, so we may not arrive as early as usual and you must not feel uneasy if you do not hear from me until Friday. I fell encouraged and am sure we may safely put our trust in our Heavenly Father. . . .

GUANAJUATO, June 17.

I have only time for a few lines to say that I reached here all right, at four o'clock, and found Brother and Sister Kemble well and in good spirits. This is quite a different atmosphere from that of Queretaro.

During my brief stay there last night, I saw the Colonel in command of the Federal troops stationed in Queretaro, and he told me he had orders to leave there this week. He thinks it is not possible for us to do anything at present; says the people are so opposed to us that even if the government should prevent any public acts of violence such as mobs, our ministers living there would be in constant and great danger of assassination, and the government would be powerless to prevent it.

I am writing Brother Greenman the exact condition

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of things, and must leave him to decide the question of his return. I cannot take the responsibility of sending him there. . . .

GUANAJUATO, June 26.

On Sunday I preached three times, with good attention and apparent interest on the part of the people. Tuesday morning, at five o'clock, Brother Kemble and I started to Leon, arriving about half past ten. The stage was full, so we had to ride outside, and our broad hats stood us in good stead. Brother Kemble was much pleased with his first view of his future home.

We had breakfast and then went to call on Stoddard and Gardner, dealers in agricultural implements, who received us very cordially. From there we went to see Mr. J., preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He did not give a very flattering account of his own work, or of the prospects in Leon. After three years, his congregation only numbers from ten to twenty in attendance, and thirty on extraordinary occasions. Though they have not suffered from mob violence, the persecution in other ways has been very persistent and severe.

In the afternoon we went in search of an Englishman, Mr. Gray, and at his house met a Mr. Heyser, who is one of the foremen of a large cotton factory here. He frankly declared himself a Protestant, and invited us to visit his factory. We went also to see another Mr. Gray, brother of the former, who received us very kindly, and manifested great interest in our work.

At eight o'clock we went to visit Mr. Heyser's factory, which is illuminated for night work by electric light, the first I had ever seen in operation and use for such a purpose. The establishment is very neat, has new American machinery, and is evidently well managed. They manufacture only cotton thread, used by makers of rebozos.

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The next morning we went to call on Señor Estrada, formerly Chief of Police in Leon, and noted for the energy with which he compelled the Romish Bishop and his clergy to keep within the limits of the law. He received us with great cordiality and offered to assist us so far as he may be able. He thinks that Protestantism has not made progress in Leon because of the character of the persons who have been sent there to carry on the work. He says the people of this city are quiet and tractable, and that there is little danger of anything like mob violence, especially as the State authorities are inclined to carry out the laws and give protection to all. He also told us that the government holds some property in Leon, which could probably be bought at a low price, and mentioned one very centrally located, which we went to see.

We went again to see our countrymen, on whom we had called the day we arrived, but this time were received rather coldly. We judged from their manner and language, that they wished us to understand that they cannot have anything to do with us for fear of injuring their business.

We started back to Gunanjuato at eleven o'clock, and had a hot ride of more than five hours. At night we held communion service, and I baptized a child. The next night preached to a large congregation.

In the afternoon of this day, Brother Kemble was taken ill, and during the evening grew rapidly worse. We called a physician, who seemed alarmed at his condition. Mrs. K. and I were both up all night with him, and he continued so ill on Friday that the physician asked me not to leave until there should be some change. . . .

QUERETARO, June 29.

On Saturday Brother Kemble began to improve, and though still confined to his bed, will probably recover

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entirely within a few days. On Sunday I preached twice and baptized a grown person.

Monday morning, at three o'clock, I left Guanajuato and arrived here early in the evening, my entrance to the city covered by quite a heavy rain. After supper, by previous arrangement, I went to the Mission house to meet the police officer and take formal possession of the house and furniture we had left in their care. I had been perplexed to know how I should get the other things back without making a great stir, but the way opened by an offer on the part of the same man who took them away the night we left.

He proposed beginning at once, as it was very dark and rainy and few people were abroad. I went and came back with him with the first load, a very heavy trunk, which he let fall just at the entrance and against the door of the adjoining house, but I laid hold of it with him and we hurried it in doors before anyone appeared on the scene. This first venture encouraged us to proceed.

He had to make seven trips, and it was half past one in the morning before he finished, and I could lock up the house. The next day, with the help of Gamboa and Narciso, we got the house swept clean, the furniture dusted and put in place, and unpacked enough bedding to make two beds comfortable, cleaned and filled the lamps, and bought, through the friendly family of Uribe, meat, eggs, flour, coffee, sugar, milk, etc., had a fire started in the kitchen and water boiling. After dark Narciso and I brought all the dishes back, finishing our preparations about ten o'clock. Then I went to the hotel to await the arrival of the friends. The diligence did not come in till midnight, but it put new life into me to see the dear Greenmans again. We got to bed about 2 A. M.

Saturday we sent formal notices of the opening of services for Sunday, filled out and sent invitations, got the

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organ into the house, cleaned the room for chapel, and got everything in readiness for the next day.

Another pastoral of the Bishop was read in the Cathedral last Sunday. He forbids violence against the Protestants, but emits as usual a great many absurd slanders. When I read it I felt like doing as Hezekiah did with the king of Assyria—lay it before the Lord. . . .

July 4.

Saturday afternoon we received assurances that measures had been taken and the police force had been increased. During the day several leading officials passed and repassed the house. Yesterday, just two months from the day of the mob, we held our first public service, four besides ourselves being present. All passed off quietly.

This has been, is still, the 4th—the Glorious Fourth! We have not been able to celebrate it in the traditional way, but it has been a good day nevertheless, because we have found many elements in the situation which seem to promise well for the future. There has been almost no difficulty in securing everything needed, only one person in the market refusing to sell to the cook.

We called on Colonel Rocha, who received us very kindly. We also saw Colonel Garcia, who told us he has orders from the war department by virtue of which he can act in case of necessity without waiting for the State government to ask it. He says if we will establish a day school, he will send his two children.

We have heard repeatedly that the Bishop and priests have energetically instructed the people to do no violence to the Protestants, and that even sermons against Protestantism are forbidden. It is almost certain that the government has been taking a strong position with reference to the conduct of ecclesiastics, and that this is producing its effect. Of course, it is not to be supposed that

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the real hostility of the clergy is any less; but there seems to be an entire change of tactics.

I think there is every probability that our workers here will not be molested again. So far as we can now see, the whole history of our leaving Queretaro, our action in Mexico City, our delay in returning and the precise time of our return, would seem to have been providentially guided. Certainly it was not a way of our own choosing.

We met to-day Mr. Fuller of the Central Railroad, and he told us they hope to finish it to this point by December. He has a thousand men at work pushing up through the Cañada toward San Juan del Rio. The earthworks out on the plain are to be finished by October.

We have heard some vague rumors of the assassination of President Garfield, but cannot believe them. . . .

(To his Father)

MEXICO CITY, July 13.

I arrived here this morning after a rather fatiguing journey of more than two days and nights. I have been away from home just four weeks, and traveled about seven hundred miles, chiefly by stage. I have visited Leon, Guanajuato, and Queretaro. While in the latter place Brother Greenman and family arrived, and our public services were begun on Sunday, July 3, just three months after the mob attack. Only four persons were present besides those connected with the Mission, but we consider it a great triumph for our cause that we were able to hold a service publicly, without the least disturbance, in that fanatical city, when there have been such persistent and violent efforts to prevent it. We felt greatly sustained by the prayers of our friends, so many of whom we knew were remembering us at the Throne of Grace. I have come home to meet other pressing difficulties and emergencies in connection with other departments and interests of

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our work. I feel very insufficient for all these things, and hope you will not cease to pray for me that I may have wisdom from above with which to meet and discharge my varied responsibilities. . . .

(From a letter of Mine)

August 31.

The young Mexican preacher, Gamboa, who went with C. to Queretaro just after the mob, and has been carrying on the services there under Mr. Greenman's direction, arrived here last night on a month's leave of absence to be married.

In the meantime Mr. Greenman is left quite alone in his work, and as there are now services every Sunday morning as well as twice during the week, and his knowledge and use of Spanish are still very limited, it is no small undertaking.

Everything has gone on quietly there thus far, and the outlook is very encouraging. At the last service there were twelve present besides those connected with the Mission. The rural guard who came to buy a Bible, the day after the mob, and who had some conversation at the time with C., now comes regularly to service and brings his wife with him, and also one of his comrades. . . .

MEXICO CITY, September 3, 1881.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

After my return from Queretaro I was only here long enough to issue our monthly paper, and then went with Ada to Miraflores for three days, holding the usual series of quarterly services and having a very pleasant visit with Brother and Sister Siberts. We returned on Monday, and on Tuesday night started to Orizava. I was detained there full two weeks, visiting Cordoba in the meantime. We were then a week in Puebla, after which we came home, to prepare another number of our paper.

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Last Sunday I was in Pachuca; preached three times, administered the Lord's Supper twice and baptized two children. Returned home Monday evening, and have been very busy ever since with my official correspondence. I must return there the latter part of next week to take a horseback tour with Brother Barker, exploring some new places and visiting the work already established.

Bishop Andrews is to hold the Annual Meeting on February 2. I suppose he will be here about the middle of January. . . .

PACHUCA, September 17.

I reached Ometusco at midnight; went to bed but could not sleep, as there were people noising around till after two o'clock. I got up a little after five, having had less than three hours sleep. Had a cup of very poor coffee, and started for Pachuca. On the way had a little more coffee of an even worse quality, and arrived here at half past ten. Started at once for Tulancingo, and rode six leagues to Huasca, without stopping.

In Omitlan, I was joined by Gamboa and Brother Barker's man, José Maria. We stopped on the way long enough to eat a fried egg and take a little more coffee, and were off again. We rode seven leagues further, without any stop, reaching Tulancingo late in the afternoon, having traveled in about twelve hours twenty-six leagues, more than half the distance on horseback. You can imagine how stiff and sore I was! We went to the hotel, where we had breakfast, dinner, and supper all in one.

Afterwards several friends of the cause came to my room and stayed till after ten o'clock, when we had prayers and separated for the night. We got up early the next morning, and spent the day in visiting people and making arrangements for a service at night. At eight o'clock I preached the first Protestant sermon in Tulcan-

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cingo, to sixteen persons besides Brothers Barker and Gamboa. I took for my text "These that have turned the world upside down have come hither also."

We made arrangements for a preaching service every two weeks.

We left Tulancingo Friday morning at five o'clock, and rode across the mountains to Omitlan, ten leagues distant, arriving at about eleven. At three o'clock, I baptized a child, and Brother Barker married Gaboa. We left Omitlan at four and reached Pachuca two hours later. After supper I went to see Coronel and his wife, whose little child had died that afternoon. We go to-morrow to Tezontepec to spend Sunday, and I hope to be at home Monday night. . . .

QUERETARO, October 30, 1881.

Here I am safe in Queretaro, after a very hard journey. Our troubles began very soon. Before we reached Tula we came to a break in the road bed, and our train was delayed three hours, so that it was 2 P. M., when we arrived at San Antonio. Some time passed in getting the diligence ready, but we finally got off about three o'clock.

We were nine passengers, three Spaniards, one Frenchman, four Mexicans, and myself. The roads were so bad we did not reach El Destello till three o'clock Friday morning. The apples, oranges, and cake you put in the little basket, did good service in keeping up my spirits, as I had nothing else to eat all day. Had a light lunch on our arrival in El Destello, and got to bed at once. I forgot to say that in the early part of the night we had to get out and walk quite a distance, and I got into the mud pretty badly.

We slept nearly three hours when the call came to get up, and we started on our way again. We had a little Mexican lunch at Mal Paso, and arrived at San Juan del

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Rio at 2 P. M. The trips of the diligences were so completely disarranged, that there was no fresh team here to take us forward, so we had to stay all night.

I took a walk to see the new railroad bridge under construction, and went to call on George Skilton and wife, who are temporarily resident in San Juan. They invited me to stay to tea and spend the evening, which I did and had a very pleasant time.

The next morning we were called at half past three and started on our third day's journey at five o'clock. We had only gone about two leagues when we stuck fast in a bad mud hole. The mules could not stir the coach and, after repeated and fruitless endeavors to mend matters, the coachman sent to the nearest farm to ask for oxen. After some delay, sixteen oxen and eight or ten farm hands appeared on the scene. Then came repeated efforts with two, four, and six yoke of oxen to move the coach first backward and then forward. All was in vain until the coach was unloaded and partially digged out, when finally it was pulled out of the ditch by six yoke of oxen.

The coach was then reloaded, passengers got in, and with the help of fourteen oxen, we succeeded in getting about half a league further, when we met the coach bound for Mexico City, and exchanged our oxen for the mules of that vehicle. We also changed coachmen for the better, and with much whipping of the mules and swearing of the drivers, we finally got to an inn, called Crucitas. It was now after two o'clock.

We had something to eat, and waited in vain for the appearance of a fresh team which had been sent for to take us to the next posthouse a league further on. Finally, at five o'clock, we concluded to wait no longer, and started on foot for El Sauz, which we reached in safety. Here we had supper and got very poor accommodations for sleeping.

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I had to share, and was fortunate in being invited to do so, a narrow, single mattress with a tall, bearded German, as large as myself. We got along very amicably, and after some conversation slept till half past one, when we got up to be ready to start, as agreed upon, at two o'clock. We did not get off however, till nearly four, owing to the laziness or slowness of the coachmen.

We toiled painfully through the first post, having to walk about a mile after having assisted in getting the coach out of another mud hole, but finally at twelve o'clock we reached Queretaro. I was not sorry to part with my fellow travelers, one of whom was constantly drunk and still a-drinking, and two others of whom during our three days and a half of enforced association, confirmed my conviction that Spaniards are the foulest mouthed people on the globe.

Brother Greenman and the porter were at the Diligence House to meet me, and I was soon comfortably settled in this pleasant mission home. When I reached the house, the congregation was still waiting to see me, and as soon as I could make myself presentable, I went down and spoke to them for half an hour. Now for a good night's rest, and preparation for to-morrow. . . .

Wednesday.

We held a special service Tuesday afternoon, with the administration of the Lord's Supper, about twenty persons being present. I preached again at night, and this service was also well attended. The condition of our work here is still a very trying one, and our good friends have to suffer a constant strain, which must be very hard to bear. . . .

GUANAJUATO, November 6.

I left Queretaro early Thursday morning and reached Celaya, where we had to stay all night, at four in the

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afternoon. The next day, started on to Guanajuato, where we arrived at 6 P. M. Received a warm welcome from Brother K. and his wife, and indeed from all the people of the congregation.

We held two preaching services during the day and one at night, and another the following night, together with the Sacrament and Quarterly Conference. I expect to leave here for Queretaro Tuesday or Wednesday, and hope to be at home by Saturday night. . . .

He carried out this plan and arrived at the time he expected, having been away from home seventeen days, ten and a half of which were spent on the road!

During this absence, word came of the alarming condition of Mr. Luders, and it seemed necessary for him to leave Puebla at once and consult some specialist in Mexico City. This he did, and we made him as comfortable as possible in our own home, whose quiet he greatly appreciated, and where the conditions were most favorable for his recovery. He seemed to improve at first, and the physician in charge of his case thought it not entirely hopeless; but later, serious symptoms developed and a consultation was held in which it was decided that he had Bright's disease of the kidneys, and that his heart was seriously affected. They advised his removal, after a few weeks, to a warmer climate, and on my husband's return we had one of the larger boys from the orphanage come up to help our servant take care of him, while we went to Puebla to attend to the work there and relieve his mind as to that.

(To his Father)

PUEBLA, December 2, 1881.

I am so much away from home and so driven with accumulated work when I am there, that I scarcely have

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more than time to keep up the most necessary official correspondence with the missionaries here and the authorities at home. I am glad that with the forty-six pages which I am sending off to-night, including the Annual Report of the Mission, I shall be about even with my official correspondence.

Since I have been down here, I have been trying to bring up my occasional letters in answer to people who write to me about almost everything. For instance, I sent answer a few days ago to a wealthy and public spirited maiden lady of New York City, who wrote to me asking how the streets are kept clean in Puebla. Another in answer to a recommendation of a lady in New Orleans, as translator and teacher.

I have, waiting for a reply, two or three letters from different missionary societies asking for long letters about our work, another inquiring how much it costs to live in Mexico, another asking me to copy and send an old Latin inscription to be found in some out-of-the-way corner of the old convent of the Inquisition in Mexico City, etc.

We are having some trouble in different parts of our mission from our fanatical enemies. I learned only to-day, that Brother Mendoza has been arrested, tried, and condemmed on a charge trumped up and sworn to by false witnesses. This is in Silao near Guanajuato. I am as certain as can possibly be that he is perfectly innocent.

Near Tezcoco also the native preacher was fired at, as he was returning from the funeral of a member of his congregation. The shot missed him, but the perpetrators of the deed had him arrested, alleging that he fired at a woman walking quietly along the road. He was in prison several days in San Vicente, and then Texcoco, but was finally acquitted and allowed to go home.

We often have fightings without and fears within, but

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our trust is in God, who will surely give us the victory. . . . .

Two weeks later Mr. Drees returned to Mexico City, to arrange for the publication of the next number of our paper, and was unexpectedly detained by the sudden and fatal illness of one of our most intimate friends.

By this time the doctors had decided that Mr. Luders must now try a warmer climate, so it was arranged for him to go to Orizava, Mr. Drees accompanying him as far as Apizaco.

Three months previous to this, Dr. Fuentes, a Cuban ex-priest, arrived, bringing very good recommendations from New York as well as from Havana. He was about forty years of age, highly educated, with literary tastes and training, very dignified and with pleasant manners and attractive personality. He proved to be a valuable acquisition to the mission.

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CHAPTER IX

MEXICO CITY, January 2, 1882.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:

The New Year is come and I must send at least a line, to give you and all the dear ones at home my best wishes. Last year brought us a great many toils and some very severe trials, but we have been led safely through them all, and our interests and those of the friends we love so well are still in the care of our covenant-keeping God. We are disposed to trust him for all that is before us for this new year.

We were both in Puebla till December 27, when we returned to Mexico City. We spent a very quiet Christmas with our old charge, and had a Christmas tree for the children of the orphanage. Rev. Mr. Hamilton, the agent of the American Bible Society, was with us. I persuaded him to go to Puebla with me to rest and recuperate a little. He was very much worn down by watching night and day by the bedside of our mutual friend, Mr. A., who died December 21.

Our sympathies have been very much drawn out toward his wife and daughters, who are left alone in a strange land. He carried on a very active and successful business, but has been cut off so suddenly that I fear it will be difficult to settle up his affairs so as to leave his family with adequate means of support. He was one of our very best friends and we feel his loss very keenly.

Our mission has received two accessions during the

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last week, by the birth of a son to Brother and Sister Kemble, and a daughter to Brother and Sister Siberts.

Saturday night, Brother Craver and family arrived here on their return from their visit home. They are staying with us, but start to-morrow morning for Guanajuato. They are all quite well, much improved by their vacation, and glad to be back again. Wednesday night I shall set out for Vera Cruz to meet Bishop Andrews, who should arrive there on the eighth or ninth. He will visit Orizava and Puebla on his way up, and reach here about the fourteenth. Two days later, we hope to start for Queretaro and Guanajuato, and return in time to hold the Annual Meeting on the twenty-sixth, so you see I shall be on the move all this month. Our appropriation is so limited that I fear we shall have great difficulty in providing for our work. I sometimes feel greatly discouraged.

We had a Watch Night Meeting here Saturday night, which was very largely attended; also a union meeting yesterday afternoon.

We think of you all constantly, and pray for you and long to see you. . . .

During the first week of the new year, 1882, Mr. Drees found it necessary to go to Tulancingo to attend to some urgent property matters, and met with several unexpected complications.

(On the Train)

RINCONADA, January 6.

I arrived safely at Tulancingo Thursday afternoon at four o'clock, and lost no time in going to the registry of deeds, but found that the registration could not be made till the tax on the transfers had been paid. I hastened to the Custom House and arranged that matter; but the officials were very slow, and I did not get away from

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there till after dark. My money was all gone by this time, and the bills not all paid.

I went to a business house to negotiate a draft, but could not do so without some one to identify me. I did not know where to look for Valderrama, who had recently moved, and all the other people I knew happened to be out of town. I went and got supper and wandered about a while, wondering what I should do. Finally it occurred to me to go to the post office and inquire for Valderrama and there I found his address, and was soon at his house and greatly comforted in spirit.

After a little conversation we went out and took the deeds to the Registrar, begging him to attend to the matter as early as possible Friday morning, which he promised to do. It was now impossible for me to take the diligence the next morning, as I had planned to do, and there was no other until the following Monday, so there was nothing to do but try and get away on horseback. Valderrama agreed to try and get horses and a guide to go with me. I went to bed very tired and with a severe headache.

I felt better by morning, and as soon as breakfast was over went out and succeeded in negotiating a draft for $50; went to the Custom House and paid the balance due, and at ten o'clock got my last documents, leaving everything settled and secure. Meanwhile Valderrama had engaged one horse, but the other could not be had till two o'clock in the afternoon. Then both animals had to be fed before we could start, so that it was nearly three before we finally got off.

The lowest estimate of the distance from here to Apam, where I was to take the train, was twelve leagues; some insist that it is fourteen. In any case we were just five hours on the way. The road was delightful until darkness overtook us. We crossed two mountain ranges, one

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of which was very high and covered with pine trees. Between the two ranges is a high level plain six or eight miles wide, with a large fresh water lake in the midst of it. The sun went down just as we finished crossing this plain.

It was a beautiful sight, and the ride was very exhilarating. I had a good horse, large, strong, and willing, so I did not let the grass grow under his hoofs. I was very tired when we reached Apam and did not long delay in getting supper and going to bed. My room was not pleasant, but I managed to sleep and woke this morning very much refreshed, and none the worse for my journey.

As I have no time to lose before Annual Meeting, it is necessary for me to go straight to Orizava to-day, and thence to Vera Cruz, where the Bishop is due Sunday or Monday. . . .

Bishop and Mrs. Andrews, and the Misses Scott of Philadelphia, daughters of Mr. Charles Scott, a prominent member of the Arch Street Church, and of the Board of Foreign Missions, arrived the following week and spent more than a month in Mexico. It would be difficult to overestimate the importance and value of this Episcopal visit to the interests of the mission.

Bishop Andrews, with his clear judgment and wide knowledge of life, his kindly spirit, and sympathetic interest in the individual members of the Mission, his wise and fatherly advice, and his genial and affectionate bearing, attracted every one, and made his visit a blessing indeed. He took time to go into all necessary details, and visited unhurriedly all the principal points of the Mission, as well as some of the less important ones.

What the friendship formed during this month with all the members of this party has meant to us personally, through all the years that have passed since then, cannot

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be recorded here. Suffice it is to say that it has been a constant source of happiness and inspiration.

On the second day of the Annual Meeting, Dr. T. B. Wood, superintendent of our mission in South America, arrived. He had been in that country twelve years, knew Spanish well, and entered at once into the proceedings of the Conference with the greatest interest and enthusiasm. He remained in Mexico nearly three months and during that time accompanied Mr. Drees on his round of quarterly visits to all parts of the Mission, preaching with great acceptability and making friends wherever he went.

A few days before the opening of the Annual Meeting, Mr. Luders, finding he did not improve in Orizava, and losing all hope of recovery, returned to Puebla. The boys of the orphanage and the members of the congregation gave him a warm welcome, and it seemed to be a comfort to him to be with them again. Everything possible was done for him, but he was past all help, and three days after his return the end came. He was a most useful and versatile man, and his loss seemed irreparable.

SILAO, April 4, 1882.

Dr. Wood and I left Mexico City at the usual time, but about ten o'clock came to the place of the wreck of the train of the previous night, and were detained there till half past two, not reaching Queretaro till six o'clock.

Brother Greenman met us at the station, and we went at once to see about getting permission to go on to Celaya, the next day, on the construction train. This was granted, but with the understanding that we must be on hand in case it might be ready to start at daylight. We went to the station early the next morning, but it was four hours before the car was ready to start.

We got into a box car on top of a lot of railroad ties,

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Mrs. Greenman, Mrs. Lutz, Mrs. Surplice and daughter, Dr. Wood, Brother Greenman, two or three other gentlemen, and myself. Mrs. G. had provided a good lunch, which was highly appreciated by all the party.

We reached Celaya about half past one, and were told that the train would start for Irapuato at three; so as soon as we had lunch we hurried across town to the old station a little before time, but had to wait two hours and did not arrive at Irapuato till dark. As soon as we got in, I had to hurry to the the diligence office to engage our seats for the next day, and by the time we had supper every one was glad to get to bed. I did not sleep well, and was up and dressed before five. We started on to Guanajuato at six, were delayed by a broken king bolt, but finally reached there a little after noon.

On Sunday Dr. Wood preached twice; I assisting at the Sunday school and presiding over the love feast in the afternoon. Monday morning we were up at five o'clock and started at six for Leon, arriving about noon. The afternoon was taken up by business matters, and Dr. Wood and I worked over our documents until after midnight.

(NOTE.—The documents here referred to related to the proposal for the revision or new translation of the Spanish Bible.)

I was so afraid we might oversleep that I was up several times in the night, and finally got dressed before five and we started back to Silao at six. We held a service there, about a dozen adults being present, then went to Guanajuato, where we had special meetings Wednesday and Thursday, with large congregations. . . .

QUERETARO, April 9.

We left Guanajuato Friday morning, hoping to get a train in Irapuato, but found there were none running and

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the whole matter was so uncertain that we had to take the regular stage yesterday morning, and come clear through in that vehicle. We reached here at ten o'clock last night. Fifteen hours' staging were enough to remind me of old times, and produce a very considerable degree of weariness.

From here we go to San Juan del Rio, where we shall hold a service in the evening and take the train at 10 P. M., with the hope of reaching home the next day before noon. . . .

MEXICO CITY, April 25, 1882.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I have been reminded all day of the double anniversary which has once more come around to us; your birthday, and the day on which I sailed from New York when I first came to Mexico. It hardly seems possible that eight years have passed since I set my face toward this part of the world! As I look back over all this time, it seems full of strange vicissitudes such as I could hardly have imagined before. I feel that God has been very good to me and to us all, and that we have great reason to praise him.

Since my return from the interior, I have been very busy in consultation with Dr. Wood, preparing material for our May Advocate, and numerous other things.

Since I wrote last, I have received a letter from the Mission Rooms in New York stating that I have been appointed Treasurer of the Mission. This will bring me a good deal of additional work. I am resolved to make every possible effort to keep the finances of the Mission in such a manner as will prove satisfactory to the authorities of the Society.

Ada's brother has just arrived, having come to take a position in one of the railroad offices of this city. There

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is just now a great deal of activity in business circles, and there are many openings. . . .

ORIZAVA, June 13.

We arrived here on time after a very pleasant journey, and found Brother and Sister Umpleby awaiting us at the station. We had a very good Sunday, celebrating for the first time Children's Day. Miss Swaney made a brief address which was greatly appreciated, and I also spoke. The collection for the S. S. Fund reached $3. I preached at night.

The next day went with Brother U. to see the agent who has been looking for a house for us, then to see several other people, but did not find much encouragement. In the evening held Quarterly Conference and afterward went to see another agent whom we engaged to help in the search for property. To-morrow we are to have a special service in the chapel. . . .

June 18.

We started for Huatusco Thursday morning at four o'clock and reached our destination about 2 P. M. The road is the most picturesque and the roughest I have seen in Mexico. We did what we could in the way of prospecting for the opening of work here, and started on our return Friday afternoon at two o'clock, reaching San Juan Coscomatepec four hours later. Spent the worst of nights in a room next to one in which gambling, drinking, and fighting were going on the whole night and till long after daylight. We left there at six o'clock and reached here soon after noon, quite tired and very much overheated.

We shall have the usual services to-morrow. I shall preach twice and administer the Sacrament. I hope to reach home Monday night. . . .

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PACHUCA, June 28.

I reached here at noon after as pleasant a journey as possible under the circumstances, having felt quite sick all the way. As a consequence I am quite tired and used up to-night. On my arrival I found the Mission House locked up, and Brother Barker and family all away. Misses Hastings and Elliott received me very kindly and gave me a little dinner, and I also took tea with them. Spent most of the afternoon with Fred Bawden and Dr. Estabrook.

Brother Barker came home about five o'clock and in the evening we had service and I preached. We start to Tezontepec early to-morrow morning and will return here Friday. I shall probably be obliged to remain over Sunday, but hope to get home Monday evening. . . .

LEON, July 19.

Gamboa, his friend, and myself had a pleasant ride to Salamanca. We met Aguilar of the Church South on the train, on his way to Guadalajara, and had considerable conversation with him. We reached Irapuato at seven o'clock and met at the station the conductor of the freight train to Silao, who agreed to take me with him that far.

I stayed at the hotel de Guerrero, and had a miserable room and as bad food, but got through the night all right. The next morning went to the railway station at eight o'clock and had to wait till eleven before the train was ready to start. I rode on the front of the engine, and we came very near running into some cattle. I climbed up and back alongside the boiler in a hurry, but the danger was averted fortunately.

We arrived at Silao about noon and I was invited to dinner at the Skiltons', and had a very pleasant visit of nearly three hours with them. Then a messenger came

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to say that the Leon train was in and would leave in half an hour. General Shaler invited me to drive to the station with him.

After all, the train was delayed till five o'clock, but we finally reached Leon about half past six. . . .

PACHUCA, August 23, 1882.

I reached here safely at nine o'clock Saturday night, preached three times Sunday, and had a good day in spite of feeling half sick with a headache. Yesterday, we started for El Chico about seven o'clock in the morning and before we had gone a league, Brother Barker's horse had a bad fall on the stones and came near breaking the brother's leg. After that we had to go very slowly, so did not reach our destination till eleven o'clock.

We had a pleasant visit of several hours and started back at five, but it rained most of the way and we had to ride so slowly that it was eight o'clock before we reached Pachuca. I was very tired and went to bed as soon as supper was over.

We are going out to Santa Gertrudis this morning in the phaeton, and this afternoon to Huasca on horseback, seven leagues, half way to Tulancingo, where we ought to arrive by nine or ten o'clock to-morrow. Hope to be home on Monday or Tuesday. . . .

APIZACO, September 2.

I arrived here this morning at ten o'clock and found Brother Mesa waiting for me at the station. We went to the hotel and secured a room and then arranged about getting together the things belonging to the church. Got the chapel opened to air and dry it, and hired a woman to sweep and dust it properly, and now must sally forth to finish preparations for church services to-morrow and the opening of school on Monday.

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This Apizaco is a fearfully unattractive place, but there is great need of Mission work here, and I hope and pray that we may be able by God's blessing to establish a strong congregation here. I have been greatly comforted ever since last Saturday, by 2 Corinthians 2. 14, which I venture to believe will be fulfilled in some measure in my ministry. . . .

(From one of my letters home)

QUERETARO, October 2, 1882.

I came up here three weeks ago, by myself. There was at least one incident to relieve the monotony of the journey. Shortly before we reached San Juan del Rio, we ran over a large stone or some other obstruction which gave us a great jolt as we went over it. They did not stop, however, to see what it was or whether any damage had been done, and we reached San Juan all right. Here all the passengers except three or four Mexicans and myself got out for dinner. I had just spread out my lunch when the train began moving, and almost at the same moment the people, including the conductor and brakeman who were on the station platform, began shouting, "No, no," and making violent gestures; then some one began pulling the bell rope, and for a moment or two there was great excitement. I supposed another train was about to run into us, so gathered up my belongings and was out in less time than it takes to tell it.

They soon discovered the cause of the trouble. When we ran over that stone it broke one of the wheels of the first class car and it had come the rest of the way just sliding along the rails. When we stopped at San Juan and they attempted to back the train, it would not move and the cars came very nearly piling up there in a heap.

The car with the broken wheel could be taken no

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further, so the passengers were transferred to a forward car.

A Mexican gentleman who sat near me came and asked me if I would not go with him and his sister to dinner. When I declined, having my lunch with me, he asked if he might leave his money in my care. (He had one of those large bags of silver dollars.) I consented, and he brought it over and left it with me till we reached Queretaro.

Mr. Greenman was waiting for me at the station. I found them all well and Emily more beguiling than ever. Ten days later her little brother arrived.

The following week C. telegraphed me that he was called to Guanajuato, and would like me to join him and go on there for a brief visit.

We went as far as Silao the first afternoon, arriving there about half past six. Just after we left Queretaro, some Americans who were in the same car with us, told us that near Celaya, a place that has a very bad reputation, the freight train we had passed at the last station had been fired upon by a band of robbers, and it was feared they would attack our train too.

C. as usual, did not believe there was any danger, though he did tell me that in case they began firing I must drop down between the seats immediately, and stay there. The other American woman and myself felt rather nervous about it, and for an hour or more sat looking out, expecting every minute to hear or see or feel the bullets crashing through.

At Silao we were told that it was not the freight train that had been fired upon, but a hand car full of workmen. They came upon the robbers unexpectedly, surprising them in the act of putting obstructions on the track, probably preparing for the passenger train. The workmen were well armed, however, and the robbers had to retreat.

Here we met a young American, about nineteen, en-

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gineer on the road from Silao to Guanajuato. The day before as he was backing the train, the engine ran over and killed a man who was walking on the track. The boy, however, did not know it and went on to Silao and came back, only to find officers and a guard waiting for him, with an order for his arrest. They tied his hands behind him, put him on a horse and carried him off to prison between two mounted guards with drawn swords. One would have thought they had a fierce and dangerous desperado to deal with instead of a slender boyish fellow such as he was.

Arriving at the prison, they announced that he was guilty of murder, and had him consigned to a dungeon. He was allowed, however, to telegraph his father, who lives in Silao, and who is also an engineer. He took a special engine and went to the boy at once, heard his story and then called upon the Governor, stating the case. The Governor gave him an order for the immediate release of the boy and he took him home with him, so he was in prison only a few hours.

At Silao we went to the hotel and had supper, and afterward called on Mr. and Mrs. Skilton. They insisted on our staying all night with them and sent to the hotel for our baggage. We spent a most pleasant evening. They are delightful people and among the most hospitable Americans we have met in Mexico.

Early the next morning we left Silao by diligence for Guanajuato, arriving there about noon. We stayed at the Mission house, though Mr. and Mrs. Craver were not at home. In the afternoon we took a long walk through the city. It is a very queer place. I do not believe there could be more crooked, irregular streets, and the houses are built on the sides of the hills and so close together that from a distance they look as though they were built on top of each other. Indeed, some of the upper rows of

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houses project over the back rooms of the houses below. The streets are very narrow, too, besides being so crooked.

Saturday evening they were crowded with miners and a motley lot of other people, the dirtiest and most wretched looking I have yet seen.

On Sunday there was Sunday school at nine o'clock, preaching an hour later, and love feast in the afternoon, also preaching and the Lord's Supper at night. There was quite a large attendance at every service. The congregation in Guanajuato is the largest in the Mission.

Mr. Loza, the Mexican preacher in charge of the work here during Mr. Craver's absence, was very anxious for me to say a few words to the congregation at the close of the service, but as I did not feel equal to that, he announced my "presence among them," made some very appreciative remarks, and asked them to come forward and greet "the young wife of our beloved superintendent," and assure her of their affection and sympathy, which they did most heartily.

We left Guanajuato early Monday afternoon, reached Silao at six o'clock, and there took the train for Leon, arriving about dark. Mr. and Mrs. Kemble were at the station to meet us and we spent three pleasant days with them. One afternoon Mr. K. got a carriage and took us for a long drive in the country. Some parts of it looked much like our own country.

At a special service the second night of our stay, C. preached to a congregation of twenty-seven, besides the members of the Mission, which seemed very encouraging, considering the short time since they began work here. Larger congregations are sure to follow.

C.'s district now extends from Leon on the north to Cordoba on the south, besides Pachuca and Puebla, which are on branch roads. I have been now to every place in the Mission except three or four small Indian towns. Mr.

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K. says he thinks an allowance ought to be made for my traveling expenses too, so that I could go with C. always to cheer up the sisters as C. does the brethren.

Thursday we were up at four o'clock and started at five for Salamanca, where we arrived about nine, and spent the rest of the day and night there. At the evening service C. preached and administered the Lord's Supper, more than fifty being present.

Gamboa, the preacher in charge of this work, is one of those who studied with C. in Puebla. He has a very nice wife, and they are both much beloved. She plays the flute quite well, and at the service that night, I played the organ and she accompanied with the flute, and it was considered a great success.

Friday morning we came on here, where I am to remain a few days longer. C. went on to Mexico City and has written me of his safe arrival. He says Mr. Johnston was on the train, and took him forward to ride on the engine with him from Popotla to Mexico City. He enjoyed the experience, though they did knock a donkey off into the ditch and left him, as he says, "a fit object for the charitable attentions of the S. P. C. A." At another place they came upon a large stick of wood that had been placed upon the rails, evidently with evil intent, but the locomotive pushed it to one side instead of trying to run over it.

C. sent me a copy of the Mexican Financier, a very live paper edited by a bright young American Jew, which has an interesting article in this week's issue, on the arrest and imprisonment of two Americans, accused of speaking evil of the President, of whom nothing too bad could be said.

If the Mexican government were not afraid, they would send the editor of this paper out of the country as they did a French editor a few weeks ago, as a "pernicious

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foreigner," but this man represents too large American interests to be dealt with in that way. . . .

(From my letter of November 7)

We are just home from a visit to Pachuca, where we went to attend a dedication service at Real del Monte, a place several miles further on. Real del Monte is over 8,000 feet above sea level, the highest point in the world where a Protestant church has been built, so they say. Mr. Barker and C. went on horseback from Pachuca, I in a diligence with a party of Cornish people, who were specially interested in the new church.

It was nearly one o'clock when we reached our destination and was a long, hot, tiresome drive. The exercises began with a tea meeting, a great institution among English people and very popular. They had arranged such a long program that it was nearly dark when they finished.

The formal dedication services were held the next day, and as the church is for both the English and Spanish congregations, dedicatory sermons were preached in both languages, Dr. Fuentes speaking in Spanish and C. in English. It was reported that there was to be an attempt to blow up the place that day, and that a train of powder or dynamite had been laid, ready to set off at the proper moment, but if there was such a plan, something interfered with it, for everything passed off very quietly.

Sunday there was class meeting at 8 o'clock in the morning, Spanish preaching at 11, English at 3 o'clock, Quarterly Conference in English immediately afterward, Spanish services and a baptism, at night, and after that, Quarterly Conference in Spanish! C. attended and took part in all of them.

The next morning there were business matters to attend to, which took up all the time till noon, and at one o'clock we started home. There is a line of horse cars for some

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distance, and then a diligence line of about an hour, before reaching the railroad. We had an unusually disagreeable journey. The people in the diligence were extremely dirty and some of them smoked so constantly that we were almost suffocated. One big fellow who was evidently much the worse for pulque, made himself particularly obnoxious. Then we had to wait in a cold windy place more than an hour, and when the train finally came, it was very much crowded and the cars had been kept closed until the smoke and foul odors had made the atmosphere almost intolerable. To add to all this, some third class passengers brought a large skin of pulque into the car, and the skin got broken or came untied, and flooded the car with that sticky liquid. We had to put our baggage on the seat and sit on top of it. We finally reached home, however, only half an hour behind time and but temporarily the worse for our disagreeable experience.

ORIZAVA, November 12, 1882.

I arrived here safely yesterday evening. The day was very pleasant, and the views of the mountains, coming down, charming. Brother Umpleby met me at the station. He and his wife are both looking very badly, and seem to be unable to recover from the shock of their baby's death. It is exceedingly depressing here.

This morning I met Hilarion Bonilla and his brother on the street, and they came to Sunday school and church to-day. I had a good deal of talk with them, and Hilarion stayed a while with Lopez after I came away. Lopez was called out a moment, and on going back found Hilarion crying. When asked what was the matter, he confessed that he felt very badly for having left the Puebla school as he did, said he knew he had treated us all badly and felt very sorry and would like to go back.

It has given me great pleasure to hear this. The boy

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is much grown, was quite well dressed, and looks as though he had no bad habits. I feel as though the seed sown in his mind and heart has not been and will not be fruitless.

We have had a very good Sunday; there was a large attendance at the services to-night, and things in general are more encouraging here than I have seen them for some time. To-morrow I shall have to be stirring about lively, looking after that property question. I hope and pray that we may succeed in securing something suitable. . . .

During this year, 1882, Mr. Drees traveled in the superintendency of the Mission nearly 8,000 miles. On the last day of December, he rode twelve miles on horseback, preached four times, baptized two children, held a Quarterly Conference and a Watch Night service.

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CHAPTER X

(To his father and mother)

MEXICO CITY, January 30, 1883.

It is a good while since I have written home, but you know that I am a very busy man these days, especially in the opening of a new year's work, and holding our Annual Meeting. In the absence of a bishop, I was asked to preside this year, and we had a very pleasant and harmonious session.

Our work generally is in an encouraging condition, and we have reason to anticipate a prosperous year. There are a good many probabilities that Ada and I will have a six months' vacation, so as to make a visit home this year. I have, however, several important matters to arrange which I feel I must see concluded before I leave. One is the purchase of property in Orizava, another, negotiations for a change of property in Puebla, and a third the repairs on our new property in Queretaro. I am doing all I can to push these things along so as to conclude them by the first of May. If I succeed in this and no other obstacle should arise, and if our Board of Managers will give us leave of absence, we shall be at home soon after the first of June.

The mere anticipation of this is giving us great pleasure already. It seems almost too good to be realizable!

I am making arrangements to take with us the young boy, Galdino Gutierrez, of whom we wrote some time ago. I hope to have him enter the Ohio Wesleyan University next September. I have secured nearly enough money to pay his way to the States, and will trust in God for means

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for his support at Delaware, hoping for some aid from the Board of Education and friends. I am also counting a little on the cooperation of the young people's society in Xenia. Can you not lay the case before them, and enlist their interest to the extent of saving their funds for this purpose?

Galdino is a good Christian boy and will, I have no doubt, make the best use of his opportunities. The chief reason why I am anxious to have him go to Delaware is that he may be fitted to do thorough, advanced educational work in our Mission here, in future years. He seems well adapted for this, and I have great hopes of him.

I hope to be able to do some good, and to get a great deal of good, while we are at home. Pray that the way may be opened up for us to go, and that we may be greatly blessed in so doing. . . .

PUEBLA, February 14, 1883.

Arrived here in good condition Saturday morning. Brother Siberts met me at the station and brought me to their house. Found them all well and had a warm welcome from Paul and Bessie. They are very nice children and improving all the time. After dinner I went with Mr. Thomas and his party to Cholula, returning about seven o'clock. It was cool and pleasant, and the evening landscape and sunset were beautiful. All the members of the party were delighted with the expedition.

Sunday I preached morning and evening, and spent part of the afternoon with the Philadelphia party. They attended church in the morning and gave eight dollars to the collection. Yesterday, Monday, was a very busy day. We were taking action with reference to the purchase of a lot which we hope the Missionary Society will take. Meanwhile, Brother Siberts and I assume the responsi-

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bility. The matter is not quite finished and I may be detained here longer than I had expected to be. This sense of responsibility is sometimes very wearing. Pray that we may be guided aright.

Last night we had the largest congregation I have seen here for a long time, larger even than on Sunday night. I feel greatly cheered and encouraged. . . .

ORIZAVA, February 19.

My journey from Puebla was uneventful, but I found, on arriving here, a "Norther," with its attendant chill and damp, and it is colder than I have ever felt it in Orizava. Last night we had a good meeting, about seventy being present. I preached and had some liberty, as the old preachers used to say.

This morning went out to make inquiries about the house that is offered to us; found that the party in charge of it knows me and what I want it for, but is entirely willing to sell it to us. I secured the refusal of it till the 27th of this month. By that time we shall know certainly whether there is any other opening. If not, we shall take this property and proceed at once to put it in order for occupancy.

I earnestly hope that three or four weeks more will see the Orizava and Puebla properties secured, and repairs planned and underway in those places and in Queretaro. I feel greatly encouraged by the prospect of getting these wearing anxieties off my mind. . . .

In March, Mr. Drees again visited Queretaro, Guanajuato, and Leon, preaching and holding the usual quarterly services in those places, and endeavoring to leave everything in order for a longer interval than usual, in case we were granted a vacation.

In April he made similar visits to Pachuca, Puebla, and

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Orizava, succeeding at last in settling up the long delayed property matters, and getting possession of the premises.

(From my letter home, dated April 20)

We have with us now, Galdino, of whom C. has written you, who has a small room to himself; and in the three unfurnished rooms on the roof we have quartered a man out of work, with his wife and four little children, Juana, our cook, and her son, a boy of sixteen, Matilde, an old woman without any one to take care of her, and one of the younger boys from the orphanage, who lately lost his place and is waiting for something else to offer. To the credit of all concerned, they get along together most amicably. . . .

MEXICO CITY, May 9.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:

It is just nine years to-day since I reached Mexico City, and this morning I received letters announcing that our leave of absence is granted. The Board of Managers of the Missionary Society also took very generous action with reference to some other matters I had pending before them, so this has been a very happy day for us.

We are preparing to sail from Vera Cruz by the City of Puebla for New York, by way of Havana, on the 17th, one week from to-morrow. We should reach New York on the 30th. I shall be delayed there two or three days, to consult with Secretary Reid about some matters, and then we shall hasten to Xenia by the quickest route. We are full of thankfulness at this near prospect of seeing you all. We pray that you and we may be graciously preserved during the days that must intervene. . . .

We sailed from Vera Cruz as we had planned, taking with us the Mexican boy, Galdino, a young English girl

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of seventeen, and a French boy of twelve who were sent by their parents in our care to enter a school near New York.

We arrived May 30, Decoration Day, and the day of the formal opening of the Brooklyn Bridge. Early in June we went on to our homes in Ohio, and all our delightful anticipations of a happy reunion with our family and friends were more than realized.

To understand what these few months were to us after an absence of more than five years and a half in a foreign land, and under the circumstances portrayed in these pages, one would need to have a similar experience.

As is usual with missionaries on vacation, these months were not spent in idleness. There was a great deal of traveling to do in the interests of the Mission, which Mr. Drees gladly undertook, besides preaching, lecturing, and speaking on Mexico, in various places.

The days of rest and relaxation spent in company with his family and friends, and their enthusiastic interest in his work, proved a great inspiration to him and sent him back to his difficult field of labor with renewed faith and courage.

On our return to Mexico we sailed from New York, December 13, 1883, by the City of Alexandria, my youngest sister going with us to spend a few months there. The only record of the voyage are letters of mine to my family, the first written from Havana, December 18: We are now in Havana, or rather lying at anchor out in the bay, about half a mile from shore. We had very pleasant weather for about thirty-six hours after leaving New York, and then off Cape Hatteras our troubles began.

The sea became so rough that every thing not securely fastened was being hurled about, the ship was rolling and pitching, the wind howling and every thing most disagree-

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able. To add to all this discomfort, every one, even the stewardess, was sea sick. As for ourselves we recovered as soon as the wind lulled, and enjoyed the rest of the voyage very much.

There are a few very agreeable people among the passengers with whom we have become acquainted, one, a delightful man who was with Sherman on his march to the sea. There are several Cubans who speak English, and one Cuban lady who informed us that she has had two husbands, eighteen children, and twenty grandchildren. She talks every waking moment, and sings and dances and is the life of the company.

We reached here early this morning and when we woke found we were almost in front of Moro Castle. We could see the light in the tower quite distinctly, but the castle itself looked like a huge pile of stone in the dim early light. We dressed and hurried up on deck just as we came to anchor inside the bay. Had coffee and were soon ready to go ashore. Boats of all sizes and descriptions were swarming about the steamer. We selected one and after only a few minutes' row reached the docks.

We walked up past the site of the first church built on this continent, marked now by a monument with a stone tablet, giving some history of it; then up through a pretty little open square, and from there through block after block of shops and stores whose fronts are open to the streets, displaying at a glance all their contents. They looked very cool and inviting, most of them having marble floors, and their goods were very tastefully arranged. We came at last to the principal street in the city and sat down in a shady place in a park, while C. went to buy us some oranges and bananas. Lou and I were both feeling very dizzy after our five days at sea, but this fruit quite restored us.

We then took a small carriage, a peculiar one-seated

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vehicle with an elevated seat in front for the driver, and drove first to the Cathedral, where we heard the end of a mass, then to a very pretty church called La Merced, and from there to the Captain General's gardens, a pretty but neglected place some distance from the center of the city. After that we visited the aristocratic part of town where there are the loveliest and most picturesque houses imaginable, of every color and hue, pale blue, pale pink, and pale yellow, as well as many indefinable shades. We thought we would like to transplant some of them to our Northern clime.

At noon we came back to a hotel called the Telegrafo, where we had a delicious dinner. The whole place was most attractive, all the rooms having marble floors, the bedrooms furnished with brass bedsteads, lace canopies, and curtains, all so cool and inviting. After dinner we went on a diminutive railroad out to a suburban town built all along the bay, and the view in every direction was beautiful. We came back to the steamer about three o'clock, tired enough after seeing so many strange and interesting things in so short a time.

We are to leave here to-morrow morning for the next port, Progreso, 400 miles further on. The weather here is perfectly delightful. . . .

From Progreso there is only a note to say that we reached there the morning of December 21, after a very pleasant voyage of forty-six hours from Havana.

MEXICO CITY, December 26, 1883.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:

It is the night after Christmas, and we have had our first day in our Mexican home after our long, happy summer.

We landed in Vera Cruz at noon of the 24th, and I took

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the girls to the hotel, and then returned to the dock to attend to the baggage. I had a long, hard, hot afternoon's work, and did not get through till eight o'clock in the evening. After supper we walked out to the post office to mail our home letters by the steamer which is to sail on Christmas day. Then we walked a while in the Plaza, watching the throng of strangely dressed people, returned to the hotel and retired early.

The next morning at five o'clock we were up and our train started soon after six. We caught a fine view of the tranquil sea as we left the town behind us, and in the rosy glow of the early morning we sped away toward the mountains. We had a very bright day and the scenery was unusually fine.

I saw Brother Loza, our Mexican minister at Orizava, and had the first report of the state of affairs, which seems generally satisfactory. Ada's brother met us at Otumba, and his appearance produced quite a sensation.

We arrived here at 8 P. M. Brother Butler met us at the station with some other friends. We have had a very cordial reception, and are cheered at the prospect we find on resuming our work.

There have been some slight disturbances of the peace here, threatening difficulty. The government, however, seems to have a strong hand upon the malcontents, and I think there will be no revolution. The difficulties are of a political nature and have led to no demonstration against us as Protestants.

It is quite generally understood that General Diaz will be next President. There will be more or less excitement and uneasiness until the presidential campaign is over, which will not be till after the middle of 1884.

I shall be up to my eyes in work now for many days, in order to bring up arrearages. We are all well and happy. . . .

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CHAPTER XI

VERA CRUZ, January 12, 1884.

I got started on my journey promptly and had a fairly comfortable time, arriving in good season at Orizava. While the train stood in the station at Apam, I saw Mr. Jackson, the General Manager of this road, who told me he had received a letter from Mr. Spinney about the arrival of Bishop Warren, and that if the bishop should so desire, a special car will be attached to the freight train leaving Vera Cruz at 1 P. M. on the day of his arrival, and take him as far as Orizava the same day.

Loza met me at the railroad station in Orizava and had a room prepared for me in the Mission house. I talked over some matters with him and went over the property, which is not as near completion as I had hoped to find it. Another thousand dollars will be needed to get it into anything like a finished condition. I had supper, preached a sermon, administered the communion, and held a long Quarterly Conference, getting to bed quite tired.

I had a pleasant meeting with the brethren in Orizava, and found the congregation in good condition and enthusiastic in their devotion to Brother Loza.

Friday morning had breakfast and went at once to the telegraph offices to be sure to get my expected messages promptly. This kept me running about till train time, when I got a message from Markoe that the steamer was behind time and could not get in before Saturday.

I came on to Vera Cruz in the evening, having spent most of the intervening time going over Loza's accounts with him and consulting about various matters. When I

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left Orizava at 4 P. M. the weather was beginning to look threatening, and as we approached Vera Cruz it became evident that a Norther was on in force. I never saw or felt Vera Cruz on this wise before!

It is positively cold and the wind whistles and howls as it would take the roof off the hotel. The waves last night were dashing over the mole, and the water often rolled far within the massive arches of the gates. One ship dragged her anchor and went ashore about half a mile down the coast to keep company with the dismantled hull of a last year's wreck and the helpless remains of a full rigged brig that was swept upon the sands less than two weeks ago.

As a group of men were looking down toward the scene of disaster, I heard one of them say with evident truthfulness, that that sandy point is becoming a very camposanto, a ship's burial ground.

The steamer is not even in sight and it is now quite probable she will not be in before to-morrow. The bishop and party will then doubtless go as far as Orizava, and there wait for Monday's train to Mexico City.

I shall wait here now until I hear something of them. May the Lord of earth and sky bring them safely through the storm! It is approaching sunset and though the wind is not quite so strong it has not changed direction. The waves are not so high, but I hear their commotion as I write.

I have been so driven of late that I am feeling very tired. I hope after Annual Meeting to slacken speed a little and have a week or two of comparative rest. . . .

(To his father)

MEXICO CITY, February 24.

This is the first opportunity I have had for several weeks to sit down quietly and write a home letter. As

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you know, Bishop Warren and his party arrived on the 14th of January. From that time till Wednesday of this week, my time was incessantly occupied, first with Annual Meeting affairs, and then in accompanying the bishop in the general visitation of the Mission.

He visited rapidly all our central Mission stations, inspected the property and addressed our congregations, his tour closing when he left Puebla last week. I accompanied him as far as Apizaco, and saw him and his family safely started for Vera Cruz. I have received a letter from him to-day, written just as the ship weighed anchor and got underway.

When I reached home I found that Brother and Sister Craver's little girl, a beautiful child three years of age, had died and been buried that day. She had scarlet fever and was sick only three days. Our Annual Meeting had been adjourned but a week when one of our Mexican ministers died in Queretaro, and I had to hasten thither to attend the funeral. The mother of another of our preachers is now at the point of death, so you see our year is beginning amid sore afflictions. Still we are not dismayed.

Mrs. Greenman and her children will soon be with us again, and I had news yesterday of the arrival in Vera Cruz of Brother L. C. Smith and family, newly appointed to this field.

Brother Butler and wife will leave here in about three weeks on their six months' vacation, just granted them by the Board. They expect to go overland, as the railroad will be about finished by that time. It is now expected that through trains will be running by the 15th of March. The time to New York will be about six days and six hours; about five days to Cincinnati. The fare from here to the frontier will be less than $60. We will have daily mails in a few days.

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The most novel event of the last few weeks was our ascent of Popocatepetl. We chose the time of full moon, so as to have light during the early morning climb. I went out to Ameca Meca, a town near the base of the mountain, on Wednesday afternoon, in order to have horses, guides, etc., ready for the next day. Bishop Warren, Mr. W. S. Iliff, and Brother Barker came out on the Thursday morning train and Mrs. Warren and Ada came with them, to see us start off on our adventure.

I had everything ready and after we had eaten a hasty dinner, we started off at just one o'clock. We had to take with us a box of provisions, and blankets to provide for our comfort during our night on the mountain. We were gotten up regardless of appearances, dressed in old clothes, and with cheap wide straw hats as protection against the sun.

We formed quite a cavalcade as we filed out of town. There were the four travelers and the master of horse, mounted upon five as sorry looking beasts as you would care to see, the pack mule piled high with our provisions and bedding, and the four guides afoot.

About a league out of town our road began a rapid ascent of the far stretching ridges and spurs of the mountain chain. We crossed deep gulches and mounted lofty ridges of sand and scoriae until we reached the limit of timber growth, not far from 12,000 feet above the sea level. Then a rapid descent for a short distance brought us to our halting place at a ranch, called Tlamacas, which was nothing but a deserted hut or two, once used by the laborers employed in getting sulphur out of the crater of the volcano. We had ridden nearly five hours and made a distance of fifteen or eighteen miles.

From our stopping place, far off to the east over the plains of Puebla, we could see the lofty summits of Orizava and Mount Malinche, just reddening in the rays of

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the setting sun. Above us towered the still unscaled snow crowned summit of Popocatepetl, from six to seven thousand feet higher.

It was quite cold and we soon had a roaring fire in the center of one of the shanties. There was no chimney, the atmosphere was very much rarefied, and we soon found that the smoke was disposed to go any way but upward.

When our guides came up with the baggage we unpacked the provisions and bedding, ate a hasty supper and at eight o'clock lay down to rest and sleep, preparatory to our morning climb. For myself I could not sleep, and was up and down all night, now replenishing the fire, now looking after the horses, which became somewhat restive, now out in the night watching the moon rise beyond the peak of Orizava.

At half past one I aroused our sleeping party and the guides, and we began our preparations for the ascent; tied on our hats, had our legs bandaged with long strips of flannel, got on great coats and blankets, and were ready to mount. At just three o'clock, we set off in the moonlight, single file, with a guide ahead to lead the way.

We crossed a wooded ridge, went down and up the precipitous sides of a deep gulley worn in the mountain side by the torrents from the eastern slopes of the volcano, and had soon left behind us all traces of vegetation and were laboriously climbing vast sloping plains or inclines of sand, volcanic ash and scoriae, into which the horses' hoofs sank deep at every step.

The labored breathing and frequent halting of the poor animals showed that we were invading the regions of upper air and should soon have to leave our horses. After two hours' zigzag climbing on horseback, we halted and dismounted under the lea of a huge rock which, for the moment, protected us from the icy breeze which we were to have in our faces the rest of the ascent. Then each

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man with his guide faced the steep ascent and began the morning's work. It was now five o'clock, and the east began to redden with the first streaks of dawn.

Half an hour's work in the loose sand and volcanic debris brought us to the edge of the snow, and looking up we could see an apparently limitless stretch of snow field, many hundreds of feet wide, lying at an angle of about forty-five degrees and rising into the inky blue of the sky. The snow was frozen hard and fortunately did not present an even surface, but was broken into ridges and depressions which afforded easy foot hold.

On we went, stepping slowly and cautiously in the places indicated by the guides, stopping now and again with greater and greater frequency as our breath came shorter and shorter; at times throwing ourselves down in a furrow of the snow and turning our backs to the wind, which howled about us and came in gusts as if angry and minded to hurl us back down the slope.

An hour, two hours passed, and we seemed scarcely to have made a beginning of the work before us. The red horizon grew more and more brilliant until at last the sun shot up above the dark line of mist and illuminated the vast expanse beneath us. The snowy summit of Orizava looked coldly at us across the hundred and fifty miles of distance. Malinche frowned upon us in the foreground and, over to the left as we looked eastward, the rugged heights of Ixtaccihuatl seemed near at hand across the mountain pass.

As the day grew brighter, the vast plains of Puebla came distinctly into view, covered in part with clouds so far beneath us that the sun shining upon their upper surface made them look like vast fields of snow, pierced here and there by wooded summits of hills. Even high eminences were lost in the common level spread out before us.

Over to our right, as we faced the mountain slope, could

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be distinctly seen without an intervening cloud or patch of mist, the placid waters of lakes Chalco and Texcoco, and with the glass I carried the City of Mexico could be descried. The thermometer marked two degrees Centigrade, or five degrees Fahrenheit below freezing point.

Bishop Warren and Mr. Iliff were a little in advance and as we looked up into the blue above we could see them against the sky, now toiling upward, now resting and looking back upon us in our labor. Three hours and a half passed and still we were nerving ourselves to prolonged effort, for we could yet see no end to our Jacob's ladder. Our guides encouraged us by saying that another hour would bring us to the top.

We toiled on, when suddenly one of our men shouted out as well as he could in the thin air, "Ya llegaron ellos!" "They've gotten up!" Looking up we could see nothing of our companions till at length their heads appeared above the brink, and they saluted us with the cheery shout of triumph.

We hastened on as strength and breath would permit, and in a few minutes stood with them upon the edge of the crater, looking into its Plutonian depths, beholding the beautiful many colored strata of rocks, red and gray and white and bluish, which circled the abyss, pointing out to each other the hissing, wreathing vapors which rushed here and there from the fissures of the sides, depositing yellow sulphur on the rocks and volcanic ash, listening intent to the mighty echoes awakened as detached rocks tumbled from the heights into the mouth of hell, and rousing old Pluto's wrath by firing a revolver into his palace door.

The scene was more inspiring than I can tell! One moment's gaze repaid a thousand times the night's toil and discomfort, and impressed upon our minds a picture never to be forgotten.

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After a light lunch from our basket of provisions and a brief rest, during which we took in as well as we might, the sublime scene spread all about us, we prepared for the descent. When the snow is fresh and the surface unfrozen, the descent is made by each traveler sitting on a reed mat behind his guide, who uses his alpenstock as a brake, and away they go coasting down the mighty slope with the rapidity of thought, getting over in ten minutes a distance which it required four or five hours to climb.

The snow was too hard and the surface too rough for us to make this quick descent. So we struck off diagonally across the incline which we had ascended, jumping and slipping from one foothold to another on the icy slope till we reached a ridge of the southeasterly aspect of the mountain where the snow was melted off nearly to the summit. This ridge was of loose sand, scoriae, and volcanic ash into which we sunk deep at every step. The angle of inclination was about the same as the slope we had climbed.

We started down in a succession of long strides or jumps, sliding down with the sand at each impulse almost as far again as we could step, yet in no danger of losing entire control of our movements. The ease of motion, the steepness of the incline, the exhilaration of the scene and the growing ease of respiration, led to such a rapid acceleration of movement that we were soon going at a speed which might rival that of the hero of the seven league boots, and in an almost incredibly short space of time, we reached the easier slopes of sand which spread out at the base of the lofty cone of the volcano.

Bishop Warren and Mr. Iliff were in advance and had gotten out of sight, while I in turn had left Brother Barker far behind. Shortly after passing near the rocks in the lee of which we had dismounted in the morning, I came upon Mr. Iliff sitting in the sand waiting for succor.

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His feet had been slightly frosted in the early morning before he was aware of it, and had become so painful that he could now walk no further. Bishop Warren had gone on without being aware of the pain he was suffering and was now out of sight.

After a moment's delay I hastened on and ran some little distance before sitting down to rest, every nerve and muscle in my legs quivering with the overstrain of the exertion of the morning. I had not been there long when I saw our master of horse coming over a ridge in the distance and toiling up through the sand to meet us, bringing the horses. From the ranch he had seen us when we began our descent, and had at once saddled our steeds. Bishop Warren had met him, taken his horse and gone on to the ranch.

I hastened to intercept the horses, took my own and was about to send on the other two for my remaining companions, when looking back I saw Brother Barker in the distance, leaning on some rocks for rest. I signaled him to come on, and kept his horse while I sent on the remaining animal for Mr. Iliff. Brother Barker came rushing down the sands, almost turning somersaults in his haste. We mounted and hurried on as best we might to the ranch.

Before the noon hour had passed, we were all together again in the place of our night's lodging, having made, so our guides assured us, an unusually rapid and successful ascent and descent of the monarch of North American mountains. It was cold and we stirred up the embers of our night's fire and soon had a cheerful blaze. In rest, sleep, lunch, and making up our baggage to be loaded on the pack mule, we passed two or three hours, after which we took horse and set out on our return to Ameca Meca.

We were four hours on the road, and I must confess

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for myself that they were the longest four hours I ever passed in the saddle. When at last we rode into the courtyard of Don Silvestre's house and dismounted, I found that for a moment my limbs refused to do their duty in supporting my body, and I had to shake and rub them into sensitiveness and good circulation before I could get into the house.

This soon passed, and supper and a good night's rest made Richard himself again. We took train early, and at half past ten next morning were at home again with laurels of victory upon us.

This letter, begun February 24, closes this 13th day of March. Meanwhile I have been called to Puebla to adjust certain difficulties which arose there unexpectedly. Spent last Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday in Arroyo Zarco, where I preached twice and assisted in the opening of a school under very favorable auspices. Ada and Lou went with me, and we were right hospitably entertained.

Since I began this letter the Central Railroad has been finished, and next week a through train will leave here for Chicago to arrive in five days.

Brother Butler and wife leave here next Saturday for home. Mrs. Barker's health is such that Brother Barker finds it necessary to resign and return to his Conference.

Brother L. C. Smith and wife, newly appointed to Mexico, are here and have gone to Pachuca to take up Brother Barker's work. You see what a succession of surprises and changes, trials, and difficulties we are passing through.

I have been getting a good deal of work off hands, and am not quite so hard pressed as while Bishop Warren was here, but I am still very busy and an apparently endless succession of perplexities has come along in connection with the beginning of this year's work. I sometimes find faith and patience sorely tried.

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Just now I am likely to have to press a long lawsuit in the federal courts, in resistance to an arbitrary and unjust proceeding of the tax collectors against our property here in Mexico City. Such business is exceedingly distasteful to me, and the anxiety arising out of the fact that the affair involves hundreds of dollars of the Society's money is very wearing. I am grateful that we are both in good health. . . .

(From my letter home)

February 15.

C. went with the bishop and his family to Queretaro last week. Mrs. Warren and the young people came back the next day, but C. and the bishop went on to Leon and Guanajuato and did not come home till Monday night. The next day we all went out to a small Indian town, twenty or thirty miles from here to lay the corner stone of a little church they are building there.

We started at half past six and went out about twenty miles on the train. At the station we were met by a delegation of the brethren from the town to which we were going and from another one near there. There were eighteen or twenty horses and mules, and about half as many Indians. We selected the best horse for the bishop, and the most gentle one which happened to be a mule, for Mrs. Warren. One of the young ladies started off on a motherly old steed with a small colt following, the other on a large overgrown horse of uncertain age. C. chose a small lively one, that the Indians rather objected to his mounting for fear, as they said, he would crush it. The rest of us took what were left. We were a remarkable looking party!

It was only two or three miles to the town, but we had to go slowly and were some time on the way. When we

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arrived we found all the principal women of the congregation waiting to welcome us, the cleanest, best looking Indian women we have ever seen. They had chocolate ready for us, and after taking that, we mounted our horses and mules again and started up the mountain to see a large stone idol that was found there several years ago, and has attracted considerable attention among people interested in antiquities, as it is believed to be very old. It was about four miles from the village, and part of the road was extremely rough, but we reached there safely, saw the idol, a hideous stone image, and climbed about a while gathering wild flowers which grew thick on the slope of the mountain.

We got back to the town about noon and, after dinner, held the services preparatory to laying the corner stone. The little room where they have been holding their services was crowded and the bishop spoke for some time, C. serving as interpreter. Then they proceeded to take up a collection, announcement being made that the bishop's wife had offered, if there were ten persons who would give a dollar apiece, to give another ten.

The members of the congregation who could command that amount, then came forward and soon made up the ten dollars, Mrs. Warren giving the other ten. Then she said that if there were twenty who would give fifty cents apiece, she would give another ten dollars. It was a little harder to collect this, but some members of our party came to the rescue and at last the amount was raised.

Then those who had only quarters and dimes and even smaller amounts took up their offerings, and a few small boys went forward taking a cent apiece, evidently feeling very important. Finally with a little more outside help, they made up the sum of $50.14, and then proceeded to the laying of the corner stone.

The bishop conducted the ceremony in a very impres-

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sive manner and the people looked on with great interest and reverence. They had never seen anything of the kind before. After this we distributed some papers and cards among them, said our farewells and started back to Mexico.

We have all been saddened by the death of a Mexican preacher, who was bishop-elect in the Episcopal Church, but for reasons that I cannot give here, severed his connection with that denomination and came to us, asking for work in our Mission. He was considered a most valuable acquisition, and was sent to Queretaro. The week after he reached there a message came, saying that he was alarmingly ill and asking that one of his sons go to him at once. Only an hour after this message was received, a telegram came announcing his death.

He was the first Protestant to die in Queretaro, and the friends there were at a loss to know how to get the remains to the cemetery, as there was not a hearse in the whole city, the custom there being to carry the dead either on the shoulders of men, hired for the purpose, or as pall bearers do in our country. There were not enough of either who were willing or who could be trusted, so Mr. Greenman hired an express wagon from the American Express Company, had it draped in black as best he could, and in this improvised funeral car the remains were finally borne to their last resting place, one of the employees of the company offering his services as driver. . . .

(To his father)

MEXICO CITY, March 22, 1884.

I write to-day that you may have word from us by the first through train on the Mexican Central Railroad. It is 2 P. M., March 22; let me know when it reaches you. We are much elated over the finishing of the railroad. We are going to the station to see this train off! . . .

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(From my letter home)

April 18.

C. is just home again after a week's absence in the interior, but expects to leave early to-morrow for Puebla. Mrs. Greenman and the children arrived in Queretaro from their six months' absence last Wednesday. They came overland and were five days on the road from Chicago.

A new missionary arrived last week, Miss Eleanora Le Huray, of Summit, N. J. She comes to take charge of the Girls' Orphanage here in Mexico City. She was educated at the Moravian Seminary in Bethlehem, Pa., and is a fine musician.

She evidently has strong convictions as to her call to mission work as she has entered upon it with little or no encouragement from her family. They did not fail her, however, when it came to the point of her actually undertaking the journey, as her father cabled C. to meet her in Vera Cruz.

There has been considerable excitement here about a law recently enacted, requiring all sorts of goods and groceries to be stamped. It was to take effect the first of the month, but the merchants and grocers refused to comply with it, closed their places of business and for a week there was but one grocery and one dry goods store open in the whole city. They belong to the President, or at least he has some interest in them.

It was feared that this would cause a general outbreak, and the government had five or six thousand soldiers under arms here in the city ready for any emergency. At last, however, a compromise was effected between the merchants and the government, the stores were opened and business is going on about as usual.

There are now two daily trains running on the Mexican Central Railroad. The president of the road, Mr. Nicker-

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son, of Boston, Mass., is now on his way here in a special car, which was sent on to him from here; the first car through to the Atlantic Coast, and the longest straight run ever made by a car in the world, so they say. It probably is, as the distance from here to El Paso is over twelve hundred miles, from El Paso to Saint Louis thirteen hundred, and from Saint Louis to Boston about the same, altogether four thousand miles. . . .

MEXICO CITY, April 27, 1884.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

It is Sunday night; our services have closed early and I have a little time to write to you. It is not often I have a Sabbath as free from labor as this has been. I was to preach this morning in English, but the Presbytery of the Presbyterian Mission is in session here and one of their ministers, Mr. Wallace, of Zacatecas, took my place. So I heard him at 10 A. M., Dr. Fuentes at 11, and a Mexican preacher of the Presbyterian Church at night.

Since I finished my last letter to you, I have been over almost the whole of our field. Went to Puebla with Ada and Lou, from there to Orizava, and on to Vera Cruz to meet Miss Le Huray. Then after three days at home I went to Pachuca and spent a Sabbath. The following Friday night I took the train for Silao, arriving there Saturday morning after a night in a Pullman sleeper, a new experience in Mexico, and quite a contrast to the three days and a half diligencing, which used to be required to reach that point.

I spent Saturday in Silao, going on to Guanajuato in the evening. Preached and held Quarterly Conference there, and returned Sunday afternoon to Silao, to preach and hold communion service.

Monday morning, got up at half past two, and at half

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past three Brother Kemble and I were in the saddle and on our way to Cueramaro, a distance of thirty-five miles, which we accomplished in six hours. The work in Cueramaro is new. We visited with several friends there; got the title to a piece of ground donated by one Señor Venegas for the building of a church; held meeting in the evening; organized a society of twelve probationers; appointed stewards; made arrangements for fitting up temporarily a place for meetings, and got to bed a little before midnight.

We were called at four o'clock the next morning and at five were off on our return trip to Silao, where we arrived at half past ten. The same evening at seven I took the train for Queretaro, arriving there at 11 o'clock, just as Mrs. Greenman and her children reached home. I stayed in Queretaro two days, preaching and holding communion service, took the train Thursday night for Mexico City, arriving Friday morning.

The following Monday I started early for Puebla, where we have on hand the purchase of a house for the W. F. M. S. Spent Monday and Tuesday in Puebla and got back home Wednesday night. I shall have to go to Puebla again some time this week, then to Orizaba and so on. So you see that I don't have a very quiet life of it and appreciate a Sabbath of rest such as this has been.

Now that the railroad is finished we find a good many people coming to Mexico, among them some we have known and others with whom we have made pleasant acquaintance. Among the latter are Major Sisson and his wife from California, whom we met last year at Dr. Fowler's. A few days ago Mr. Niedringhaus, a wealthy manufacturer of Saint Louis, was here. He is a warm-hearted Methodist, became much interested in our work and promised us substantial help.

We are looking forward with interest to General Con-

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ference, as its action with reference to our Mission is likely to bring some change in my relation to the work, in consequence of the organization of an Annual Conference here. . . .

MEXICO CITY, May 11.

It is two weeks since I wrote you. During that time I have spent four or five days in Puebla, where I have bought a house for the school of the W. F. M. S., in Miss Warner's care. Last Sunday I preached in Ixtacalco. This week I have been at home.

There has been much excitement here about the banks. Week before last there was a run on the bank of the National Monte de Piedad, a great loan establishment, which finally caused the suspension of its operations. Many poor people have suffered greatly. I came nearly being caught for $500 of Mission money; but greatly to my surprise and joy I have received word that the draft was paid four or five days after the suspension, though no resumption has taken place.

So far as I know, I am the only person who fared so well. It seems to me very providential, for though all the obligations of the bank will be met, the settlement will probably require two or three years, and it would have been very inconvenient for me to wait that long for the money. The credit of the other banks was subjected to a very severe strain, but they all came through triumphantly.

A large party of Americans from Boston, most of them directors or stockholders of the Mexican Central Railroad, are now here. There are twenty-four in the party, and it is said they represent a capital of fifty million dollars. We have met the president and his wife, and also Messrs. Speer and Pierce, prominent Methodists of Boston. Mr. S. is father-in-law of an old friend of mine. He took me

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yesterday to the headquarters of the board here and introduced me to most of the party. I went with them to visit the asylum for the blind.

The Mexicans have been very favorably impressed with these men and have given two banquets in their honor. Some of the party who have traveled very extensively in Europe, said the floral decorations at these two functions surpassed any they had ever seen.

I am expecting to go to Orizava the middle of this week, and a few days later take a trip through the mountain districts of Tetela and Xochiapulco in the State of Puebla. We have some very promising work there, which much needs looking after. It is a very rough country, and I am anticipating some novel experiences. . . .

SAN JUAN DE LOS LLANOS, May 24.

I got off as expected, made close connection in San Marcos and reached here a little after noon. Medina and a young man from Tetela were awaiting me.

It was very unfortunate that I could not get here yesterday. A meeting was appointed for to-day at noon in Xochiapulco, and I have just had a telegram from there, saying that there were present twenty-four teachers and eight hundred children. We are to have another meeting there Monday and perhaps again on Saturday.

We shall rest here to-night, and start to-morrow morning at three o'clock for Tetala, twenty-one leagues, a ten hours' ride on horseback. We shall hold service there that night and on Monday go to Zautla and Xochiapulco, and I shall be governed by circumstances as to the rest of the week. There are many obstacles to be met and overcome in this region.

This place is right up in a corner of the mountains. On three sides of the town the hills are very close, and though not apparently very high, are evidently the advanced

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sentinels of a great mountain district. I want to get a thorough knowledge of the characteristics of this field, so as to be able properly to represent it and secure provision for its needs. This region is not so isolated as one might suppose, all the hill towns being connected by telegraph.

It rained here early this morning, but has cleared off and is now bright and cool and bracing. I shall probably get plenty of sun and heat to-morrow, judging from the appearance of those who are to be my traveling companions and who came over the road yesterday. . . .

A further account of this visit to the mountains of Puebla is given in an article entitled

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

By Bishop H. W. Warren

"Then went out unto him Jerusalem and all Judea and all the region around about Jordan."

(Every one waiting for the consolation of Israel and the world, should read the following extract from a letter from Rev. C. W. Drees, Superintendent of our Mission in Mexico.—Henry W. Warren.)

The work among the mountains, known as the Sierra de Puebla, which awakened so much interest in our Annual Meeting, continues very encouraging. I have just returned from a ten days' trip in that region, and I am persuaded that nowhere in Mexico can the teaching of the gospel be addressed to such large assemblies as we can bring together in those places.

On our approach to Xochiapulco we were met by the leading man of the town, with twenty-four school-teachers from surrounding villages. In the main street we found two lines of children and youth stretching for about a hundred and fifty yards, drawn up to receive us. As we

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passed on between the lines, all fell into column behind us, and so we marched to the sound of drum and trumpet to the schoolhouse.

There were eight hundred boys and nearly two hundred girls in the company. Some were the very smallest. Boys and girls not more than seven or eight years old had walked four or five leagues over the hills and mountains to be present on this occasion. More than a thousand persons crowded into the large schoolroom, and about its doors and windows. When all was quiet the leader started the hymn translated from "The Great Physician Now is Near," after which we went on with the service in the usual way, and I preached to the largest congregation I have ever seen in Mexico.

The Town Council offers us a fine site to put up a place of worship, with liberty to pull down the only Romish shrine in the place. Our friends will furnish a large part if not all of the stone and lumber, so that for about six hundred dollars we can put up a plain meeting house, suitable to the place and large enough to accommodate the attendance we may expect to have there. Xochiapulco exerts a widely extended influence in the Sierra and is one of the natural centers of the work.

In Zautla a deserted Romish chapel is offered us if we will put it into condition for holding services, at a cost of about a hundred dollars.

I have planned to make another tour through these mountains before the year closes, and to send Brother Loza on a similiar visit, thus encouraging and developing the work up to our next Annual Meeting, when I trust it will be possible to send at least two good men to live among those Indians and organize churches, which I believe will soon become self-supporting and self-propagating.

Meanwhile, I earnestly pray that some friend or friends

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will be induced to give us at once the means to fit up the Romish chapel in Zautla, and build the meeting house in Xochiapulco. The work has begun in a number of places besides those that I have mentioned, and the whole field is a most promising one.

In June of this year there was a riotous outbreak in Celaya, of which some details are given in a letter of mine. We were to have gone to Queretaro last Wednesday, but on Tuesday a telegram came from Mr. Greenman saying there had been serious trouble in Celaya and that he would be here that night. C. went to the station to meet him and brought him up here to the house. He was greatly troubled, and we were no less so when we heard the details of the affair.

A mob had attacked the house where he and a Mexican preacher and his wife were preparing to hold a service. They drove them out, then followed them to an adjoining house where they had taken refuge, broke down the door, and finally fired two shots into the room where they were. Mr. G. then fired once, and the Mexican preacher twice, and it was alleged that between them they had killed one man and wounded two others. By this time the troops arrived and marched Mr. G. and his companion off to the barracks, where they were safely housed for the night, this being the only means of protecting them from the fury of the mob.

C. left the next morning for Guanajuato, the capital of the State in which this occurred, to see the Governor and to do what can be done in the matter. Mr. G. went with him as far as Queretaro, to await developments. No blame whatever is attached to him, as it was so evidently a case of self-defense; still, he may be arrested and have to stand a trial. I am going up to Queretaro to-morrow to stay with May until the matter is settled. . . .

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QUERETARO, June 28.

I had not been here an hour, when Mr. Kemble arrived to say that he and C. had been in Celaya to see the Chief of Police and found that a warrant had already been issued for the arrest of Mr. G., the Mexican preacher, and his wife, and even the portero; so it was decided that it would be best for Mr. G. to go at once to Mexico City and put himself under the protection of the American Minister.

May and I were in constant fear that they would come to arrest him, as there was no train till nearly midnight. So, as soon as it was dark, he left the house and went to Mr. Shamp's office (Wells, Fargo Express Company), where he waited till train time. Mr. K. went down to the station at the last moment and saw that he got off in safety, returning to reassure May and me that all was well so far. . . .

This unfortunate matter dragged on for many weeks, during which consultations were held with the American Minister, the Governor of Guanajuato, and other prominent officials. At last, late in September, the Secretary of the Interior gave Mr. D. a letter to the Governor asking him, as a personal favor, to have the affair investigated without requiring Mr. G. to be present, as he did not consider that it would be prudent for him to return to Celaya at that time.

In a letter of mine, written soon after this, there is a reference to the trouble in Queretaro, which shows the delay in such matters: Mr. Cordova, who shot into the mob during the riot in Queretaro three years ago, was just here. The case has been in the courts ever since, and last month was finally decided against him. Sunday an order was issued for his arrest and imprisonment, but he heard of it in time to leave before it was put into execu-

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tion, and came up here to consult C. The lawyer who defended him advises him to go to Texas, and this he plans to do in case C. approves. Indeed, his only safety seems to be in leaving the country. . . .

GUANAJUATO, October 17, 1884.

I was very much surprised to find Cordova here on my arrival from Silao, where I had gone to spend Sunday. Of course it was necessary for me to give immediate attention to his case, and a very perplexing one I found it.

After canvassing the whole matter as fully as I could, I decided to send him to the New Mexico Mission, with letters to Bishop Foss and Superintendent Harwood. So I started him off on the evening train, hoping he would reach Socorro in season to meet the bishop before he leaves there. Of course I had to write a long letter of explanation to the bishop, and an introduction to Brother Harwood. I very much hope he will get employment in that Mission.

Last night we had a large congregation at our service, and I had a good deal of "liberty" in preaching. We had an impressive communion service, and I closed up the evening's duties by holding Quarterly Conference.

Early the next morning I took the stage for Marfil and the train from there to Silao. A long train was standing at the station, crowded with soldiers brought through from Mexico City in the night, bound for Lagos, and thence to Guadalajara and Tepic, so it is said. The Fifth Cavalry marched from Leon Wednesday in the same direction, and other troops have left Guanajuato for the same destination. It is reported here that a formidable revolution has broken out in the State of Jalisco.

Brother Gamboa and I go this evening to Irapuato, where we shall hold a meeting in a private house, and to-

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morrow on to Salamanca, where we remain over Sunday. . . .

Early in September of this year, 1884, my brother went home for a brief visit, taking with him my sister whom we had brought with us on our return the year before. When he came back a few weeks later, my sister, Emma, came with him to spend a few months with us. What these visits of my sisters meant to me personally, so far from all my family and the friends of my childhood and youth, and what animation and merriment their youthful gayety and lightheartedness brought into our home life, can well be imagined.

(From my letter home)

MEXICO CITY, September 25, 1884.

This year we celebrated the 16th, Mexico's great national holiday, with unusual enthusiasm, all the Protestant churches in the city joining in the festivities. The large audience room of our church was full, about a thousand being present. We had it decorated with evergreens and flowers and flags, and it looked very festive.

I made a large banner for our school, with a picture of Juarez on one side and the Mexican colors on the other, and it was very much admired, and was the source of great pride and joy to the small boys who had the honor of carrying it. I also made each of them a sash of red and white and green, which added to the effect, and with their medals pinned on their jackets they made quite a fine appearance. They were invited to march in the public procession, and they and another Protestant school sang the Mexican National Hymn with orchestra accompaniment and did very well indeed.

The entertainment here at the church was at four o'clock. The program, which consisted of short speeches,

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recitations, and patriotic songs, was two hours long. I played the piano, one boy the violin, another the cornet, and we had a good leader, so this part of the program was very successful; some of the numbers being applauded so enthusiastically that they had to be repeated.

The week after this, Mr. and Mrs. Butler returned from their six months' vacation, bringing with them Miss Mary Loyd, a new missionary, and C.'s youngest brother, Ernest. To celebrate Mr. and Mrs. Butler's return we had the boys of the school, with all their 16th of September trappings—banners, flags, etc.—formed in line at the entrance to welcome them.

In the evening there was a reception for them, with brief addresses, singing, and an original poem which Mr. Palacios had sat up all night to compose for the occasion. Miss Loyd was introduced and made a most favorable impression. At the close of the exercises one of the boys of the school, in the name of them all, presented Mr. Butler with a silk hat! . . .

(To his father)

MEXICO CITY, November 17, 1884.

No doubt you have seen alarming telegrams from here these last few days. This was the nearest approach to a revolution we have had for seven years. It was over a bill passed by Congress to which the people were greatly opposed. They made such violent demonstrations of their opposition that it was found necessary to repeal it or to postpone any further action in the matter for the present.

For several days the streets near the Hall of Congress were crowded with people, and the whole city was full of troops. At times the disorder and excitement became such that the soldiers were ordered to fire on the crowd, and many were killed and wounded.

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As soon as the matter was adjusted everything became as quiet as usual save for the general rejoicing. All over the city there were illuminations, fireworks, and bands of music at night, and yesterday the students of the principal schools marched through the streets in procession with bands of music, flags, and banners to celebrate their victory.

Two weeks hence General Diaz will come into power, and there is a widespread expectation that things will improve. . . .

December 1.

This is Inauguration Day, and Diaz is now President! The usual ceremonies of the occasion were celebrated this morning at nine o'clock. To-night there will be fireworks and a general jubilee.

We are now nearing the close of the year, and are already looking forward to the arrival of the bishop who is to inaugurate our Annual Conference organization, thus ending my relation to the work under the title of superintendent. Bishop Merrill has written me that he desires me to serve a term as presiding elder. What arrangements may be made by the coming bishop, I cannot, of course, foresee with any certainty.

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CHAPTER XII

(From my letter home)

MEXICO CITY, January 6, 1885.

Bishop Harris and Mr. Phillips, of New York, treasurer of the Missionary Society, reached here New Year's morning, two weeks sooner than we had expected them. They were here only two days, when they went with C. to visit the work in Queretaro, Guanajuato, and Leon, returning here yesterday morning. They spent the day and night here and left this morning for Orizava. From there they go to Puebla and Pachuca, and expect to be home again Monday night.

Thursday, Conference begins, and as soon as that is over they will leave for New York. They will have had a very busy and hurried visit, but they have been much pleased with what they have seen of the work. Bishop Harris says there has been great improvement in all the departments of the work since he was here five years ago.

I have scarcely seen C. the last month. He has been away from home almost constantly, and so busy when he was here that he has had to work till midnight or later. He reached home from a very hard trip among the Puebla mountains just the night before Christmas, which we celebrated this year with unusual animation, having with us my sister and brother, Ernest, Mary Loyd, and Miss Le Huray. We had the parlor decorated with wreaths and garlands and festoons of evergreens, and it seemed very like a home Christmas.

We all had very nice presents, too, among them a very large box of American apples and a basket of luscious

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pears. It was a bright warm day and in the afternoon C. and I went for a horseback ride into the country. It was most enjoyable, and the whole day was a very happy one for us all. . . .

The 9th of December, 1884, a cowardly attack was made upon Sr. Gamboa, one of our most useful and promising Mexican preachers.

The Rev. Duston Kemble, who was then in charge of the district in which it occurred, gives this account of the tragedy:

Mr. Gamboa, pastor of our Mission in Guanajuato, desired to make a visit to our little band of followers in the village of Cueramaro, about thirty-five miles southwest of Silao, in a region infested by lawless characters from whom I myself had several narrow escapes. He started at an early hour, riding my dapple gray horse, and accompanied by my usual traveling companion, Sr. Donaciano Saldana, a former soldier of the *rurales*, and familiar with the road. Scarcely a mile out of Silao they were met by three mounted men, evidently waiting for them, half concealed by the darkness. As they were about to pass, the leader of the bandits shouted, "*Halt there!*" and as Saldana instinctively reached for his gun, he shouted a second time, "*Drop him!*" at which their three old-fashioned horse pistols rang out together, and the brave soldier leaped from his saddle pierced by a ball through the heart. Mr. Gamboa, unhurt, tried to spur his horse, but, unknown to him, the splendid animal was shot through the neck as he reared at the first alarm, and became almost unmanageable. One of the robbers followed and fired three times, the last shot passing through the preacher's body just below the heart. After a brief examination of both men, the murderers fled with the arms and saddles, remarking that it was too bad they had hit the horse. Mr. Gamboa lay on the ground until long after daylight, and nearly bled to death before the passersby had notified the authorities, who finally came out and brought both men into town. No little sympathy was expressed by the people of Silao; and the preacher's wife heroically assisted Dr. Alvarez and myself in nursing him back to life, with so much success that six weeks later he was able to attend

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Conference in Mexico City. The leader of the robbers was afterward shot by the mounted police in the streets of Silao.

(From my letter home)

January 30.

Conference is over, and the bishop and Mr. Phillips have just gone to the train. Our Mission is now an Annual Conference, composed of one district, of which C. is presiding elder. He also continues as treasurer of the Mission, and was again elected editor of our church paper, El Abogado.

We had a most pleasant and harmonious session, and though two or three brethren who had hoped for certain things were disappointed, they bore their disappointment with good grace and seemed inclined to make the best of the situation. The Conference in a body sat for their pictures one day, and they are quite good for so large a group, and a nice looking lot of people, all things considered.

Mr. Phillips came to Mexico feeling rather troubled about some things, but after he had investigated matters and saw how they really were, he was quite relieved. In a brief address he made one day to the Conference, he said he was very glad he had come, that he had found the Mission much larger and more prosperous than he had expected, and that he had been greatly pleased with his whole visit.

We had a letter from Galdino last week, written while at home for the holidays. He said among other things that he found you kind and affectionate as usual, always thinking more of other people's comfort and happiness than your own; that father was quiet and "pensive" and generally absorbed in business matters, but that there was something in his face that inspired him with confidence and made him like to be near him, and there to

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meditate on his own future, and all that he hopes to do and to be, when he has finished his college course. He said that before the holidays, when all the other boys were talking of home, it was a great comfort to him to feel that there was a place that was home to him, even in a foreign country, and far from all his own family and childhood friends. . . .

Early in February we received news of the sudden death of my youngest sister, nineteen years of age, who had spent the previous year with us. She had gone home only four months before, full of life, and the picture of health, so that we were totally unprepared for such a message, and it caused us all inexpressible sorrow.

The latter part of the same month, a telegram came, announcing the death in Queretaro, of one of our Mexican preachers, from whom Mr. Drees had received a letter only two days before. His brother wrote that he had preached with unusual enthusiasm and feeling, so much so that a crowd of roughs just outside the church, who were disturbing the congregation by loud laughing and talking, finally became quiet and attentive.

Just as he was finishing his sermon he raised his eyes as if in prayer, his voice failed, and he fell dead in the pulpit. They sent for physicians, but he was past all help. It was thought at first that death was caused by congestion of the brain, but a post mortem examination was held and they found, so they said in Spanish, that his heart was broken.

(To his father)

MEXICO CITY, March 29, 1885.

I have for many days been hoping to get a letter written but have been so pressed above measure by duties that

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could not be postponed, that I have been hindered. The last six months have, I think, been the busiest of my life. The change of my nominal relation to the work has made very little change in the nature of my duties. In addition to my former work, the editorial charge of our monthly paper has been laid upon me and requires a great deal of attention.

I have reason to be thankful for robust health, which enables me to keep up in some degree with the demands of my position, though sometimes I find things accumulating in a very discouraging way.

Our work generally is in a more prosperous condition than it has ever been before. There is deeper religious interest, congregations are growing, membership is increasing, and fields white unto the harvest are opening before us. This is true notwithstanding the manifest revival of devotion to Romanism, noticeable in certain quarters. We are looking with faith for still greater prosperity.

Ernest is very happy at the thought of going home the first of May. He has given very good satisfaction in his work in the railroad office. Not only has there been no complaint, but Mr. Webb, the auditor, has spoken very well of him and given him a very good testimonial. His immediate superior also speaks highly of him. We shall all miss him.

I have just finished my first quarterly round, and for the last six weeks have spent only one Sunday at home. . . .

(To his mother)

MEXICO CITY, June 11.

I got home Monday evening from a two weeks' trip of over 600 miles, in which I made less than half the round of my district. I rode nearly a hundred miles on horse-

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back, and came back very much burned by the sun, most of the skin peeling off my face.

I found the work in good condition, and there are many interesting features I would like to write about if time would permit. I visited for the first time a large farm, whose owner has declared himself on our side, and brings all his laborers into his own house to the services. He offers us 175 acres of land, if we will establish an industrial school on it. We have so many other enterprises on foot that I fear it will be some time before we can compass this.

Mrs. Bishop Warren has given us eight cabinet organs for different places, among them one for Acayuca, a town I visited last week. This organ had reached the nearest railroad station, about ten miles away. They were discussing the best way to bring it over, and the brethren seemed to find some difficulty in fixing the matter up, when one of the sisters, a woman fifty years old, said: "Well, if the brethren can't get it here, we women will go over and bring it ourselves." (It had to be carried on men's shoulders.)

That sister has been treasurer of the committee to raise money to pay the duties and freight. Chiefly by her exertions about $50 have been collected, and yet the people there are poor, in a sense and to a degree of which you can scarcly have any conception.

On Sunday I preached three times, held two communion services, baptized six children, and held a Quarterly Conference. . . .

CHIGNAHUAPAN, August 30, 1885.

I reached Apizaco in due time yesterday afternoon, and spent the rest of the day in the school, examining various classes. Had supper and stayed all night with the Bernals in the Mission house. Rose at five o'clock and got off on

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the diligence at six. I was the only passenger, and got well bounced and shaken up. Believe I should prefer to make the trip on horseback.

Preached here at half past two, took a room in the "meson," and had dinner at a little "fonda"—quite satisfactory—for eighteen cents. Soon afterward Medina arrived from Tetela with a horse for me. We took a little walk through the town, and now I am writing this on the counter of the store where I bought this stationery.

To-morrow morning will, I hope, find us at sunrise well on our way to Tetela. Perhaps we shall salute the rising sun from the top of the mountain ridge. We shall probably turn aside a little from our road to go through the Cañada to see George Schley. We ought to reach Tetela about noon.

Medina sent over to Fernandez at Xochiapulco for the two horses, so I shall have the same beast all the way, and as I shall not have to return the horses this way, I shall likely go from Xochiapulco to San Juan de los Llanos, trying to reach there by noon on Monday, so as to get home the same night.

This village of Chignahuapan is a regular mountain town, very "trist," and has the reputation of being very fanatical. Medina says he narrowly escaped being mobbed here a few weeks ago. . . .

(To his father and mother)

MEXICO CITY, September 13, 1885.

This is my birthday and our wedding anniversary. It is eight years to-day since we were married. I arranged my work so as to get home yesterday evening. We had a few intimate friends to dinner with us.

I have been away from home most of the time for two weeks. The second of September I set out for the Sierra

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of the State of Puebla. Went by rail to Apizaco, where I stayed over night, and the next day by stage to Chignahuapan, about thirty-five miles. Friday went on horseback to Tetela, twenty-two miles distant, one of our Mexican preachers accompanying me.

The road was very mountainous, leading over a high ridge and through very fine scenery. We were in the saddle six hours and reached our destination about noon. In the afternoon I called on a gentleman, son of the late Governor of Puebla. He has just returned from a three months' journey in the United States, and was very enthusiastic over what he saw and the attentions he received.

He is a sincere friend of our cause and repeated the assurance of his sympathy and help. He and his family are very influential all through the Sierra, which is populated entirely by Indians, most of whom know very little of the Spanish language.

We also went up a very narrow mountain gulch to see an American family who had lately moved there, the only such family in all the region. Mr. Schley is a mining engineer, and is putting up reduction works to extract gold and silver from the ores which are available in the mines of the district. We were cordially received and had a pleasant visit.

We rode back in the twilight and early darkness in time to hold meeting. I preached again from the words: "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also," taking occasion to explain the true nature of Protestantism as simply a return to evangelical and apostolic Christianity. The people were very attentive and seemed to hear the word with gladness.

At 8 o'clock Saturday morning, Brother Medina and I were again in the saddle, bound for Xochiapulco, seven leagues distant. Our road led us over two high summits, with a deep valley between them, then down a steep rocky

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ravine across a rapid river, up a third mountain, then down thousands of feet into a gorge and up the opposite side to the hill top on which Xochiapulco is situated.

The road is so steep and in places so rough, that the horses must stop to take breath every few minutes, and if the horseman wishes to make speed or has a tender regard for his own neck, he must at times dismount and climb afoot, dragging his beast of burden after him.

We reached Xochiapulco about two o'clock, and after a hasty meal, went at once to the schoolhouse, where the congregation was already assembled. It consisted of some two hundred boys and girls of ages ranging from five to eighteen years, with a few older people. This was the third time I had visited them, and I found with pleasure that I have a great many friends among the throng of red-skinned youngsters. During my previous visit, eight months before, I had given them a motto and charged them to remember it. When I asked them to repeat it, a whole chorus of voices sung it out with a will. So I preached specially to them.

The next day, accompanied by Brother Fernandez, who is doing the work of an evangelist in all that region, I rode five leagues to Mazapa, where we spent the night. Monday we were off before six, without any breakfast, and rode twenty-five miles to San Juan de los Llanos. I reached there in time to get something to eat and take the train for San Marcos, where I changed cars for Mexico City, reaching home at nine o'clock that night.

I should have to write many pages to give you anything like a complete account of the incidents and impressions of such a trip. The whole region, of which I traversed only a small part, is ripe for the gospel. We have influential friends there, who open the way for us. The poor people are as sheep having no shepherd, utterly neeglected by the priests, and extremely ignorant of all religious truth.

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But they are industrious, peaceable, and docile, very ready to hear and obey the truth.

Here is a partial list of the places Brother Fernandez visits every two weeks or oftener. You will see how thoroughly Indian the names are: Ixtaltenango, Tenampulco, Yxihuaco, Yautetelco, Tecuicuilco, Xacumulco, etc.

These villages comprise a population of about 12,000 souls. In each place the schoolhouse is held at our disposal for services, and in all the schools, with a thousand pupils in attendance, the New Testament is read and our Gospel Hymns are sung; yet this district is but a small part of a region which is now accessible to us, and in which no other church is laboring.

We are looking forward to the new year, hoping that the General Missionary Committee will be able to make larger provision for our work.

September 19.

I began this letter on the 13th, but was not able to finish it. Wednesday was Independence Day, and I went to Pachuca to be present at the reception, a Cornish, English, Wesleyan Tea Meeting, given to Brother Salmans and his wife, who have just arrived under appointment to the English work in Pachuca and Mineral del Monte.

I came home Thursday and have been very busy getting material together for the October number of the Abogado, our Advocate. . . .

(To his mother)

Orizaba, November 29, 1885.

I have had to keep in constant motion this month. First to go to Zacatecas to confer with a priest who is on the point of openly renouncing Romanism; then to Aguas Calientes to look for a little American child whose mother died more than a year ago, and whose father, given up to

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drink, left her abandoned in a Mexican family. Her friends on her mother's side, well-to-do people in eastern New York, had written to Mary Loyd to make inquiries and see if the child could be found and sent home to them.

I took the matter in hand and found that the people who had her were not disposed to give her up, but I ascertained the whereabouts of her father, and a few days after my return to Mexico City, went to Morelia and persuaded him to give me a letter and power of attorney to take possession of the child. Last Monday I went again to Aguas Calientes, and on Wednesday the authorities gave her over to me and I reached home with her Thanksgiving morning. She is about six years old, a very sweet little thing, quite pretty, and knows not a word of English. Her Mexican friends, who had been very kind to her, and to her mother in her last illness, had had her baptized in the Roman Church.

We celebrated Thanksgiving by having a few friends to dinner and going, in the evening, to a reception at the American Legation. I was up the next morning at five o'clock and took the train for Cordova, where I preached and administered the communion, returning home Saturday. I preached here this morning, and am to preach and hold communion service to-night.

When I reach home to-morrow night I shall have traveled since October 28 about 2,500 miles, all by rail, besides preaching ten times, getting out the Abogado and other work. I shall be crowded on in about this way now till after Conference, which will meet January 14.

As I write there is a great clangor of bells in the tower of the parish church, a square away, and volley after volley of rockets, to-day beginning the two weeks' festival of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the Great Diana of the Mexicans. At the veritable shrine of the apparition of this Virgin, near Mexico City, a ceremony is to be held

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the 12th of December this year, which has not been held for the last hundred and fifty years, namely, the formal oath of fealty to the Virgin is to be taken by the assembled multitude. For days past, a great many people, mostly Indians, have been coming into Mexico City on foot, over different roads, to be present at this feast.

Such is the influence which that monkish invention still has over this people. It must yet be a long struggle to overthrow this paganism, but the time will come when He shall reign whose right it is. The work is going forward, and I sometimes wonder whether it will not be so that at some time in the not distant future, the Lord will cut short the work in righteousness and destroy by the brightness of his coming the mystery of iniquity which certainly would seem to be now fully manifested. We can only stand in our lot, and work and wait. . . .

PACHUCA, December 5, 1885.

I reached Irolo in good time, Thursday morning, but only to find that under the new arrangement of trains, there would be none leaving for Pachuca till noon, so I had to wait there nearly four hours! When we reached Tepa there had no horse arrived for me to go across to Tezontepec, so I had to go on to Pachuca, leaving Brother Smith, who had gone to meet me, to make the journey alone.

Arriving at Pachuca I got a horse as quickly as possible and started for Tezontepec about four o'clock. I made good time till darkness overtook me about two leagues from the town. It was cloudy and so dark that I had great difficulty in keeping the road, and had to go very slowly. Finally I rode up to the chapel door just as they were singing the last hymn before the sermon. A boy took my horse and I went in, took a text and preached as best I could. After the preaching service held Quarterly

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Conference and after that had a little supper, and got to bed about eleven o'clock, a pretty tired itinerant.

Friday morning Brother Smith and I set out for Pachuca, arriving there at noon. As I have not ridden any for two or three months, these sixteen leagues were enough to bruise me up considerably, especially as I had a trotting horse. Held Quarterly Conference at the close of prayer meeting last night, and was busy yesterday afternoon and most of to-day in consultation with Brothers Smith and Salmans about Mission matters.

To-morrow morning early, I shall be on my way to Real del Monte, where I am to preach at nine o'clock in Spanish, and at one in English; then on to Omitlan for Spanish service at three, and back to Pachuca for Spanish preaching and communion at seven.

Monday afternoon, Brother Salmans and I go on horseback to Zinguilucan, where we are to hold opening services on Tuesday. Wednesday I will be on the way to Irolo, which I hope to reach by noon. All the friends here are well and the work is encouraging.

December 10.

Brother Smith met me in Irolo and accompanied me on this journey and was of great assistance to me. From Irolo we went to Xochihuacan, where we took horses for Acayuca, four leagues distant, arriving about six o'clock. We held service at night with a large number in attendance and were much encouraged by the interest manifested.

The next morning we rode to Tezontepec, five leagues further, held Quarterly Conference in the afternoon and a preaching service at night, which was also well attended. The following day we set out early for Tulancingo, thirteen leagues, reaching there at four o'clock, and held services in the newly fitted up chapel, an occasion of

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special interest to the brethren there as well as to ourselves.

Friday morning we left for Alfacayuca, five leagues, arriving at noon. We held a meeting at night and left there the next morning, going on to Pachuca, which we reached after a ride of six leagues, a good deal tired, much sunburned, and with our clothes badly used up.

MEXICO CITY, December 16, 1885.

I reached Miraflores Sunday, at eleven o'clock, preached and held Quarterly Conference, and after dinner started on horseback for Ayapango, arriving at half past four. Held meeting in the evening, visited the school the next morning, and went to Ameca to take the train at 1 P. M., getting back here at four.

I must finish the translation of the last chapter of Longking's Light to the Path to-night, and get material in order for the next issue of the Abogado. I shall be dreadfully busy these next two days, getting ready to start on Thursday to Salamanca, then on to Guanajuato and Leon on my fourth quarterly visit.

I feel like I am going on what is to be my last round up the country for a good while to come. Yet who can tell what the Conference and bishop may bring forth? I have a letter from Bishop Foster saying he will reach Guanajuato Saturday, the 19th, at which time I am to be there according to my plan. . . .

Bishop Foster arrived at the time he expected, and visited with Mr. Drees all the Mission stations to the north, before coming to Mexico City. He spent Christmas and the following days in Puebla, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Siberts, and went on December 30 to Pachuca, and thence to Mexico City, where Conference met the 14th of January.

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MR. AND MRS. DREES AT THE TIME OF THEIR DEPARTURE
FROM MEXICO

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CHAPTER XIII

(From my letter home)

MEXICO CITY, January 28, 1886.

Conference is over and we had an unusually pleasant and harmonious session. Very few changes were made, the principal one, however, affecting us more than any of the others. The Conference was divided into three districts: the Northern, including Leon, Guanajuato, and Queretaro, with Mr. Craver as presiding elder; the Southern, including Puebla and Orizava, with Mr. Greenman in charge; and the Central, including Mexico City, three or four smaller places, and Pachuca, for C. to superintend.

Some of the Americans and all the Mexicans objected to this arrangement, believing it was better to continue as last year, with but one district and C. in charge of it.

Bishop Foster stayed with us, and was a most delightful guest. Indeed, his visit was a blessing to all of us personally, as well as to the general work of the Mission. On Sunday, he preached his great sermon from the text: "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" General Jackson, the American Minister, and his wife were present and remained to the Spanish service afterward.

While we were at dinner the door bell rang, and the servant came ushering in General Jackson, who wished to see the bishop. He was evidently under such stress of emotion that he could scarcely speak. He said he only wished to take him by the hand and thank him for that

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sermon, that it was the most wonderful thing he had ever heard.

Conference closed Monday, and that night we had a farewell reception for the bishop, inviting only the members of the Conference, forty-five in number, Mexicans and Americans. All but one were able to come, and the evening proved to be a very enjoyable one.

We have been trying to find some one going to the States with whom we could send the little girl C. brought down from Zacatecas last November, but no one has seemed willing to take charge of her. As soon as Bishop Foster knew of it, he offered to take her with him, though she knows no English and he no Spanish.

When C. went to see Mr. Branniff, the president of the railroad, to ask for a pass for her to Vera Cruz, he took her with him, and Mr. B. not only gave a pass for her, but also one for C., and another for the bishop, and $5 besides "to buy candies" on the way home, he told her. The bishop, however, paid his own fare, and gave me the benefit of his pass; so C. and I went with them to Vera Cruz, saw them on board the steamer and arranged with the stewardess to take charge of the child and save the bishop all possible trouble with her. . . .

February 15.

C. has just bought to-day, for the W. F. M. S., a property around the corner from us, adjoining this building in the rear, for the orphanage, for $40,000. We cannot get possession of it until August, but it will belong to the Mission as soon as the papers are made out, which will be some time this week. Miss Le Huray and Mary Loyd are having a jubilee to-day, they are so pleased with their new acquisition.

Mr. Green, of the Presbyterian Mission, is home again, that is here in Mexico, and brought for the orphanage a

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present from some society in the States of a hundred and five sheets; but the Custom House officials in Paso del Norte seized them and Mary had to pay $70 in duties and fines. He also brought some dress goods for one of their missionaries, which cost three dollars in New York, and they charged nine dollars duties on that! This is the usual result of trying to have anything brought out from home. . . .

ZACUALTIPAN, June 2, 1886.

Brother Salmans and I have carried out our intention to remain here several days, and feel that we are well repaid. Sunday night we had our first service, with an attendance inside of about fifteen, and a number of attentive hearers outside. On Monday we spent the morning visiting two or three houses where our friends live, and in a prolonged interview with the Chief of Police, who received us with great kindness and talked very freely and cordially with us. He is an elderly man who served against the French and was made prisoner and carried to France.

In the afternoon we went with Herbert Rhett, a countryman of ours, who is in charge of an iron mine near here, to visit the iron works about a league down the gorge and 800 meters below the level of this place, and to a flour mill a little lower down. It was a pleasant ride and we enjoyed it very much. We got back in time to have supper before church. We had a little larger attendance than the night before.

Tuesday morning we went early, before five o'clock, to the river to bathe. The stream is a rocky, shallow one, where the water has worn holes in the living rock several feet deep, and here we bathed in the open air. The water was very cold and the bath quite invigorating. In the forenoon I settled accounts and made some arrangements

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with the local preacher, Espinoza, and wrote a communication to the authorities giving notice of the establishment of our church.

In the afternoon there was an arrival at the hotel in which I was much interested. It was that of an aged priest who came in from Molango, seven leagues distant. He was lodged in the room next to ours, and I soon found that he was the same priest with whom I had a long conversation some years ago, on the way from Orizaba to Puebla, and who called on me and attended one or two services in our church in the latter place. He recognized me and called me into his room, embracing me with great effusiveness.

He has resigned his parish and is on his way to Mexico City, expecting to travel through the interior and perhaps return to Spain. He assured me of his intention to call on us next week in Mexico City. I first met him in 1876. He is very liberal, very skeptical concerning the doctrines of his own church, but has continued in the priesthood from necessity, convenience, or habit, perhaps from all three.

We called on the Juez de Letras, Señor Morenas y Contreras, to whom Brother Salmans had a letter of introduction. He is a young man, speaks English, as does also his wife, and received us with great cordiality, insisting that we must dine at his house to-morrow. He knows Gamboa well, and once traveled with Miss Swaney from Pachuca to Mexico City. He has a very exalted opinion of Miss S.; says she is "very intelligent and very learned."

Our meeting at night was more largely attended than ever and a good deal of serious interest prevailed. I preached, and was drawn out to preach at considerable length. We closed at quarter past nine, but all sat down again, and did not seem at all anxious to leave the place. Indeed, Brother Salmans and I were the first to go out.

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In the afternoon one of the brethren came to ask us to go to his house to talk with his father, who is as yet unconvinced of the truth. We went and had an extremely interesting conversation with a very simple-hearted, gentle old man.

This is our last day here. We expect to get off at four o'clock, and if our horses stand the journey well we shall go through to Tulancingo by six or seven in the evening. We have three horses and shall use them in relays. The road is good, and the distance about sixty English miles. I hope to go to Alfajayuca Saturday afternoon, on to Real del Monte Sunday morning, to Pachuca in the evening, and home again on Monday!

(From my letter home)

Washington's birthday was celebrated here this year by the laying of the corner stone of the new American Hospital, in which we are all greatly interested. It is located just in the edge of the city, on the road to Tacuba, but some distance from any line of street cars and in the midst of green fields and woods. A more suitable place could not have been found.

Both the American railroads gave their employees a holiday, and many of them were present at the exercises. A large tent or awning was put up, with seats for the ladies, refreshments were served, and it was made a very pleasant as well as an interesting occasion.

The English as well as the American residents here have long realized the great need of such an institution and are very enthusiastic over it, and disposed to do all they can to make it what it should be.

Mr. Jones, a missionary from Bulgaria, is spending a few days with us. He had to leave there on account of his health, and was advised to try the climate of Mexico. Unfortunately, he has not improved, although he went

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for a while to Cuautla, which is much warmer and much lower than Mexico City. As he found he was failing rather than gaining, he decided to go back home, and is now on his way there, expecting to sail by the next steamer for New Orleans. He hopes to get a position in Claflin University.

He is bright and cheerful and never complains; is very earnest and interested in his work and anxious to return to it. He has decided, however, that he will have to give up that idea for another year, but hopes in the meantime to be able to do something in the South. It is pathetic to hear him talk about it and in such a hopeful way, for no one else thinks he will ever see Bulgaria again.

(From my letter home)

July 25, 1886.

We are just home from a delightful trip to Morelia and Patzcuaro, on the Mexican National Railroad. We left here early Monday morning, a party of seven, the guests of Mr. Webb, the auditor of the company. We took a large basket of provisions, and the porter carried a spirit lamp and cooked eggs and made coffee, so that we had lunch whenever we wanted it, and dined at the stations where there were restaurants, telegraphing our orders in advance of our arrival.

The country through which this road passes is like some parts of our own country, with beautiful plains and valleys and slopes, smooth and green as a well-kept lawn, and whole fields of yellow and purple and white wild flowers.

We reached Morelia, the largest city on the road, about nine o'clock that night and spent the night there, sleeping on or in our own private car, which was most convenient and comfortable. The next day we went on to Patzcuaro, the present terminus of the road, 275 miles

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from Mexico City. The town is two miles or more from the railroad station, and we walked up there, visited the churches and other places of interest, and then, seeing a diligence about to start in that direction, got seats on top of it and had a beautiful view of the lake and the whole country round about as we went back.

The next morning we went across the lake to a little Indian town, which we found quite interesting. We went in an immense sail boat, large enough to hold a hundred people, and coming back the wind fell and they had to resort to the oars, so that we were an hour and a half on the return voyage, instead of half an hour.

At two o'clock we started back to Morelia, arriving there at five. We had time to go up town, visit the cathedral and other interesting places before supper, and in the evening went to the park. Thursday we spent most of the day in the Alameda, a large, neglected park in the edge of the city, but such a lovely old place that we were loath to leave it.

We had one more pleasant, comfortable night in our unusual quarters, and early the next morning started on our return journey, reaching home at eight o'clock that evening. The whole week was most enjoyable and the outing did us a world of good.

(To his mother)

MEXICO CITY, September 18, 1886.

We have just passed through the festivities with which the Mexican Independence Day, September 16th, is celebrated. A serenade and felicitation to the President on the 14th; parades of schools and working men during the day on the 15th, with the so-called "Grito" at night. This last ceremony is the commemoration of the decisive act of Hidalgo who, at dead of night in the town of Dolores, caused the church bells to be rung and, going out on the

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balcony of his house, raised the cry of "Viva la Independencia!"

So it is customary to have a public meeting on the night of the 15th, with music and popular addresses up to the memorable hour when the Declaration of Independence is read and the chief official of each place takes the flag and, waving it, raises the cry, "Viva la Independencia!"

The great day, of course, is the 16th, with its memorial services in the "Cemetery of Illustrious Men," with its civic and military parade, its public concert in the grand plaza and, this year, with a ball in honor of the President, which was attended by more than three thousand people, and is said to have cost $70,000. The ball room was fitted up in the School of Mines, the whole of the great court being built over at the level of the second floor and covered with a canvas roof, the entire place being most handsomely decorated.

I went to Miraflores the afternoon of the 15th, to be present at the celebration held by our school there. After our program had been rendered, we marched to the tent where the village was to celebrate the occasion, and listened to a speech, followed by singing and fireworks. The affair did not come to a close till midnight. I came back to Mexico City the morning of the 16th, and our church and the Episcopalian Mission had an enthusiastic celebration in our large audience room in the afternoon.

I go this afternoon to Ayapango to stay till Monday, and the last of next week must go to Pachuca and thence to Zacualtipan, a long journey on horseback. . . .

ZACUALTIPAN, October 28, 1886.

Brother Salmans and I got up at five o'clock Tuesday morning, hoping to get under way by six, but were delayed in getting our horses properly saddled and our immense bundles suitably arranged, so that it was nearly

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seven when we finally started. As soon as we got up the mountain a little way, we found the wind quite cold and soon were enveloped in the clouds and had to get out our rubber blankets, which we did not remove till we reached Atotonilco, El Grande, twenty miles from Pachuca.

We stopped half an hour at Omitlan and from there to Atotonilco we rode over a very bad road in the midst of a cold driving rain. When we reached here and had gotten a little dinner, it was still so cold and rainy, and I was feeling so uncomfortable with wet clothes and a headache, that we concluded to go no further that day. Toward night we got a good sized "brasero," and sending for a supply of charcoal soon had a good fire going in the "zaguan" with the outer doors closed, and at last got thoroughly dried and warmed.

There was a poor old Indian woman who, with her son, had traveled many miles in the rain that day and was soaked to the skin. They were too poor to take a room, and there she sat out of doors, shivering with cold. We had her draw up to our fire and dry all her clothes, till at last she was perfectly comfortable and began to nod over the fire. About nine o'clock she made her bed, by laying down on the rough stones of the courtyard the coarse bagging which formed the pack-saddle of one of her donkeys, and retired for the night, bestowing profuse blessings on us, in the name of Heaven and the Virgin, for the comfort of our fire.

The same afternoon we went to see Wesley's aunt. We knocked at the outer entrance and, getting no answer, pushed it open and went from door to door in the courtyard, till at last we heard a faint answer, and going in found the old lady had gone to bed with all her clothes on to keep warm. She seemed glad to see me and recalled all we had done for her nephews, the Vargas boys.

We got up before four o'clock Wednesday morning, and

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started on our way with hardly more than light enough to see the road, which was very heavy. The weather was foggy and cloudy, with a little rain till about nine o'clock. We reached Los Venados, at the bottom of the barranca at eleven o'clock, had a little *mole* and *frijoles*, and continued our journey, arriving here at five o'clock, after a ride of nearly forty miles.

We had meeting at seven o'clock and I preached. To-day I have been busy correcting copy for the next Abogado, and preached again to-night. The weather here is cold and foggy, and we have suffered positive discomfort. Last night, however, we got a charcoal fire again, and partially dried our bed clothes before we went to bed. You should have seen the steam come out of the blanket when I held it over the fire! Yet the boy said the bed clothes were not damp.

We shall stay here till Monday, and if the weather is favorable by that time, we will probably go farther on into the Sierra, to explore the country a little, and put the native preacher here on the track of some extension of his work. He is timid about undertaking to travel over new roads and going to new places. . . .

MEXICO CITY, November 10.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:

I have very strange and unexpected news to communicate to you to-day. It came yesterday evening, in the form of a cablegram from Bishop Warren, as the result of the action of the Board of Bishops. We have been so long in Mexico that we had begun to feel like we were fixtures here. The thought of transfer to another mission field had never crossed my mind except as a very remote and shadowy improbability; but it has become a very near and probable thing. The bishops at their late meeting

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unanimously agreed to request me to accept the superintendency of the South America Mission.

Ada was out when the message came, and the instant I glanced at its contents, the consequences all rushed over me like a flood that would carry me off my feet. What Ada would say, how her family and you both would feel about it, the breaking up of ties here, Galdino, the new and untried experiences in that distant field, all this and much more flashed through my mind in an instant.

When Ada came home a few minutes later and I broke the news to her, she bore it like the brave hearted woman she is. We have talked it all over, lying awake for hours last night and praying for guidance. We have looked at all sides of it as well as we have been able, in view of the necessity of an immediate reply. To every objection there seemed to be some ready answer which we were not at liberty to ignore.

Two or three years ago it might possibly have been something akin to disaster for me to have been removed. We had so many enterprises in their first stages and I had the lines so fully in hand, that it would have been difficult to hand them over to another. Now, however, the case is different. Most of our property enterprises have been successfully carried through. All financial matters are in a clear state of settlement, with no pecuniary responsibility to be borne by the Mission nor by any individual. My books and accounts are in such condition that I can hand them over at any hour.

The Mission is well developed in its organization, and administrative responsibility is so divided up, that one of us can slip out easily. Our Conference is organized, and no superintendent or single administrative head is needed. I believe a change, with infusion of new blood into this Mission, will probably be very beneficial. It will reawaken interest in it and care for it on the part of the

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authorities, and may lead to new methods and greater activity and success in the prosecution of the work.

The difficulties and embarrassments of undertaking new work in an old field where, as I have reason to believe, there have been unfortunate troubles among the missionaries, would have certainly prevented me from seeking such a change. The bishops must have had powerful reasons to induce them to agree unanimously upon so unusual a plan as this of transferring a missionary from one field to another so distant. As I do not know their reasons I cannot weigh them, and as a Methodist preacher, I cannot assume the responsibility of refusing my concurrence.

Nearly all the bishops know me personally, and at least five of those present at the late meeting have had personal knowledge and opportunity for direct observation of our work here. I am bound therefore to believe that they have taken into the account all the facts and interests at both ends of the line.

In my position I would not choose the South America work, but I am not at liberty to refuse it. The work will be hard and the responsibility great, but "it is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth," and the next ten or fifteen years, if I am spared, will be my time for yoke and burden-bearing. The best I have I would give to God and the church.

What we shall feel most keenly and what we fear will give you most pain, will be the much greater distance from home and the longer periods of separation from our loved ones. To this it is hard to find any answer except that the sacrifice seems to be required of us, and that we must seek for grace to offer it freely. Our Father will comfort your hearts and ours.

In view of all the facts involved as we see them, I have this morning telegraphed to Bishop Warren that we are ready to undertake any service the judgment of the

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bishops approves. I shall write them to-day calling their attention to some facts in the case, and leaving the way open for them to reconsider their action if they see fit. But so far as now appears, I suppose we will simply close up our affairs here, so as to be ready to start home immediately after Conference.

I hope we may spend the latter part of the winter and the early spring with you, before setting out on our long journey. We will let you know all the details as soon as we hear more at length from New York. If we go, I suppose we will live either in Buenos Aires or Montevideo. I cannot write all that is in my heart to-day. . . .

On November 16 another cablegram came from Bishop Fowler, confirming Mr. Drees's appointment to the superintendency of the South America Mission, and asking us to meet him at Huntsville, Ala., December 15. The bishop had just returned from South America, and it seemed very desirable, if not absolutely necessary, for us to see him and learn all we could of the conditions in that Mission, and get some idea of what awaited us there.

During the next two weeks we disposed of our furniture and other articles that we could not take with us, made all the preparations that such a change involved, and on December 2, 1886, the ninth anniversary of my arrival in Mexico, we set out on our long journey to that distant part of the world that was destined to be our home for many years.

The days were so few, and so many the demands in connection with final adjustments of official relations, that no farewell visits could be made except to Puebla, Mr. Drees's first charge, where we were received by our dear friends, the Greenmans, with whom we were so closely related in sympathy from their first arrival in Mexico, and especially after the Queretaro episode.

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Many of those who were the first converts of the Mission in Puebla were still there to bid farewell to their first pastor, and many were the tears that were shed. I confess to my full share in them, for I was greatly attached to these warm-hearted people and deeply touched by their evident grief at the thought of not seeing us again. A visit to the grave of Mr. Luders, our ever-to-be-remembered friend and associate, could not have been forgotten or omitted.

The missionaries and Mexican workers in general were not willing for us to leave without one last meeting, and instead of writing farewell letters, as many as could do so came to Mexico City and participated in the good-by reception which was given us by Mr. and Mrs. Butler. Many kind and appreciative words were spoken and tokens of affection bestowed upon us. Among these last were a valuable collection of Mexicana, works on the history of Mexico, presented to Mr. Drees with the suggestion that the donors wished him not to forget, in his new field of labor, the country to which he had given his first service.

To me were given a beautiful satin banner in the Mexican colors, with the national coat of arms handsomely embroidered in gold, and a bound volume of the Abogado Cristiano, in recognition of my help as proof reader and unappointed assistant editor. Of the letters received, a few will be given elsewhere, as recalling some of the kind messages which we so greatly appreciated.

Mr. Drees's last message to the people on the last Sunday evening we were in Mexico, was from Phil. 1. 27-29: *"Only let your manner of life be worthy of the gospel of Christ: that, whether I come and see you, or be absent, I may hear of your state, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one soul striving for the faith of the gospel; and in nothing affrighted by the adversaries; because to you it*

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hath been granted in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer on his behalf."

It was not easy for us to leave Mexico. We were bound to the country and to the people by a thousand ties, and as we drove out the last evening to say our adieux to various old friends who were not able to come to us, and as we looked for the last time on the beautiful snow-covered mountains which met our view in every direction, and which had come to be such familiar objects to us, it was with inexpressible regret that we turned our eyes away, and realized that our life and experiences in that picturesque and attractive land were a thing of the past.

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APPENDIX

THE DREES FAMILY

Tobias Drees, the father of Charles W., was born in Germany, in the Grand Duchy of Oldenberg, on February 19, 1819. When he was thirteen years old, the family, consisting of his grandfather, his father, with his stepmother, and the young children, of which Tobias was the eldest, emigrated to America.

They left Bremen in a sailing vessel bound for Baltimore, Md., where they landed in the spring of 1832. They knew no English, and the strangeness of their surroundings was enhanced by the presence of Negroes, the first they had ever seen. They at once began preparations for their journey West.

Taking their goods with them in a Conestoga wagon, they began their trip over the mountains, reaching Pittsburgh some forty days later. Here they remained several weeks, during which time Tobias served as bell boy in a hotel and, incidentally, learned enough English to be able to act as interpreter for the party. After this delay, they set out for Ohio, on board a flat boat; the river being very low, the boat often grounded and the passengers, as well as the crew, were obliged to wade into the water to free the boat.

At Cincinnati, they went ashore and drove across the country to Mercer County, where they settled on a small farm near the county seat, Saint Mary. After some months, the boy obtained his parents' consent to start out into the world for himself, agreeing to send home a part of his wages toward the support of the family. With

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his clothes tied in a handkerchief and swung over his shoulder on a stick, and his lunch wrapped in paper in his pocket, he set off toward Troy, O.

When he became hungry he sat down by the roadside to eat his lunch and, as he sat there and dreamed of his future, he pledged himself to a life of uprightness and honesty. These good resolutions were never forgotten, and not only contributed to his worldly success but, as he grew to be an old man, caused him to be looked upon by the younger generations as a veritable saint.

After various experiences he apprenticed himself, at the age of twenty-one, to a carpenter, and in 1842 moved with his employer to Xenia. Up to this time he had remained a Roman Catholic and, as there was no Catholic church either in Troy or Xenia, he made the journey on horseback, once every year, to Saint Mary, for the purpose of making confession and receiving the sacrament.

For several months he lived in the family of his employer. They were ardent Methodists, and prayer meetings were frequently held in their home. Tobias Drees was occasionally present, and was deeply impressed by these services. Convinced at last of the truth of the Protestant faith, he was finally led, not without severe mental struggles, to renounce Roman Catholicism, and united with the First Methodist Church of Xenia, of which he remained a devoted and honored member during the rest of his life.

One Sunday afternoon, soon after his arrival in Xenia, as he, in company with his employer, was walking along the country road south of the town, he saw a fair young girl across an open meadow, with a milk pail in her hand; whether it was a case of love at first sight we do not know, but at least he never forgot that first vision, and two years later, this young woman, Maria Hypes, became his wife.

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Her parents were Henry Hypes and Sarah Wright Hypes. The Hypes as well as Wright family removed from Fincastle, Va., to Xenia, O., in 1811. Their daughter, Maria, was born April 25, 1825. On December 31, 1846, she became the wife of Tobias Drees.

Mrs. Drees was a most capable woman, of usual intelligence, and great force of character. The modest home over which she at first presided was, from the beginning, a hospitable one, and later on, as their worldly goods increased, their home became the headquarters of the Methodist ministers who visited Xenia. A list of their guests would include the names of practically all the notable ministers of southern Ohio, and all the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church of that generation.

Mrs. Drees's generous nature is well illustrated by the following incident: While her children were still small, her mother, now a widow and in failing health, together with an aged aunt, became members of the household. A few months later, a carriage one day stopped at the door and deposited an old lady, a former neighbor. As Mrs. Drees came forward to meet her, she exclaimed: "Maria, you told me that if I ever wanted a home I could come to you," and, pointing to her baggage, she added, "and I've come." From that day until her death she remained as one of the family, cared for and nursed in illness with all sympathy and good will.

Of such noble-hearted parents, Charles W. Drees was born, September 13, 1851, their second child and eldest son.

A striking incident, characteristic of the boy, occurred when he was not yet twelve years of age. He and his elder sister were about to make a visit to a friend living in the country some distance from Xenia, a visit to which he had looked forward with lively anticipation and great pleasure.

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They took the train and arrived at the station where they were to wait for the carriage of their friend. During this interval, he received a strong impression, amounting to a conviction, that he was needed at home and must return at once. In spite of his own inclination and the natural remonstrances of his sister, he took the first train home.

On his arrival, a friend of the family, happening to see him, asked how his father was. Seeing that the boy knew nothing of the circumstances, he told him of a serious accident that his father had met with, over which the friend was much troubled. On reaching home, the little fellow found that his mother had, indeed, sore need of him, as she was alone in the house at the time, with the care of a young babe as well as her injured husband, and needed some willing feet to do her bidding.

It is a trivial incident, yet it throws light upon the growing character of the boy, so dependable in after life, who would give up a long anticipated pleasure because, in the language of early Methodism, "it was borne in upon him" that he was needed at home.

In the winter of 1863 a great revival broke out in Xenia, one of those spontaneous movements that undoubtedly owe their origin to the prayers of some of God's saints. It was in this revival that born of the Spirit which searches and vivifies even the heart of a child, a ray of light illumined him, and he then experienced for the first time the life of God in his soul.

His conversion at this early age, eleven years, determined his future and affected all his after life. In a letter, written to a favorite uncle at this time, he tells how he then felt the call to preach, and added: "If I ever do preach, my first text shall be: Quench not the Spirit." Seven years afterward he did, in effect, preach his first sermon from these words: "Quench not the Holy Spirit."

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At the Xenia high school the young student passed four busy years. Professor Ormsby was superintendent of the school during that time, but later went to England and took up his residence in London. Here, long years afterward, teacher and pupil met once more, and passed some happy hours together, talking over old days in Xenia, and the varied experiences which life had brought to each of them.

After graduation from the high school, he, in company with several fellow pupils who aspired to a college course, was permitted by the school board to take a year of post-graduate study, fitting them to enter the sophomore class. His chosen college was the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, O., in which he was matriculated in September, 1868, graduating therefrom in June, 1871.

COLLEGE LIFE

A college friend sends these reminiscences of their college days.

Many years ago I left my home in Cincinnati to go to college. I was a boy of eighteen and that was almost my first journey away from home. I had been a school boy all my life in my native city, and had just graduated at the Woodward High School. The college to which I was going was located in Delaware, O., a hundred and twenty-five miles north of Cincinnati, and twenty-five north of Columbus, the State capital.

My home had always been in the largest city of my native State, and the transition to a quiet little college town was very great. The college was the Ohio Wesleyan University, and was then, as it is to-day, one of the leading educational institutions in Methodism. The president was Dr. Frederick Merrick, a man whose godly life made a permanent impression upon every student.

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Next to him in position and influence was Dr. L. D. McCabe, white-haired even then, but full of the eloquence and fire of youth. There were also a number of other efficient teachers. To me, college life was entering upon a new world. In the city school I had been accustomed to a life of mechanical routine and the severest discipline, and the life at college I found very different. Three hundred young men, all away from home, were drawn together in a manner that was at once intimate and enjoyable.

The American Civil War had just closed, and a number of men who had been soldiers in that great struggle had entered the college to complete their education. The contrast between them, in their maturity, and myself and the body of youthful students was very great. Many of the students of that day later became very distinguished men, one reaching the high office of Vice-President of the United States; others became governors of great commonwealths, senators, judges, pastors, bishops, and many achieved distinction in realms of science, letters, and commerce.

My earliest recollections are associated with a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, a year younger than myself, whose name was Charles W. Drees. We were both expecting to enter the Christian ministry, and were congenial in all our tastes. It happened also that I was brought into a specially intimate relation to him, through becoming a member of the same Greek letter secret fraternity. After all these years, it seems only last night that in a darkened room, in a cottage home in this college town, Charley Drees was explaining the mystical meaning of the letters on the jeweled fraternity pin which I was to wear.

Three happy years were passed together. Charley was one of the most popular boys in the college, good natured, full of humor and a universal favorite with both professors and students. He was a thorough student and always mastered every subject. We graduated the same

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year and received our diplomas as Bachelors of Arts on the same summer morning in the year 1871. Later we entered the School of Theology of Boston University and both graduated from that institution. Then we separated to different fields of labor, and at last after many years, through his instrumentality, I was invited to become pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Buenos Ayres.

Of the delightful years of fellowship I have had with him since, it is not my purpose now to speak, these recollections being limited to our college days.

The following letter, written while in college, only a few weeks before commencement, gives a very clear idea of his views at that time.

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY,
DELAWARE, O., May 1, 1871.

DEAR FATHER:

I received by the noon mail a letter which determined me to write to you upon a subject which has a very important bearing upon my future. I begin to feel that it is important for me to mark out definitely what course I shall pursue immediately after leaving college, and of course you will have a great influence in determining what that course shall be.

I long ago decided that God called me to the work of preaching the gospel, and ever since I have been in college I have been shaping my studies with that end in view. Now that I am so near the close of my college course I feel more than ever the necessity for the most complete preparation for the work of the ministry that the advantages of our day afford in the way of theological schools as well as colleges. Time was when the Methodist preacher, with nothing but his Bible and the knowledge he could gain by his own unaided efforts, could attain

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the very highest success in persuading the people and in fighting with error.

But your own memory will convince you that there has been a very great change, and it is even now true and will, in the years to come, be still more manifestly true, that the most powerful men for good in the church are, and will be, those who have obtained the most thorough preparation for the work to which the Master calls them.

Looking at it in this light, I cannot feel that I should do right to settle down in the ministry without availing myself of the advantage of attending one of the theological schools. I expect to preach Christ, not for my own fame and worldly profit, but I believe I can conscientiously say, only for the sake of doing good. With this as my only object I cannot help feeling it to be my duty to arm myself fully before going into the battle of life.

Mother has probably told you of my desire to go to the Boston Theological School, and I have now tried to tell you my reasons for so desiring. But you must not think that I have depended alone on my own judgment in coming to this conclusion. I have too little confidence in my own judgment for that. I have asked advice from Uncle Will, and from some members of the faculty here, and they have all not only confirmed but also greatly strengthened me in my inclination.

Three courses seem to be open to me. The first is to enter the Conference next fall without going to a theological school. This would of course cut off all prospect of my ever being able to do so, for I could never hope to save enough money in the itinerant work to pay my expenses there. So that, in my present state of mind, I cannot enter upon that course. The choice then lies between the other two. Circumstances must of necessity be a factor in coming to a decision.

The first of these is to go to Boston next year. This of

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course depends upon your ability to advance me the money to pay my expenses, which would be in the aggregate $250 or $275 per year, that is, during term time which is about nine months. This would include clothing, traveling expenses, etc. It may be that it will be necessary for me to attend three years, but it is likely that I would be able to complete the course in two years. I have felt all along during my college course that I am a very heavy burden to you, and it has not been an agreeable feeling by any means. It is only with hesitation that I can bring myself to ask you to assist me or rather support me any further; for not only is it unpleasant for me to be any longer a burden to you, but if I felt that it would much embarrass you, or still more if I knew that it would prevent the other boys receiving just as good an education as I, I would feel that I was doing wrong if I accepted it at your hands. I feel that it would be greatly to my advantage to go to Boston next year, but if your affairs are such that you cannot do it without embarrassment, I will gladly withdraw my request. I hope you will think of the matter and let me know, as soon as you can determine it, just what I may expect.

If your decision should indicate that it would be best, I will take the third course. This is to obtain a position as teacher where I could earn money enough to carry me through the theological school. This brings me to the subject of the letter which I spoke of in the first place. This letter is from a friend of mine in Louisiana, in which he states that he can procure me a situation as teacher in the public school of some town in that State, at a salary of one hundred dollars a month, equivalent to a thousand dollars a year, if their school year is ten months. As the State is probably pretty thoroughly reconstructed, I believe I could go there with perfect safety; and in this way in two, or at most three years, I could save money enough

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to carry me through the Boston school. If I took this last plan, I should join the Louisiana Conference, teaching during the week, and doing missionary work on Sunday. This is now the plan of our church in that State. I can adjust myself easily to this work.

I submit all these plans to you, and hope to hear soon of your decision with regard to them.

Your loving son,

C. W. DREES.

That his parents were in hearty sympathy with his aspirations, and willing to help in every way to further his plans for carrying them out, is evidenced by the fact that he entered upon his studies in the theological school in Boston the following year. His first letter after his arrival is dated September 11, 1871.

DEAR MOTHER:

As nearly as possible, according to promise, I sit down this afternoon to tell you of our journey. After getting upon the train Thursday night, we found not only John Van Cleve, but also Davis Clark, thus adding another to our company. The cars were very much crowded and some of our fellow travelers were rather noisy, so that what with crowding and noise, I slept scarcely any all night.

Waiting about an hour at Columbus, we proceeded to Pittsburgh, arriving there too late to make connections, and discovering that we should have to wait five long hours, till six o'clock. You may imagine this made me feel rather uncomfortable, as I knew that it would disarrange all our plans and put us into Boston after night. Riding all night in a full car, catching now and then an unsatisfactory nap, we arrived in the city of Brotherly Love about three quarters of an hour behind time. Four

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of our party succeeded in jumping upon the train for New York after it had begun to move. Our baggage and one of our party were left behind, but came on after us in a special train. After jolting along on the rough Camden and Amboy road all the morning, we got into New York about noon. Here we were swindled by New York hackmen to the amount of one dollar!

Hurrying from the ferry to the New Haven depot, we got there just in time for the train. Brother Higgins, having his baggage checked through, got on the train and went on. Cheney went over to Brooklyn to stay over Sabbath. Van Cleve and I had to wait three hours till Clark and our baggage should come. Finally our eyes were cheered by Clark's appearance and, hastily checking our baggage, we left New York at three o'clock. We supposed Brother Higgins would reach Boston in advance of us; but when we came to Springfield, he walked into our car and smilingly told us that he had missed connection and had been forced to wait for us there. A reunited party, we plunged on in the darkness till we reached here, after midnight.

Leaving the depot we started to walk, we scarcely knew whither. Our steps were, I believe, providentially directed, for we went by the shortest route directly to the door of the seminary, when neither of us knew in the slightest measure how to find it. We rang the night bell, but could not rouse anyone. Walking on about a square, we stumbled upon the Tremont House, where we stayed all night and to breakfast, for which we paid the exorbitant price of $2.75!

I am as yet very much unsettled, but hope to be and feel more at home here shortly.

With much love,

Your son,

CHARLEY.

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The next letter is written September 13 to his mother:

The former treatise wrote I unto thee, O best of mothers! to advise you briefly of my journey—some of its mishaps and catastrophes—and finally of its conclusion. When I had finished that letter a great many things came up in my mind that I thought I ought to have written, but I consoled myself with the thought that I would soon write again, and remember to include them.

Since Sunday morning I have been taking my meals at a restaurant just across the street, at the rate of from eighteen to thirty-five cents per meal. However, in an hour or two, I shall test the virtues of a seminary club arrangement, as it begins operations with this evening's supper. I have some misgivings with regard to this club arrangement, but I suppose they will prove groundless.

I have no doubt you will like to know something about my room, etc. I live in a room in the fourth story of a fine stone front building on Bromfield Street, in the Hub of the universe. This room of mine is of rather a peculiar shape, being between seven and eight feet wide, by about twenty-five feet long. So you see when I want to take a long walk in one direction, I can do so without leaving my room. Indeed, it is quite a promenade from end to end of it. Mine is one of three rooms made by running two partitions through a room which was originally almost square. In one end is a large window reaching almost entirely across it, in the seat of which I am now writing. At the other end is a door leading into a lobby which opens into the main corridor.

The furniture of the room is as follows, namely: 1 iron bedstead; 1 dilapidated washstand; 1 looking glass; 2 rickety chairs; 2 small leaved tables; 2 book shelves. In addition to these, there is an extemporized clothes press, made by putting up two boards in the corner with a strip, with four double hooks inside, and chintz curtains hang-

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ing in front to keep out the dust. The steam register is in one corner near the window. We find furnished for the bed a mattress, by no means soft, two pillows of chicken feathers, two thin comforts, and a bedspread.

I must not forget to mention in this connection "sister" Blye, the matron. She is an "ancient maiden lady," who has a mission in the world. She has been matron to the seminary for five years, and seems well adapted to the position. She received us very kindly last Sunday morning, made us feel at home, and as our trunks had not arrived, furnished us bed linen and towels from her own store until ours came.

The seminary began its session this morning with good attendance. The professors are very pleasant, kind men, rather younger than I expected to find them. The students are all very friendly and sociable, and I expect, before the year shall have expired, to have formed very many pleasant associations and to have gained many new and lasting friends.

I have just returned from my first meal at the seminary club. We had cold bread, warm bread, butter and molasses, with tea or water to drink, and pears for dessert. I shall quit tea as it is charged extra for.

(To his father)

BOSTON, October 14, 1871.

MY DEAR FATHER:

I address this letter to you because I want to write more particularly about our seminary than I have yet done. I have written before of our location right in the business center of the city, and of our being within a few minutes' walk of the places of greatest interest. I don't know whether I have written particularly about our boarding arrangements. All the students are formed into

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a club, electing, besides other suitable officers, a commissary, who does the buying, and a treasurer who manages the finances. Provisions are bought in quantities, and several women are hired to attend to the cooking. Assessments are made at the close of each month, covering the exact cost. This amount is divided on the basis of the number of meals each student has taken, three or more absences occurring in succession being deducted. The assessment for the first month was made last Wednesday, and was twelve cents per meal. My bill for the month was $10.31. For this amount we obtain a very good board, having enough variety to make it acceptable. Washing is done at cost.

We come now to the seminary proper. There are four regular chairs of instruction. Systematic Theology, filled by W. F. Warren, D.D.; Historical Theology, Dr. Latimer; Exegetical Theology, Dr. Lindsey; and Practical Theology, Dr. Townsend. Besides these, there are some other provisions made for the study of other branches, such as German. The instruction in all the regular departments is wholly by lectures, with the exception of Dr. Lindsey's department, which includes Hebrew and Greek.

The student is required to take note of these lectures; in some, to take every word that falls from the lips of the professor, and in others, simply to note the principal points; but in every case, he is expected to take sufficient notes to give him a thorough basis for his knowledge of the subject treated of. Text books are used only by way of reference, and are not brought into requisition in any case in the lecture room. While this method, in many respects, makes the student's work more laborious, it still possesses many advantages over the old method.

In the department of Systematic Theology, our work thus far has been to gain a general view of theological

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study, with its branches and related sciences introductory to the study of the particular departments. In Historical Theology, we have taken a general view of the department, and spent ten lectures on the life of Jesus. In Exegetical Theology, Hebrew grammar, and Greek Testament, and in Practical Theology, we are in the preparatory course of lectures; each student is required to prepare a thesis or conversation on a topic in sacred rhetoric, and once a week to present a report and criticism of the sermon he heard the preceding Sabbath. In Professor Latimer's department, also, each student is assigned a topic in sacred history, to work up independently. This is the present work of the class to which I belong. Dr. Warren is also giving us a very interesting course of lectures on Christian Missions.

Since I have been here, I have been convinced more fully than ever that I would have suffered an almost irreparable loss had I postponed coming till next week. Our professors are all comparatively young men, just the men for their positions, and more than that, are very earnest and active in their piety and zeal for the Master's cause. We have already had one course of lectures extraordinary before the seminary by Dr. Wentworth, on China. The next course comes the week after Thanksgiving, by Dr. Samuel Harris, of the Yale Divinity School. These courses are daily lectures at twelve o'clock, in Wesleyan Association Hall, provided specially for the students. Such is a general view of the intellectual work laid out for the student; but it is not all.

I inclose a copy of the rules of the institution, from which you will see that mere professional study and intellectual qualifications are regarded here as secondary, in real importance, to a true preparation for the work of the ministry, to the cultivation of those graces which manifest themselves in piety toward God and love for the

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souls for whom Christ died. When I say that in the working of the seminary, this is not a lifeless theory, but a living truth enforced each day, by prayer, precept, and example, I mean all that those words can convey.

We have now about eighty students, of whom one third are absent each Sabbath, preaching all through this portion of the State. I am told that Methodism is extending her borders very rapidly here, that new charges are springing up in considerable numbers and this largely through the influence of the seminary.

I write to-day, as I am to go out of the city at four o'clock, to spend the Sabbath at West Chelmsford, thirty or forty miles from here.

Give my love to all, and write soon to your affectionate son,

CHARLES W. DREES.

The first public event of special importance occurring at the close of this school year, was the great Peace Jubilee, celebrated in Boston in the month of June, 1872, of which he gives a brief account:

BOSTON, June 21, 1872.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

When I last wrote on Friday, I meant surely to do so again in a very few days, but Monday brought all the work, excitement, and weariness of the Jubilee, so that my time during the day has been greatly occupied, and at night I have been so weary that a week has gone by and as yet no letter written. I shall be heartily glad when the Jubilee is over, for while I enjoy it immensely, I find it very wearing, and long to settle quietly down to my work.

I have been chorus usher every afternoon this week from 2 to 7 P. M. Two days I have spent the whole time from half past eight in the morning till seven at night at

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the Coliseum, on my feet nearly all the time, running here and there to keep the singers in order, having trouble with refractory ones now and then, and being obliged to summon a policeman to take in hand some violent man or woman. Persons of all kinds, with every imaginable complaint and question come, thinking that the usher ought to be able to know every thing, manage every thing, and clear up every difficulty. Imagine fifty or sixty ushers to twenty thousand people and you can form some conception of what a task it was. Later I will write something of the Jubilee, now I can only say that the music is grand, soul-stirring, and altogether indescribable in its effects.

The first thing on Monday's program was Old Hundred, to the hymn, "From all that dwell below the skies." Men and women were affected to tears; I never experienced such an elevating sensation. Every nerve seemed to quiver as the grand old hymn rolled up from twenty thousand human voices, the thousand tongued orchestra, the immense organ, and the booming cannon.

(A week later)

The Peace Jubilee still continues, and is, of course, the all-absorbing object of thought and interest. Grant was present on Tuesday afternoon, and for the first and only time, the vast Coliseum was crowded to its utmost capacity; approximately seventy thousand people were in the building. To-day it is understood that the would-be President, Horace Greeley, honors the Jubilee with his presence. I doubt whether he will be the occasion of much enthusiasm. To-morrow will be Gilmore's benefit.

The chief and universal enthusiasm of the multitude centers about Madame Leutner, the German Prima Donna, the universal verdict places her far ahead of Nilsson or Parepa Rosa. Her powers of vocalization are simply mar-

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velous, filling the auditorium, so that every note can be heard in the most distant portions; she reaches the highest notes with the greatest apparent ease. As to military band music, the French band seems to carry the day; but enough of the Jubilee for this time.

(To his mother, from Boston, on his coming of age)

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I feel as though I ought to write a letter home to-night. It is not, however, so much this feeling of obligation which leads me to do so, as the feeling that it will really do my heart good to talk to you a little on paper. I wish, if it might be, that I could see your face and talk to you by word of mouth; but as that is impossible, I can only call up your face and, in imagination, keep it before me while writing.

As you no doubt remember, to-day is my birthday; I am twenty-one to-day. This date serves to remind me strongly of the great goodness God has shown me in a thousand ways. My feeling to-night, as I stand upon the dividing ridge between youth and manhood, is one of profound gratitude and praise to God, to whom I offer a renewed consecration of my whole being. I do rejoice that, poor and unworthy as the offering is, he yet accepts it and fills me with his love; praise him forever!

We have at last passed through the opening exercises of the new school year, my second in the seminary. Wednesday morning came the love feast, and the enrollment of new students; in the afternoon the graduating exercises of last year's class, and the baccalaureate address. Thursday the alumni excursion to Plymouth Rock, and in the evening the address by Dr. Briggs, which highly delighted the audience. He seemed to remember me, and talked very pleasantly.

This morning the long expected examinations took

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place; they passed without serious damage to any one. On Monday real serious work will begin. Four of my former fellow students from Delaware have arrived.

My chum for this year is to be Brother Leseman; he will be away every week from Friday till Monday, a feature of the case which I very much approve, since during that time I shall have sole possession of the room.

Trusting that I shall hear from you soon, and with very much love, Your son,

C. W. Drees.

Boston, October 31, 1872.

My dear Mother:

Several days have passed beyond my usual time for writing. I cannot describe how rapidly the time passes. At the end of the week I can hardly recall what has been done as it passed; possibly the reason is that I am so busily occupied and so happy in my work. Not that many little matters do not try and perplex me, but among them all I find a sure refuge and strong consolation in my Saviour.

We have had some rain for the last two weeks, and it is still continuing, but on the whole, the autumn has been delightful, with its clear cool days, so invigorating. Now winter begins to make itself felt. Frost has stripped the trees on the Common; the plank walks are being laid, houses fortified against the approaching cold, etc.

Every fine morning a number of us play football for an hour on the public playground in the Common; our contests are very exciting, and we find the exercise very beneficial to circulation and digestion, though accompanied by the inevitable tired limbs, sore joints and so on.

No doubt you have heard of the ravages of the epizooty or horse distemper in this city. So many of the horses are sick, that last Sabbath no horse cars, nor in-

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deed scarcely a horse was to be seen; naturally this made the day a very quiet one. I wish more were like them in this particular. On Monday, as few horses were out, many amusing expedients were resorted to for necessary transportation; ox teams were seen, and men drew wagons; even some horse cars were drawn over from South Boston by men, the employees of the company. Now, however, the horses are gradually recovering, and soon this, which strikes me as almost an Egyptian plague, will be forgotten.

Political excitement runs high; last night witnessed a magnificent torch light procession, several miles in length, a Grant and Wilson demonstration.

John B. Gough delivered one of his characteristic lectures to-night; subject, "Circumstances." . . .

BOSTON, November 12, 1872.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

Before this you will have seen some account of the great fire which broke out here Saturday evening. It has been a fearful calamity, the losses of which cannot now be estimated; the very heart of the city is one mass of ruins. Probably no other area of equal size in any part of the town could be burned, where the losses would, in any degree, approximate the actual losses by this fire. Nearly all the wholesale houses have been destroyed; buildings of granite structure that one would think could have defied any combination of the elements; but the breath of fire enveloped them, and they are gone.

All along Washington Street the fire raged at its height, and came within half a square of our building; for some hours it seemed as if we, too, were to be involved in the catastrophe, so, about one o'clock Sunday morning, the students began hastily moving their effects over to the Common. The scene that ensued is not easily de-

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scribed: trunks, furniture, books tied up in bed-clothing, boxes, barrels, mattresses, all had to be carried down three flights of stairs, placed in wagons, which we were fortunate enough to secure, and hauled to the place of deposit. There were fifteen or twenty large wagon loads, perhaps more. Two thirds of the students being absent at their Sunday's engagements, those of us that were here had to move their property too; I wonder how it was all accomplished! During the rest of the night and all day Sunday, we had to mount guard over our goods, that they might not be stolen. A friend or two helped me to carry my books, tied up in sheets and quilts, to the house of an acquaintance on Temple Street, who had kindly asked me to go there in case of necessity.

Late Sunday afternoon, the danger appearing to be over, began the work of bringing back our goods, and by sundown the huge mass of chattels lay piled up in dire confusion in the hall on the ground floor of the building. Sunday night we appointed a watch, and slept with the possibility of being awaked at any moment, to escape once more from the flames. The fire did break out afresh about midnight, but the danger passed by. I can explain our escape in no other way than by a direct interposition of Providence; for no hand could have stayed the flames at Washington Street. Had they crossed we must have been burned out.

Yesterday was another day of hard work; to-day I am sore in every joint, and hardly able to move about. The expenses of the fire to me will be very small, perhaps two dollars; besides which I shall probably have to buy a new pair of pants.

With much love, and gratitude to God for my present safety, I am, dear mother,

Affectionately your son,

C. W. D.

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December 7.

The Thanksgiving recess has passed away pleasantly. Early in the morning we played football on the Common; at 10.30 attended the annual Methodist love feast in Bromfield Street Church; took dinner and spent most of the afternoon at the house of a friend in Chester Park, and in the evening heard William Morley Punshon lecture. The annual love feast, held on Thanksgiving, is an institution long established here; the meeting this year was a very profitable one. The subject of Mr. Punshon's lecture was "The Men of the Mayflower," the finest lecture I have yet heard on a Boston platform. It abounded in periods whose eloquence one seldom hears equaled; there were some home thrusts of evangelical truth, especially appropriate to a Boston audience. It is hoped they will bear some fruit.

Such was my Thanksgiving day as to its outward enjoyments; the day, however, brought with it causes and sources of a deeper joy than could spring from these outward surroundings. My heart was filled with thanksgiving to my heavenly Father for his goodness to me during the year; for the great changes in my religious experience early in the year, when I was enabled to give up all for Christ and, in simple trust, begin to realize the fullness of Jesus' love; for the fulfillment to me, as I have by faith accepted them, of the "exceeding great and precious promises"; for the gift of the Comforter, to work out in me the Father's will, and lead me in the right way. To these causes, let me add that of God's goodness in the summer, which, beginning with what seemed hardness, has worked out my very great spiritual good; and thankfulness for the patience of my father and mother, whose kindness has provided me with all things needful. You see what a catalogue of mercies has been mine. They make me feel my unworthiness, and the obligation to

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yield myself and my all to the service and the will of God. . . .

(In March of the following year, 1873, he writes)

Miss Sarah Smiley, the preacher, has been in the city this week, preaching every night in the Warren Avenue Baptist Church. A prophet of the Lord she certainly is. Her manner is modest, dignified, and womanly; her voice sweet and musical; her teaching clear, simple, and wonderful in its insight into the Scriptures. Great power attends her preaching, and has led many into abiding union with Christ. Perhaps from what I say, you will think me a convert to woman's preaching. Well, I do not think that it can or ever will be general, nor perhaps is it desirable; but when the Lord does raise up women such as these, and sends them out to preach, the church has no right to frown upon them because they are women. The Head of the church surely is able to order all this in wisdom!

Our students not regularly employed have organized into bands for mission work, in the city and vicinity. Last Wednesday, the one with which I am connected went to a little place in the suburbs, where we had an excellent meeting; so good was it that we expect to return tomorrow, confident of the Lord's blessing.

BOSTON, April 7, 1873.

MY DEAR FATHER:

I write this morning to ask your advice in a matter of some importance to me and which I think will be of no little interest to you and mother. It is in regard to my taking a charge for the year intervening between the present and the time of my graduation next spring.

I have preached the last two Sundays at North Easton, under the direction of the presiding elder. The place was

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left to be supplied at the late session of the Providence Conference. The people all seem very anxious to have me remain with them for the year, and now the responsibility is thrown upon me to decide what I must do. I desire to do just what is my Master's will in the matter, and I think you will concur in that. I feel, however, that before pledging myself in any way, I must tell you about it, and ask how you feel with regard to it. I suppose you have all been expecting me to be at home this summer. You can hardly have been looking forward to it with the same degree of pleasure that I have. It will be a little hard for me to lay aside so suddenly all my anticipations of a long visit home, and yet, if that is the path of duty, I must follow it.

I have often thought about preaching next year, and while it will add a good deal to my work and require some sacrifices on my part, yet there are some good reasons why I should accept work should an opportunity offer. It would probably enable me to meet and, by God's help, to conquer some difficulties, which I must meet sooner or later. It would give me some practical experience, which will be of benefit to me when I enter Conference. It will save three months' time for the Master. For, if I spend this summer at home, I will also be compelled (not unwillingly, to be sure) to spend next summer in comparative inactivity.

If, however, I spend this summer in work, I will still have one long vacation before Conference time, to spend at home next summer. So, by taking this work, I will save all this summer. I can also have a vacation of two or three Sabbaths in July when I can go home, if you want me to.

As to the pecuniary aspect of the case, I hardly feel like speaking of it, for I know you will not let that influence you a great deal. My salary will be at least

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$400, and perhaps $500, enough to pay all necessary expenses.

These are the chief things that influence my own mind, and now I shall withhold my decision till I hear from you. Let me hear from you as soon as possible.

His parents gave their hearty approval to this plan, and he was at once installed as pastor of this charge, continuing with the care of it until he left the seminary, the following April. In July he made a brief visit home, returning by way of Landisville, where a camp meeting was being held, and spending a day or two there.

NORTH EASTON, August 4, 1873.

I wrote you a note from Landisville, telling of my safe arrival and kind reception. To my surprise, I met there half a dozen or more friends and acquaintances from New England, among them Amanda Smith, who came up to shake hands with me at the close of the early morning meeting. She is not going to the camp meeting of the colored people at Xenia, as there is some uncertainty of its continuance for the present. I attended meetings all day Wednesday. Dr. and Mrs. Lowry gave me an invitation to sleep in their tent that night, which I did, occupying it in company with John Bent, of Boston, and Rev. Isaac M. See, a Presbyterian clergyman from New Jersey.

Next morning, notwithstanding pressing invitations to remain, it seemed better to continue my journey, so I took the train at ten o'clock, and at night, the Fall River boat for Boston. With a blanket and mattress on the upper deck I slept soundly, and reached the seminary in the morning, coming on out here in the afternoon. On Saturday I was greatly helped of God in preparing a sermon, and on Sunday in preaching it, from Rev. 22. 17, but fear it may have been too long. Should I ever have a wife, I hope she can and will criticize me and help me to

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correct and keep out of bad habits; I feel the need of a judicious Censor. . . .

(To his mother)

September 15, 1873.

I am once more ensconced in my old room and fully engaged in the work of the seminary. It is likely that Sunday work, together with school duties, will give me all I can do and more. There is much that is exciting in the reopening of the seminary; meeting with old classmates after months of separation, and listening to what each has to relate of interest in his vacation, becoming acquainted with new students, the greetings of professors, the assignment of work, and entrance upon new duties, which open up every day unexplored regions that invite our willing feet.

The thought that this is my senior year brings into prominence the near future, still so shadowy and uncertain.

Saturday was my twenty-second birthday, of which you will not have been unmindful, but I shall not indulge here in any of those reflections so natural in connection with such epochs, but will only say that I am hoping for strength and vigor for what awaits me. . . .

In October he writes: Our class is now having drill exercises with Professor Monroe, the head of the School of Oratory; we go into the Bromfield Street Church, and at each recitation some member of the class delivers a prepared address, on some topic related to church work. This is then subjected to the criticism of the class, of Professor Townsend, and of Professor Monroe, which is quite an ordeal to the speaker. My turn came this afternoon. I should much prefer to preach before a full audience than to these twenty young men and their professors, who are

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marking every tone, and accent, and gesture for the express purpose of dissecting them. However, I came off better than I expected, and feel that the ordeal did me good. . . .

(To his father)

March 7, 1874.

Next Friday our examinations occur, after which I shall have finished my connection with the seminary. Naturally, I think much of my future work and wonder where it will be, for there is much uncertainty about it as yet. There are some intimations of an appointment to the Mexico Mission, growing out of the fact that I studied Spanish last year with others, whose names were sent to the Mission Rooms. I pray, and ask your prayers, for guidance in finding the right place and work for the Master. . . .

Boston, March 18.

My dear Parents:

You will remember a rumor I mentioned in my last letter that I might be appointed to Mexico. Since then the matter has taken more definite shape, and the question is now to be decided whether or not I will go. Perhaps I ought to give you a history of the way in which this has come to pass. When the Spanish class was formed, eighteen months ago, I felt a desire to join it, though I had no definite intention of becoming a missionary. It was needful for the organization of the class that at least five should express a willingness to become missionaries.

When Dr. Warren put the question, I told him just how I felt at that time; that I desired and was willing to go wherever God and the church most needed me, but that I could not pledge myself to go to a Spanish-speaking country. He replied that in studying the language, I would place myself under no obligations, and with that

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understanding I entered the class. Dr. Warren, it seems, sent my name to the Mission Rooms, as one of the Spanish class about to graduate.

The secretaries then sent a form of blank recommendations to be filled out and signed by the faculty and presiding elder, which, if satisfactory, would make my appointment sure, as another man was needed in Mexico.

The appointment is not of my seeking; indeed, as far as my preference is concerned, I should choose to be nearer home, but I want to decide the question in such a way as to please God and get most glory to his name. Now what I want to know is: are you willing to give me to the Lord for this work, trusting him to take care of my life and make me useful? As far as my own impressions of duty are concerned, after praying over the matter I feel as though I ought to enter this open door.

A speedy decision is necessary, as the steamer in which John Butler sails from New York, leaves on the 25th of April, and I would be expected to go at that time. You are, no doubt, aware that his father, Dr. William Butler, is superintendent of the Mexico Mission. . . .

BOSTON, March 23, 1874.

MY DEAR PARENTS:

I feel as though I have a very difficult task to perform this morning in writing as I must. I wrote the inclosed letter last Wednesday, but felt a great hesitation in sending it, and so waited, hoping to receive a letter from you that might give me some light. Friday I had a letter from Dr. Eddy, saying that they had received sufficient recommendations, and that I was appointed. An immediate decision was necessary, and yet I hardly knew how to make it without consulting you. But I remembered a letter of mother's, written some time ago, in which she said in substance that she would not wish to deter me in

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the path of duty. Though I knew it would be hard for her, I felt sure that she would have strength to accept my decision. I laid the whole matter before God that night, and waited long to know his will. The result is that, with the light I now have, I feel it my duty to accept the appointment, and go at the time set for Brother Butler's departure, April 25. I shall see Dr. Eddy this week and talk with him, and if anything should occur in God's providence, to change this decision, I shall most gladly accept it. If not, I shall be ordained deacon and elder next Sunday, at the Providence Conference, and reach home by the middle of next week, April 1 or 2. I shall have at least three weeks at home.

My dear father and mother, the hardest thing I have had to get over in this decision, has been the disappointment to our hopes of being not far separated. I have been greatly strengthened from above, or I could not have done it. I have God's promise that you, too, shall have grace sufficient.

We must not forget the bright features of this decision. Mexico is only two weeks' distant from home, and may soon be brought much nearer by increased facilities for communication. We can exchange letters every three weeks. I feel great consolation because you have all the other children near you, and I know they will be a comfort and joy to you. It is a grand work to which I go and, by God's blessing and strength, I hope to be very useful in it. I should like to have a letter from you before I start for home. I think I might receive one even if it were mailed as late as Friday. With much love to all,

Your son,

C. W. DREES.

Nothing occurred to change the decision, and the plans outlined in this letter were carried out as arranged.

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On his departure from the seminary a farewell supper was given in his honor by a few of his most intimate friends. An account of it appeared in the Western Christian Advocate of the following week, for which we are indebted to Rev. Davis Clark, one of the number present on this occasion. It shows the interest of these young men in the new missionary:

"Rev. C. W. Drees, an alumnus of the Ohio Wesleyan University, and recently a graduate of the Boston Theological Seminary, was ordained deacon and elder at the late session of the Providence Conference, and appointed missionary to Mexico. Brother Drees left Boston on the 23d ult., to make a brief visit to his relatives at Xenia and Cincinnati. Before his departure his more intimate friends in the seminary tendered him an impromptu 'farewell.' A supper was ordered in a neighboring restaurant, which, though accordant with the proverbial slimness of divinity students' purses, was yet liberal and substantial. Fourteen sat down to the table, all but three of whom were 'Ohio boys,' and all but four alumni of the Ohio Wesleyan. Informal speeches were made expressive of affectionate interest in Brother Drees, and hopes for his safety and success in the new field of labor, which, in the light of recent events, threatens to be rather perilous. After singing 'Shall we gather at the river,' the party adjourned to the seminary parlor, where prayer was offered for the outgoing missionary. Brother Drees will sail from New York the latter part of the present month, in company with Rev. John W. Butler, son of Dr. Butler, now in Mexico, who has also been appointed to that Mission."

On Mr. Drees's departure for Mexico, a friend and neighbor who was a contributor for many years to the Ladies' Repository and other publications, sent him the following lines from her pen:

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God speed thee, youthful champion of the Cross,
Mid scenes untried, and conflicts ever new;
Thou'st counted all thy earthly hope but dross,
Thy blessed mission gladly to pursue.

Thy Captain called thee, in the dawn of life,
And placed thy name upon His warriors' roll,
And nobly thou'st sustained the arduous strife
Which Satan wages for each ransomed soul.

And now He summons thee to climes afar,
To raise His banner on a foreign shore,
Thy guiding light shall be sweet Bethlehem's star,
Thy priceless guerdon life for evermore.

God speed thee on thy mission, honored one,
And nerve thy arm, wher'er thou may'st sojourn,
To hold the Cross of the ascended Son
O'er human victims from their idols torn.

And led to Jesus by the story sweet,
Of Cross and Manger and Redemption's fount,
Until the joyous victory is complete,
And ransomed heathen laid at Calvary's mount.

Then fare thee well, though loved and mourned and gone,
Round many a heart thy memory shall twine,
And many a prayer ascend the Eternal Throne
That God's best blessings may be ever thine.

DEAR CHARLEY:

We shall probably never meet again on earth. Before you return, in all human probability, I shall have passed away. Pray for me that we meet in the upper home.

Your sincere friend,
E. F. WILSON.

(In spite of the sorrowful tone of this last stanza, the writer had the pleasure of meeting the young missionary on at least one return to his home on furlough.)

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A reception and farewell was given him in his home church, which was largely attended not only by the members of the congregation, but also by representatives from all the churches in the city. Several ministers as well as various prominent laymen spoke in most cordial and affectionate terms, and universal interest was manifested in the young missionary's departure for his distant field of labor.

(Bishop Henry W. Warren)

DENVER, COLO., December 22, 1886.

DEAR BROTHER DREES:

Welcome to your own home! You come back in honor to that which you left at the call of duty. Give my heartiest love to the mother of such a son, and to the wife of such a husband.

Most assuredly you will have my heartiest support in the future as in the past. Bishop Fowler has told you all my plans and thought, in his plans and thought. I have been away from home or my reply would have gone sooner. My travel in this country will foot up to 20,000 miles this year.

All the family loves you and Mrs. Drees, and all wish you God speed and great success.

Sincerely yours,
H. W. WARREN.

(Rev. J. M. Reid)

NEW YORK, March 28, 1887.

DEAR BROTHER:

I am greatly gratified at your purpose to make a demonstration on the occasion of the departure of Brother Drees for his new field in South America. I will say to you that the administration of this brother has been of

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such a wise character, as to commend itself without exceptions to the bishops and Missionary Board.

He now goes to a more distant and more discouraging field; that is, one in which the work does not advance so rapidly as it is advancing in Mexico. It is one of our oldest missions, and he will have to overcome very many old traditions that have gathered about the Mission, that are in the way of its highest prosperity. But he is so gentle, and yet so firm, that I believe he is eminently adapted to this work.

I would suggest, if you could do it, that in some way or other the history of the work in Mexico should be presented at that meeting in brief, and the history of our work in South America. But, of course, the address of Brother Drees, himself, and words from his wife, if that could be obtained, would be the chief feature of the evening.

I myself am very much impressed by the prayers that may be offered, especially for their safety in the outgoing, and for their success in the field. Some one of the right kind appointed, and the whole congregation invited to unite in prayer, would give this a deep solemnity. These are hints about the meeting that I expect would occur to your own mind. Indeed, there is nothing about this matter of meeting that would not likely occur to you after a little thought. But as you have been kind enough to ask for some suggestions, I simply write these lines without being able really to make any suggestions so good as those which will come to your own heart.

I hope very much that you will furnish the papers with a good report of this meeting. If you desire it, I would appear at that meeting by brief letter; yet letters of that sort are not particularly interesting on such an occasion.

Truly yours,

J. M. Reid, *Corresponding Secretary.*

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